







**CHAMBERS'S**  
**PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE**

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# CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

## OCEAN ROUTES.

CONSIDERABLY more than a century ago, when the citizens of London were recovering from the losses caused by the South-Sea Bubble, and the citizens of Edinburgh were suffering on account of the Porteous mob—when the population of Liverpool was under 20,000, and the Customs' revenue of the United Kingdom was not a tithe of its present amount—before the battle of Culloden had been fought, or the United States of America had asserted their independence: there was granted to Jonathan Hulls a patent for a boat propelled by steam-power, 'for carrying vessels or ships out of or into any harbour, port, or river, against wind or tide, or in a calm.' The pictures we have of this vessel make her look very clumsy and queer when compared with a modern steamer. The single paddle-wheel of Hulls's boat was placed at the stern, and motion was produced by an atmospheric engine on Newcomen's plan: there was a small funnel, but there were neither sails nor masts. The boat, in fact, was merely a substitute for a rope and a strong windlass; but nevertheless it was the beginning of a long series of experiments that have led to the navigation by steam of almost every river, sea, and ocean of the world. Half a century afterwards, when Jonathan Hulls was in his grave, and during the same years that George Washington was elected first President of the United States of America, several experiments were made by Mr Symington, an engineer employed at Wanlockhead Mines in Dumfriesshire, in conjunction with Mr Miller of Dalswinton, and Mr Taylor, tutor in the family of the latter, by which a pleasure-boat was propelled by steam-power on a small lake, at the rate of five miles an hour, and a speed of seven miles attained in another boat on the Forth and Clyde Canal. The fame of these inventions having reached

the ears of an American named Fulton, he crossed the Atlantic to see what the Scotch engineer could accomplish on the Scotch canal. Symington accompanied the stranger on a canal voyage, and fully explained the construction and working of the rude steamboat; and the result of this indoctrination was seen in 1807 on the Hudson River at New York, where a steamer called the *Clermont*, but nicknamed *Fulton's Folly*, made a successful voyage up to Albany, and continued afterwards to ply regularly, to the great convenience of the public and the chagrin of those who had prophesied its failure.\*

In January 1812, a steamer, only forty feet long, called the *Clont*, and owned by Henry Bell, began to ply on the river Clyde. Its success led to the construction of others, which carried the people of Glasgow safely to Greenock by water in the comparatively short time of four hours. In 1814, Scotland possessed five steamers, while neither England nor Ireland had one. On the 28th November of the same year, after Napoleon had been about seven months in Elba, the London 'Times' was first printed by steam; and in the following year steamboats appeared for the first time on the Thames and the Mersey. Thus just after the battle of Waterloo had sealed the doom of 'the greatest captain of the age,' and secured the blessings of peace to the exhausted nations of Europe, two of the most important applications of steam-power were made: one to increase and to cheapen to an extent hitherto unknown the productions of the printing-press, and the other to diffuse these, with a speed and a certainty paralleled only in marvellous tales, to every region under the sun.

From that time the progress of steam navigation has been exceedingly rapid. In 1820, England had seventeen, Scotland fourteen, and Ireland three steamers; twenty years afterwards, the numbers were respectively 987, 244, and 79. The regularity, speed, and safety with which the voyages of these vessels were made soon pointed them out as the best conveyance both for passengers and the mails. In 1821 they were employed on the latter service between Dublin and Holyhead, and between Calais and Dover; and

\* An interesting reminiscence of the first voyage of this vessel was recently communicated to an American paper. A gentleman from New York happened to be in Albany at the time the *Clermont* first arrived there. He found that the vessel was a general object of wonder, but that few people seemed willing to trust themselves to it as a means of conveyance. He, however, determined to sail down the Hudson to New York in this new steamer. He proceeded on board to secure his passage, and in the cabin he found a plain gentlemanly man, quite alone, and engaged in writing. This was Fulton, and the following dialogue took place:—

*Stranger.* Do you intend to return to New York with this boat?

*Fulton.* We mean to try to get back with her, sir.

*Stran.* Can I have a passage?

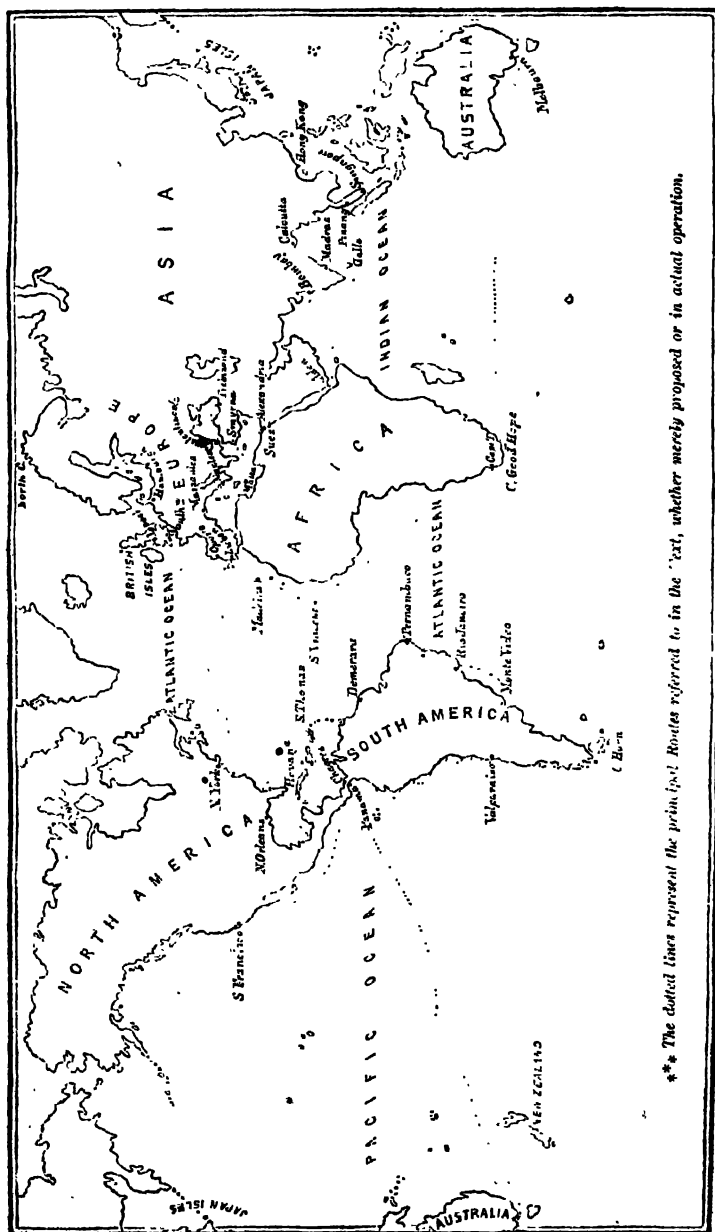
*Ful.* Yes, if you choose to take your chance with us.

Six dollars were then paid as the passage money. With his eye fixed on the money, which he retained in his open hand, Fulton remained so long motionless, that the stranger supposed he had miscounted the sum, and asked, 'Is that right, sir?' This roused the projector from his reverie, and as he looked up the big tear was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said—'Excuse me, sir, but memory was busy as I contemplated this the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor even for that just now, yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be so.' They did meet again four years afterwards: Fulton had not forgotten the incident, for few men ever forget the first fee received for their labour, and at the second meeting the wine was not spared.

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now, with few exceptions, all the Channel and ocean work of the post-office is done by steamers: and all the passenger, and much of the goods' traffic between the different ports of Great Britain and Ireland have been, within the last quarter of a century, transferred to them.

After the steamboat had thus passed through the various stages of infancy and childhood—had tried its strength on English rivers, in the Irish Sea, and in the British Channel—men began to ask, was it not strong enough and old enough to do more? Could it not cross an ocean as well as a channel?—take letters, and men, and merchandise to America, India, and Australia, as well as to Ireland and France? In this question were involved considerations of the highest importance to all the world, but particularly to this country. No other country has such extensive foreign possessions as Great Britain, or carries on such an extensive foreign trade. With the exception of the United States, all the colonies planted by the British remain part of the empire; while Spain and Portugal have lost nearly all those rich territories—extending over the fairest portion of the great American continent—that at one time acknowledged the sway of the Houses of Bourbon and Braganza. The foreign possessions of France are insignificant; and of the other nations of Europe the Dutch alone possess a territory abroad greater than they have at home. The only empire at all approaching the British in extent is the Russian, but its extent is the only point of comparison. Russia consists of one great unbroken mass, stretching through the bleakest and most barren regions of Europe, Asia, and America; she has no port of any consequence on the ocean; thousands of miles of her sea-coast are seldom or never navigable; and the population of her immense territory is only about 60,000,000. It is, therefore, not a mere figure of speech to say, that the British Empire is the greatest in the world; for it embraces a territory of nearly 6,000,000 of square miles, and a population of more than 150,000,000—or about one-eighth of the land, and one-seventh of the inhabitants, of the globe. Nor is it less true to say, that on these great possessions the sun never sets; for they are scattered all over the world—in tropical Africa and Asia, in the temperate zones of both hemispheres, and among the islands of every ocean; and whether occupying a rock, an island, a continental province, or a continent itself, as in Australia, their geographical position fits them well for upholding the power of the empire. The foreign trade of Great Britain is equal to the aggregate foreign trade of Russia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Norway, and a third greater than that of the United States of America. The proud position of Britain among the nations, the necessities of her foreign trade, and the wants of her colonies and dependencies, apart from all other considerations, rendered it fitting and natural that she should lead the way in maritime enterprise, and teach the nations how to navigate the ocean by steam. Nor has she failed in this high task; for within thirteen or fourteen years since the question was first proposed, she has established lines of gigantic steam vessels that are now traversing with regularity and safety every ocean; steaming altogether more than a million and a-quarter miles every year, and distributing letters and newspapers all over the world at a cost to the country of about £650,000 per annum. Of these lines of steamships, and the routes they pursue, it is the object of the present Paper to give an account.



\*\* The dotted lines represent the principal Routes referred to in the text, whether merely proposed or in actual operation.

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### ROUTE TO THE UNITED STATES.

When it was first proposed, about 1836, to cross the Atlantic by steam-power alone, the idea was deemed illusive. Some of the most distinguished scientific men in the country gave a verdict against it, and prophesied its failure in no unequivocal language. At the command of these philosophers, all kinds of spectres rose up from the Atlantic Ocean to terrify the daring men who had determined to make the attempt. The action of the paddle-wheels on the water--the waves, and storms, and currents of the Atlantic--and the quantity of coal necessary to be used, were all made the subjects of nice calculations such as no person could dispute; and the theorem they all tended to prove was, that the project was utterly impracticable. To men who made no pretence to be philosophers, the difficulties in the way were self-obvious. The distance to be traversed was at least three thousand miles, of clear ocean, with no intervening land where a vessel might run for shelter or supplies. Mariners know well that the Atlantic is not only frequently agitated by terrific storms, but that its currents run across the track of any vessel sailing between England and America. The effect of these currents is such, that while the fine packet-ships called 'liners,' by which communication was chiefly maintained with America, could sail from New York to England in about twenty days, the time occupied by the same vessels on the voyage *out* to New York was usually thirty-six days. The estimated quantity of coal necessary to propel a steamboat across the Atlantic seemed to stamp the project at once as impracticable. It was no doubt true that, in 1819, a steamer called the *Savannah*, of 350 tons, had performed the voyage between New York and Liverpool in twenty-six days; but this vessel used sails as well as steam, and she was a week longer on the voyage than the time usually occupied by the 'liners,' so that her performance was neither a precedent nor a guide. But there were steamships employed on government service in the Mediterranean and on other coast stations, from which data were obtained serving to show that, to accomplish a voyage of the same length as that across the Atlantic, two tons of coal would be used for each horse-power of the engines--that is to say, if the engines are of 300 horse-power, they would consume 600 tons of fuel before they reached the terminus of a three-thousand-mile voyage. But a spare supply must always be carried, to provide against accident or delay; so that the quantity in the supposed case must be raised to about 700 tons. On the other hand, it was said that if the tonnage of the vessel were made more than four times its horse-power, the latter would be inadequate to its propulsion at the ordinary rate of steamships. The tonnage, therefore, of the supposed vessel could not exceed 1200; and after making allowances for cabins, ship's stores, machinery, boilers, &c. the space left for fuel would not contain more than 500 tons, which would all be consumed before the vessel arrived within 500 miles of the American coast. What could be plainer than this reasoning? There were the figures, vouched and verified by government officers: to have questioned their accuracy would have raised doubts as to the sanity of the questioner; and so the conclusions went forth unchallenged, calling up vivid pictures of a magnificent steamboat suddenly stopped in its career for want of fuel, and



rolling like a helpless log on the ungentle bosom of the great Atlantic! To prevent such a consummation, it was proposed to reduce the sea-voyage to its least length, by taking the most westerly part of Ireland and the most easterly of America as the termini, and constructing a railway across Ireland to communicate with the steamer.

But among mercantile men another great question arose—Would the speculation pay? It is well known that a steamboat costs much more than a sailing vessel both in construction and working: the sails of the latter are filled by wind, for which nothing whatever is paid; but not an arm of the machinery of the former will move until the furnace has been fed with coal, never to be had, even at the cheapest ports, without a considerable outlay of money. The officers and men, too, must be more numerous, and the machinery, boilers, and fuel occupy a very large space that in sailing vessels is filled with goods. The number of passengers who crossed the Atlantic every year was certainly very great: in 1836 (the time at which the project was discussed) the number might be estimated at about 60,000; but all, or nearly all, of these were emigrants, utterly unable to pay such charges as the owners of steam-vessels would be obliged to make. The trade between this country and America was certainly most extensive; but in carrying the goods bought and sold no steamer could compete successfully with sailing vessels. Unless, therefore, a remunerative passenger traffic could be created by the certainty and speed of the communication, and a favourable contract obtained for carrying the mails, it was quite evident that the speculation would *not* pay.

There were, however, other mercantile considerations affecting the entire commerce of the country, which rendered it clear that if the regular navigation of the Atlantic by steam were practicable, it was essential to British commerce. Nothing is so important in extensive commercial transactions as early and regular intelligence, and a quick and speedy transmission of orders and goods. Judging from what steamers had already done, it was reasonable to expect that they would cross the Atlantic in half the time occupied by the old liners; that New York would be brought within a ten or fourteen days' voyage from London, Bristol, or Liverpool; and that the arrival of advices might be calculated with certainty to a day, if not to an hour. The effects of this, not only on commerce, but on every department of trade and manufactures—not only on the merchant and broker, but on the manufacturer and artisan—it was difficult to over-estimate. A glance at the extent of our commercial relations with America will present this in a clearer light. In 1836, the value of the exports from this country was £53,368,572, or a little more than a million of pounds sterling every week; of which, while about a third was sent to Europe, and a seventh to Asia and Africa, nearly a fourth was sent to the United States, and another fourth to other parts of America.\* Again, our imports from America consist of

\* The exact figures were as follow:—

Europe,	-	-	-	-	-	£18,977,416
Africa,	-	-	-	-	-	1,501,712
Asia,	-	-	-	-	-	5,915,205
Australia,	-	-	-	-	-	835,637

Carry forward,	-	-	-	-	-	£27,229,970
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articles that have become essential both to the industry and subsistence of the people. The gigantic cotton manufacture is an example. The number of cotton factories in England is 1753, in which 292,862 persons are employed. If to this number we add that large class engaged in dealing in the raw material; that other large class employed in making the machinery; others in bleaching, dyeing, and printing; and the host of tradesmen and shopkeepers engaged in supplying their wants, we shall find that (including their families) about an eighth of the population are directly or indirectly dependent for support and subsistence on this great branch of industry. In 1836, the quantity of raw cotton imported to supply the factories with material, and the factory workers with employment, was in weight about four hundred millions of pounds; and of that quantity more than four-fifths came from the United States of America alone; while the value of the cotton manufactures exported from the United Kingdom during the same year was about £20,000,000 sterling. But further, a very large proportion of the dyes used in calico-printing, such as cochineal, logwood, &c. are brought from America; and from the same continent are procured the greater part of the supplies of those articles now become necessities of life--sugar and coffee, which are perhaps consumed to a greater extent among the factory workers than among any other part of the population. It is obvious that whatever tends to give regularity and speed to the intercourse by means of which this immense trade is carried on, must at the same time introduce greater certainty and steadiness into all its departments, and prevent many of those fluctuations and changes so detrimental to the interests of all concerned, but especially of those whose labour is their only capital.

However, amid all this thinking and prophesying, amid the calculations of philosophers and the speculations of merchants, hundreds of workmen were engaged at Bristol in constructing a large steamer, to be called the *Great Western*, which should at once and for ever set the question at rest. The men of practice did not share the doubts of the men of theory; capital was supplied to a sufficient extent, and the public looked on in anxious expectation of the result. The *Great Western* was finished in 1838, and announced to sail on her first voyage on the 8th of April. The appearance of this magnificent steamer inspired all spectators with confidence in her fitness for the work. Seen from a distance, she had an appearance of strength rather than of beauty; above the long black hull rose a short thick funnel and four masts; the deck, 236 feet long, was not curved like those of many other vessels, but almost straight from stem to stern; her huge paddle-boxes, distant from each other nearly sixty feet, covered wheels twenty-eight feet in diameter, to which were attached paddles ten feet long. The horse-power of the engines was 450; the weight of the boilers and machinery 300 tons, and the burthen 1340, or less than three

Brought forward,	-	-	-	-	£27,229,970
British North America,	-	-	-	-	2,732,291
West India,	-	-	-	-	3,786,453
Foreign Do.,	-	-	-	-	1,238,785
United States of America,	-	-	-	-	12,425,605
Rest of America,	-	-	-	-	5,636,859
Channel Islands and Man,	-	-	-	-	318,609
Total value of Exports in 1836,					£55,368,572

tons for each horse-power, and thus considerably within the limit prescribed by the philosophers. She seemed a strong and compact ship, and not likely to be easily turned aside from her course by either the winds or the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. But when the visitor went on board, he was filled with as much admiration of her beauty as of her strength; the cabin accommodation was of the most splendid kind, not excelled by any hotel on shore. Sofas, couches, handsome mahogany tables, and other elegant furniture, adorned the saloons; the decorations were most profuse and elaborate; while large mirrors multiplied all this splendour. The sleeping apartments were so neat, so clean, and so comfortable, that their improvement seemed to be almost impossible. The visitor, indeed, was more likely to imagine himself in a fairy palace described in some old tale, than on board a steamship about to proceed on a long and dangerous voyage; but when the elegant and luxurious cabins were left, and he stood before the colossal machinery, wonder seemed to be exhausted, and all doubts of the success of the enterprise fled away.

The *Great Western* sailed from Bristol on the 8th April 1838, having on board 660 tons of coal and seven adventurous passengers. Three days previously, the *Sirius*, a smaller vessel than the former, built to ply between London and Cork, had steamed from the latter port right in the teeth of a strong westerly wind, and with New York also for her destination. Never was there such a race as this struggle of two steamers, which should first traverse the entire breadth of the wild Atlantic. The very wind seemed to be angry with the ships. First it blew a strong gale from the west, that raised a heavy sea; but this, that would have retarded sailing vessels, never caused the two brave steam-pioneers to alter their course. This point of the compass would not answer, so the wind 'chopped round' until it had completely boxed the compass, and tried all its powers in strong breezes, fresh gales, and the like, but with no other effect than is indicated in the brief record—'vessel lurching deeply, but easy.' The wind then for some days kept veering round the west, as if to make a last effort to impede what it could not stop; but it was of no avail: the steamers went steadily on. The *Sirius*, that had the start by three days, made little way comparatively during the first week. She carried more weight in proportion than the *Great Western*; but as her coals were consumed, she became more lively, and, in sporting phrase, 'made more running.' Thus, during the first week she was out, her daily run was never more than 136 miles: on the second day it was only 89. The *Great Western*, on the contrary, made ten miles an hour during the second day, and her average daily speed during the entire voyage was 211 miles. At such a speed she would soon overtake the *Sirius*, that had the start by about 400 miles only. But as the little vessel got lighter she went ahead; on the 14th she ran 218 miles, as much as the *Great Western* on the same day; on the 22d she ran only three miles less than the large ship; but the latter was then in the same parallel of latitude, and only about three degrees of longitude behind. Still it was a close chase; but at last the *Sirius*, by reason of her long start, was the winner. She reached New York on the morning of the 23d, and the *Great Western* came in the same afternoon.

The excitement which prevailed in New York respecting these voyages was intense. Previous to the arrival of the steamers, crowds had daily

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collected on the quay, gazing wistfully eastward over the wide Atlantic. Many of the watchers were old enough to remember the first voyage of *Fulton's Polly*, little dreaming then what the future of that *Polly* was to be; and as they now described that memorable voyage to their younger brethren, they remembered how the predictions of the wise had been falsified, and spoke in hope rather than in doubt of the success of the steamers from the Old World. And never were hopes so well realised as when on the morning of the 23d April, a streak of smoke, dim and undefined, was descried in the horizon, by the watchers on the quay. 'Could it be a steamer?'—'Was it the steamer?' passed from mouth to mouth. The smoke came nearer; the hull hove up, as it were, out of the ocean, and a steamer was clearly defined advancing rapidly. The intelligence spread; the city poured out its crowds; and cheer upon cheer arose as the *Sirius* steamed into the harbour, and cast in the Hudson that anchor which, only eighteen days before, had been weighed at Cork. Scarcely had the good citizens time to recover from their first surprise, when the *Great Western* appeared. Streaming with flags, and crowded with people, the *Sirius* lay waiting the arrival of her competitor; and as the *Great Western* sailed round her, three hearty cheers were given and responded to. The battery fired a salute of twenty-six guns; and down came the flag of the *Great Western*, while the passengers, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, drank the health of the President of the Great Republic. As the vessel proceeded to the quay, 'boats crowded round us,' says the journal of one of the passengers, 'in countless confusion: flags were flying, guns firing, and bells ringing. The vast multitude set up a shout—a long enthusiastic cheer—echoed from point to point, and from boat to boat, till it seemed as though they never would have done.'

Between these passages and the first known voyages made across the Atlantic there are some points of comparison which are worthy of note. The project of Columbus and the project of the Great Western Steamship Company were discussed by assemblies of the most learned men of the day. The divines and philosophers who met in St Stephen's Convent at Salamanca during the year 1487, were perhaps as capable representatives of the learning of Spain at the time as the 'British Association' at Bristol was of the learning of Britain in 1836. The objections urged in each case were characteristic of the times and the countries: at Salamanca, those which were not founded on citations from the Bible and the Fathers were simply absurd—such as, if the surface of the globe be round, a vessel might sail to India easily enough; but it could not return, as even the strongest wind could not force it up the mountain of water down which it had previously sailed: but at Bristol the objections were both reasonable and scientific. Columbus was overruled by authority; the promoters of Ocean Steam Navigation by good logic, based on imperfect scientific data; but the assumption of infallible knowledge appeared both at Salamanca and Bristol. The verdict in both cases was against the projectors, and in both cases the verdict was wrong. It took Columbus five years to prove that the divines and philosophers were in error: the men of the nineteenth century did it in two. The two vessels Columbus took with him were mere undecked boats, scarcely seaworthy; the steamers that first reached New York were the largest and best ever launched. Both enterprises were accomplished suc-

cessfully under female sovereigns—Isabella of Castile, and Victoria of Great Britain; but the glory of the one shed a lustre over the declining years of Isabella, while the other was the triumph of the first year of Victoria's reign.

The *Sirius* was too small for continued Atlantic navigation, and she was soon withdrawn to pursue her original route between Cork and London, and was lost some years ago on the coast of Ireland. The *Great Western*, however, continued to ply regularly and successfully. From 1838 to 1844 she made thirty-five outward, and thirty-five homeward voyages—steaming altogether a quarter of a million of miles in all kinds of weather. The only accident that befell her during such service was 'the loss of a bowsprit in coming up like a whale to blow after a rather deeper plunge than usual, with fair head-way on her right course, and against a head-wind and sea.' The average distance steamed each voyage was nearly 3500 miles (one of the voyages was 4698 miles in length, but that was to New York *via* Madeira); the time occupied in going to New York was 15 days 12 hours, and in returning 13 days 9 hours. The shortest outward run was in May 1843, when the voyage was performed in 12 days 18 hours, or not much more than a third of the average time taken by the old liners; and the shortest passage home was in April—May 1842, in 12 days 7½ hours. The average speed outwards was 9½, and homeward 11½ miles per hour. During these seventy voyages the *Great Western* carried 3165 passengers to New York, and brought 2609 home. She was removed from this route about five years ago, and in June 1847 became the property of the West India Steam-Packet Company.

Several steamships, some larger even than the *Great Western*, navigated the Atlantic between 1838 and 1843, but, with the exception of those employed by the Admiralty to carry the mail, they have all, for various reasons, been withdrawn. Our space permits us to do little more than give the names of these vessels. The *Royal William* was the first in order of time; but after making a few passages, she was withdrawn, and placed on another station.\* Then followed the *British Queen*, the *President*, and the *Liverpool*—all three of large size, and built at a cost of about £100,000 each. They had made very few voyages across the Atlantic, when the first was sold to the Belgian government; the second was lost in 1841; and the third was placed on the station between Southampton and Alexandria, and was lost some years ago on the Spanish coast. The following statement of the receipts and expenditure of three of these vessels will give some idea of the expense of Atlantic steam navigation:—

	Receipts.	Expenditure.
Great Western, 28 voyages, -	£97,999	£84,838
British Queen, 18 ... -	89,001	70,691
President, 6 ... -	25,334	21,883
52	£212,334	£177,412

During these voyages the vessels steamed nearly 170,000 miles, so that their average expenditure was more than a pound sterling for every mile.

According to Captain Claxton, managing director of the Great Western Steamship Company, 'no sooner had the *Great Western* performed her voyage with the greatest ease to New York and back, than the directors found that steamships of larger dimensions would offer better chances of

remuneration.' 'They now determined that their second ship should be built of iron instead of wood, and propelled by the screw instead of the paddle-wheel.' Accordingly, the keel of the *Great Britain* was laid at Bristol in 1839, and the vessel was launched in 1843—Prince Albert acting as sponsor on the occasion. The misfortunes of this ill fated ship began at the cradle. Perhaps some reader may have heard of the keeper of the lighthouse whose better-half threw so well in that useful building, that for years all exit through the narrow door was denied to her; and after her worthy husband died, his successor was obliged to take the stout widow 'for better, for worse,' as one of the fixtures of the establishment. The *Great Britain*, at the outset of her career, was somewhat like the heavy lady in the lighthouse: the addition of her machinery brought her lines of greatest breadth so low, that the entrance of the dock or basin in which she lay would not permit her exit, and the greatest ingenuity of the greatest engineers was exerted for her release. She was freed at last, and proceeded to London, Dublin, and Liverpool, to be inspected by the public previous to sailing for America.

This vessel was in every sense of the word magnificent. Her total length was 322 feet, breadth 51, and depth 32. She could stow away 1200 tons of coal; the weight of the engines was 340, and of the boilers 200 tons. The engines were of 1000 horse-power; they gave motion to a drum 18 feet in diameter, which communicated by means of chains, weighing 7 tons, with another drum one-third of the diameter of the first. The latter drove a shaft 130 feet long, passing immediately above the keel to the screw, which had six arms placed in a circle—each arm about 7 feet long, and shaped somewhat like the bent tail of a salmon. The screw weighed 4 tons, and wrought in a space left immediately in front of the helm. The want of paddle-boxes, and the consequently clear run of the ship, gave her a very handsome appearance; and when seen in the graving-dock at Liverpool from kelson to topmast, the admiration of her beautiful proportions increased as inspection became closer. The saloons and berths were elegantly fitted up, but not so expensively as those of the *Great Western*. Her six masts (afterwards reduced to five) could spread as much canvas (5000 yards) as a fifty-two gun frigate; but as the masts were all low, instead of requiring a frigate's complement of seamen, the comparatively small number of thirty was sufficient to manage the sails of the *Great Britain*. Even as a sailing vessel, it was expected that she would go through the water as fast as a frigate, and certainly much faster than any paddle-steamer under sail only, as the screw would not impede the progress of the ship to anything like the extent of paddle-boxes and wheels. Her entire cost was about £100,000.

All England was proud of this ship; her sailing and steaming qualities had been tested with satisfactory results, and it was considered that she would for many years be the swiftest and safest Atlantic steamer. A few voyages in 1845-46 seemed to confirm this idea; but her successful career was suddenly stopped in a most unaccountable manner. Every one knows that if you sail from Liverpool to America, you must go round either the south or the north of Ireland. The captain of the *Great Britain*, on her last outward voyage, intended to go round by the north passage. On his way he must pass the Isle of Man; but through some blundering it was

passed without being perceived; the Irish coast mistaken for it; and the poor *Great Britain* consequently went ashore. The reports of this disaster were scarcely believed in Liverpool until the passengers came back in the coasting-steamers to tell the sad tale. The proprietors were of course much disheartened, but their consolation was, that the noble ship was quite innocent of the accident, and that the same thing would have happened to any vessel that had been steered in the same direction. The *Great Britain* lay for a whole winter in Dundrum Bay; the finely-furnished 'ladies' boudoir' was completely dismantled, and converted into a snug apartment for sailors and mechanics cooking and drinking their coffee; berths were broken up; the water came and went with the tide through the lower saloon: but man did not 'yield these things to decay.' After much labour she was towed across the Irish Sea; and though she now lies in one of the Liverpool docks, a sad and melancholy sight, yet there is every reason to hope that she will soon again 'walk the waters like a thing of life,' and retrieve her tarnished fame. She was sold in the latter part of 1850 for £18,000, and in all probability ere 1851 has been brought to a close, the *Great Britain* will again be 'ruling the waves' of the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean.

But we now turn to a brighter page in the history of the bold adventurers on this Atlantic route. In November 1838, shortly after the successful voyages of the *Sirius* and *Great Western*, the government advertised for tenders for carrying the mails in steamers between this country and America. Both the companies to which these two vessels belonged made offers: the former to go once a month from Cork to Halifax for £45,000, and for £65,000 per annum if New York were included—the vessels to be of 240 horse-power. The Great Western Company proposed to perform the service to Halifax once a month, with three vessels of 350 horse-power each, for £45,000 per annum. Neither of these tenders was accepted; but shortly afterwards a proposal was made to the government by Mr Samuel Cunard, of Halifax in Nova Scotia. This gentleman had had, for fifteen or twenty years previously, a contract for carrying the mails between Halifax and Bermuda, for which he received £4160 per annum, his vessels running twice each month;\* and he now proposed to take the Atlantic contract, and carry the mails once a week. This proposition was not acceded to at the time; but ultimately it was arranged that he was to receive £65,000 per annum for seven years for conveying the mails twice each month between Liverpool, Halifax, Quebec, and Boston. This was the commencement of what is now well known as Cunard's line. In the summer of 1840, a steamer named the *Britannia*, of 1200 tons burthen, 440 horse-power, and 230 feet in length (the same dimensions nearly as the *Great Western*), arrived in the Mersey to commence the fulfilment of Mr Cunard's contract. She left Liverpool on the 4th July, arriving at Halifax in 12 days 10 hours, and performing the voyage homeward from Halifax in 12 days. The other vessels placed on this line at the outset were the *Queen*, *Columbia*, and *Caledonia*. They were all built in the Clyde, and their dimensions were nearly the same as those of the *Britannia*. More powerful vessels were afterwards constructed, and in consideration thereof,

Mr Cunard still holds this Bermuda contract. The time occupied on the voyage is about 3½ days. Formerly sailing vessels were employed; but the service is now performed by screw-steamers of 350 tons, and about 80 horse-power.

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the payment was raised to £90,000 per annum, subsequently reduced to £85,000 when the service to Quebec was taken off. Since the accident to the *Great Britain*, up to the spring of 1850, no other steamers than Cunard's were found on this route, and the regularity with which the mails were carried was a theme of general admiration. The vessels were looked for, and usually arrived on the appointed day; and passengers went on board to cross the Atlantic with as little apprehension as is felt in stepping into a railway carriage. Delays, indeed, did sometimes occur, the winds often succeeding in retarding the progress of the ships; the fogs off the coast of Newfoundland sometimes perplexed the captains, and caused them to reduce the speed of the engines; at certain seasons of the year large masses of ice floated down from the arctic regions over the steamers' homeward track, rendering the navigation somewhat dangerous; and once, during the long period of ten years, a serious accident occurred by the *Columbia's* striking on a rock called 'the Devil's Limb,' about 130 miles from Halifax; but no lives were lost, and indeed everything, machinery included, was saved, except the hull of the vessel--the mails and passengers being sent homeward by the *Margaret*, a spare steamer of 600 tons, kept at the Halifax station. But generally speaking, the voyages were made with such regularity, that it was no uncommon thing for the captains to tell, on the eve of sailing, when they would be back to dinner, and they usually kept their time. Let the reader imagine a man about to perform a voyage over 6000 miles of ocean, and instead of thinking about making his will or arranging his affairs, coolly specifying the time when, after having crossed to America, he will come back to dine in Europe! Where, even in the 'Arabian Nights,' can a parallel to this be found?

We have already seen that the first steamboats ever used for conveying goods and passengers were built at New York, and plied on the Hudson in 1807. Since that time the progress of steam navigation on the rivers and lakes, and along the coasts of America, has been both rapid and wonderful. In the five years ending 31st December 1838, the steamers departing from New York alone sailed in the aggregate 9,683,650 miles, and conveyed 25,366,000 passengers, of whom 70 lost their lives by seven accidents. But with the exception of the voyage of the *Sarannah* in 1819, the citizens of the United States had not hitherto taken any part in conducting the steam navigation of the Atlantic; and it was not until after, all but Cunard's ships had been withdrawn, that American-built steamers began to ply between England and New York. The formation of several companies for this purpose made Mr Cunard anxious to extend his contract, so as to carry the mails once a week, and thus render him more able to meet the expected competition. Mr Cunard said before a Committee of the House of Commons in July 1849: 'I was most anxious to have it [the extension of the contract] done, because I knew the consequences of having these rival lines of packets running against us, and that it would affect the government more than it would affect us. I could not increase the number of passengers; but the number of letters would be considerably increased, or doubled, because if one person writes, the whole must write.' The proposal was agreed to: the mails were to be carried from Liverpool every Saturday, and from Boston or New York every Wednesday (except during four winter months, when it was to be fortnightly), arrangements being



by which the *détour* to Halifax was to be abandoned. To effect this service, the vessels must steam altogether about 272,800 miles every year, and for it Mr Cunard was to receive £145,000 per annum. This is the contract now in force. Mr Cunard considered it not as a new arrangement, but as an extension of the old; and as the service was doubled, and as the postage revenue of the steamers had hitherto been equal to the contract-money, he naturally supposed that the payment would now be doubled. But Mr Goulburn, then chancellor of the exchequer, would not give more than £145,000, which Mr Cunard said was 'a very unjust thing,' and quaintly added—'I beg to say this not with any disrespect to Mr Goulburn: he did it to save the money to the country; but he took £25,000 a year from me for the good of the country.'

The steamships originally possessed by Mr Cunard were now superseded by others of greater size and power, the tonnage being increased from 1200 to more than 2000, and the horse-power of the engines from 440 to 800. The *Columbia*, as we have seen, was lost; the *Britannia*, *Acadian*, *Caledonia*, and *Hibernia* were sold (the two last to the Spanish government, shortly after the attempt made on Cuba in 1850); and Cunard's fleet now consists of the following magnificent vessels:—

	Length.	Horse-power.	Tonnage.
Africa, -	230 feet	800	2266
America, - - -	219 ...	650	1832
Asia, - - -	280 ...	800	2266
Canabria, - - -	217 ..	500	1423
Canada, - - -	219 ...	650	1832
Europa, - - -	219 ...	650	1832
Niagara, - - -	249 .	650	1832

All these vessels have been built in the Clyde, and on the banks of the same river two of greater dimensions are now nearly completed, to be called the *Persia* and the *Arabia*. Besides these, there are two smaller vessels used as tenders. One of these, bearing the appropriate name of the *Satellite*, about 150 tons burthen, is kept in the Mersey to 'fetch and carry' for the larger vessels, round which it may be said to revolve. If space permitted, we could give a detailed description of the admirable and luxurious accommodation for passengers on board these ships; but it is sufficient here to say, that in them, as well as in all others that fall within the scope of the present Paper, the greatest skill, ingenuity, experience, and good taste have been exerted with marked success in rendering a long sea-voyage as agreeable and pleasant as it is possible for long sea-voyages to be. During the year 1849 the number of trips made by these vessels across the Atlantic was 86; the number of passengers carried was 3510 out, and 3340 home, or 6850 in all, being an increase of 2895 over the previous year. The sum paid by these passengers was about a quarter of a million sterling. The average length of passage from Liverpool to Halifax was 11 days 3 hours; from Halifax to Liverpool, 9 days 21 hours; Halifax to Boston, 34 hours; Halifax to New York, 55 hours; New York to Halifax, 62 hours; and Boston to Halifax, 41 hours. In the month of May the *Canada* steamed from Liverpool to New York in 11 days 10 hours; and in the same month the *America* occupied only 8 days 10 hours from Halifax to Liverpool. These returns show a marked increase in

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speed over the early voyages of steamers across the Atlantic. Each of the vessels of this line consumes about 700 tons of coal between Liverpool and New York; at the former port the expense of the coal and putting it on board is about a guinea, and at the latter about £1, 7s. per ton. If coals were as cheap as wind, Mr Cunard and his partners would save more than £70,000 per annum.

The American steamers that first plied regularly on the Atlantic route were the *Washington* and *Herrman*, of about 2000 tons burthen. They, however, did not depend entirely on the British traffic, but made the port of Bremen, at the mouth of the river Weser in Germany, their terminus in Europe, calling at Southampton on their passage up and down the British Channel. The line of vessels that entered into direct competition with Cunard's was projected by Mr Collins of New York, and consisted of five steamers of 3000 tons burthen, 300 feet long, and propelled by engines of 1000 horse-power. They are named after the various oceans of the world—the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, *Baltic*, and *Adriatic*. They are longer and more powerful than any steamer yet built except the *Great Britain*, and their competition is not to be treated lightly. The merits of the rival lines soon became a 'national question.' The citizens of the great republic spoke confidently of the superior speed their vessels would attain; the best builders of ships and makers of marine engines were, they said, to be found in New York, and they were determined that the Hudson river should always be ahead of the rest of the world in the power and speed of its steam navy. A statement of the resources of New York gave good reason for this confident boasting. In that city the principal foundries, eight in number, where marine engines are constructed, employ about 3675 men; at one, and that not the largest, 100 tons of iron are melted every month; and at another the value of the work sent out in 1849 was above a million of dollars (£200,000); while in one month of the past year there were in progress at the same establishment marine engines for eight vessels whose aggregate tonnage was 14,100. The performances of the *Washington* and *Herrman* were highly creditable to the skill of American engineers, and there seemed great probability that Britannia would not much longer 'rule the waves.' But, on the other hand, the feat which these American ships were expected to perform was of no ordinary difficulty. For ten years Cunard's line had navigated the Atlantic with a regularity and speed which it would be exceedingly difficult even to equal; and though the more powerful American ships might sail faster, was it to be expected that the builders and engineers of the Clyde, with Mr Caird and Mr Napier at their head, would be unable to maintain the superiority they had already acquired? The town where James Watt was born, and the river that received the first British steamboat, were not likely to resign without a struggle a pre-eminence acquired by so much labour and ingenuity.

While people were discussing the subject, and laying wagers on the voyages, the first of Collins' line, the *Atlantic*, sailed from New York on the 27th April. As the time of her arrival at Liverpool drew near, the interest felt by the people of that town in the voyage became intense. After the time occupied on the shortest run of any of the old vessels had expired, and no *Atlantic* had come up the Mersey, the partisans of the Clyde steamers

took heart, and began to think that the competition was not to be so formidable after all. They were further confirmed in this idea when, on the thirteenth day after she had left New York, the *Atlantic* was telegraphed off Holyhead. For some time before her arrival a small tug-steamer, with a number of commercial men and newspaper reporters on board, had been waiting in the Mersey, ready to steam out to meet the *Atlantic*. The sun was setting as this little steamer sailed, and night had come on before the *Atlantic* appeared in the river. As she came up, her great black hull looking blacker and larger in the darkness, she seemed less like a steamer made by human hands, and more like an island drifting in from the ocean.

No entrance to the Liverpool docks was sufficiently wide to admit the *Atlantic*, and she and her consorts had to lie in the river until a new dock that had been preparing for them, with entrance gates eighty feet wide, was finished. The length of the voyage of the *Atlantic* was accounted for by a detention of nearly two days caused by accidents to the machinery. The *Pacific*, *Arctic*, and *Baltic*, have already crossed 'the big ferry,' and the *Adriatic* is expected to be ready for sea early in 1851.

Thus was commenced that rivalry which has made a gigantic race-course of the Atlantic Ocean—a race-course so long, that the difference in the longitude of its termini makes a difference of nearly five hours in the time of day; and thus, while people at the American end are rising from their beds, those at the European have got through much of their day's work. The 'flying horse' children, and other notables of the turf, have done great deeds in their way, but they shrink into utter insignificance compared with

\* The following abstracts of the logs of the *Africa* and the *Atlantic* on a homeward and outward voyage will enable any reader to trace the routes on a map:—

\* AFRICA—HOMeward TO LIVERPOOL.

Date.	Wind.	Miles run.	Lat.	Long.	Remarks.
Nov. 20, Sailed from New York, 10 A.M.					Moderate and fine.
21, W.N.W.	266	10 25	66 38		Strong breeze. Rain.
22, W.	300	40 27	62 04		Squalls and heavy seas.
23, N.N.W.	296	41 10	55 34		Heavy sea.
24, S.E.	260	42 54	50 12		Very heavy squalls.
25, S.S.W.	260	45 06	44 50		Strong breezes and cloudy.
26, S.W.	309	47 09	38 00		Ditto.
27, W.	302	48 40	30 50		Moderate and fine.
28, S.S.W.	304	49 51	23 20		Cloudy.
29, S.S.W.	312	50 50	15 17		Strong breezes.
30, S.S.E.	Abreast Cape Clear at 7 50 A.M.				Squalls and rain.
Dec. 1, S.E.	In the Mersey at 8 A.M.				

July 10, Left Liverpool, 11 A.M.					Cloudy and signs of rain.
11, N.W.	270				Off Cape Clear.
12, S. and W.	288	51 20	16 43		Smooth sea.
13, W.	286	50 53	24 06		Heavy swell.
14, W.	273	50 25	31 19		Severe thunder-storm.
15, Variable.	295	50 00	39 00		Hazy. Smooth sea.
16, W.	295	48 25	46 04		Fog. Passed icebergs.
17, W.	290	46 27	52 17		Dense fog.
18, W.	313	42 41	60 13		Moderate breezes.
19, S.S.W.	313	41 32	64 36		Fresh breezes and squalls.
20, S.S.W.	295	41 35	70 36		Moderate winds. Rainy.
21, Arrived at wharf, 4 A.M.					

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the performances of a steamer propelled by a power equal to that of a thousand horses, sailing three hundred miles each day over angry, restless waves, twenty-four, and sometimes forty-three feet high, chasing each other at a distance of about five hundred feet, and at a speed of more than thirty miles an hour.\* All the prizes of the turf are paltry compared with that for which these steamers are contending—the proud distinction of establishing the most speedy and safe communication between two great continents and two mighty nations. Hitherto the superiority has not been distinctly declared on either side, nor can any correct judgment be formed until at least a year has elapsed. The following is a return of all the voyages made by steamers across the Atlantic during the six months of 1850; from April to October—the average being taken in each case:—

### OUTWARD.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK AND BOSTON.								
Ship.	Voyages.	Days.	Hours.	Min.	Days.	Hours.	Min.	
Africa, . . . . .	1	12	20	0	0	0	0	
America, . . . . .	4	12	22	50	10	12	0	
Asia, . . . . .	4	10	22	30	10	3	30	
Cambria, . . . . .	4	14	21	50	13	5	5	
Canada, . . . . .	4	12	21	0	10	9	43	
Europa, . . . . .	4	11	20	40	10	21	0	
Hibernia, . . . . .	3	0	0	0	12	16	45	
Niagara, . . . . .	4	12	21	5	11	6	0	
Atlantic, . . . . .	5	11	22	33	0	0	0	
Pacific, . . . . .	4	11	1	3	0	0	0	

### SOUTHAMPTON TO NEW YORK.

Herrman, . . . . .	4	18	12	0	0	0	0
Washington, . . . . .	4	14	6	0	0	0	0

### COWES (ISLE OF WIGHT) TO NEW YORK.

Franklin, . . . . .	1	13	13	0	0	0	0
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### GLASGOW TO NEW YORK.

City of Glasgow, . . . . .	4	16	10	42	0	0	0
(Screw steamer.)							

### HOMEWARD.

TO LIVERPOOL FROM NEW YORK AND BOSTON.								
Ship.	Voyages.	Days.	Hours.	Min.	Days.	Hours.	Min.	
America, . . . . .	4	11	9	21	11	17	0	
Asia, . . . . .	3	10	12	15	9	18	52	
Cambria, . . . . .	4	12	17	30	11	16	22	
Canada, . . . . .	4	11	18	30	11	3	40	
Europa, . . . . .	4	10	22	45	11	17	0	
Hibernia, . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	4	55	
Niagara, . . . . .	4	12	8	50	10	12	0	
Atlantic, . . . . .	5	11	20	41	0	0	0	
Pacific, . . . . .	4	11	7	45	0	0	0	
Arctic, . . . . .	1	10	16	45	0	0	0	

\* See Scoresby's interesting paper on Atlantic waves, read at the last meeting of the British Association.

# CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

## TO SOUTHAMPTON FROM NEW YORK.

Ship.	Voyages.	Days.	Hours.	Min.	Days.	Hours.	Min.
Herrman, . . . .	4	15	12	0	0	0	0
Washington, . . . .	4	14	18	0	0	0	0

## TO COWES FROM NEW YORK.

Franklin, . . . .	1	11	19	30	0	0	0
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## TO GLASGOW FROM NEW YORK.

City of Glas_gow, . . . .	3	14	19	50	0	0	0
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The swiftest outward passage was that of the *Pacific* in September, when only 10 days 5 hours were occupied between Liverpool and New York, and the swiftest homeward that of the *Asia*, in 10½ days between New York and Liverpool. The second six months (from October 1850 to April 1851) will in all probability show more favourably for the Cunard line, as the *Cambria* and *Hibernia*, two of the oldest, have both been withdrawn, and the *Persia* and *Arabia*, the two newest, will soon be placed on the route. The vessels of the Collins' line have met with some accidents during the winter that will tell much against them when the year's work is summed up. The *Pacific*, in one of her outward voyages, ran short of coals, and had to put into a port before reaching New York to obtain a fresh supply, by which a detention of some days was caused; and the *Atlantic*, on her outward voyage, while in latitude 46° 12' north, and longitude 41° 30' west, or much more than half-way across the Atlantic, broke on the morning of 6th January the centre beam or shaft of the engines, which consequently became useless. The vessel proceeded under canvas for five days, against heavy westerly gales, but finding that she made little way, the captain put the ship about, and ran for Cork, which was reached on the 22d January. The *Cambria*, belonging to the Cunard line, the only available steamer then in the Mersey, or perhaps in England, for Atlantic winter navigation, was immediately chartered to proceed to Cork, and carry the cargo, &c. of the *Atlantic* to America. We allude to this disaster simply as a fact; we would rather sympathise with the citizens of the United States, to whom it will doubtless cause much chagrin, than exult over it as a proof of the inferior skill of our transatlantic brethren. The accident proves very little, but it will doubtless be extensively used, or rather abused, by the partisans of the contending lines. Many people in New York seem to think that there is a feeling of hostility in the old country against these steamers, and complaints have already been made that justice has not been done to them by the British press. Never had complaints less foundation. As British citizens, we cannot prevent ourselves from wishing that in this great race British ships may win, but we are confident national feeling has been less obtruded, and there has been less boasting about the merits of the ships on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. We trust that the arrival of the *Cambria* at New York with the mails and cargo of the *Atlantic* will not only relieve the minds of many who must be fearing that the latter has met the same fate as the *President*, but will also convince them that the rivalry is prosecuted on our part in a generous and manly spirit.

## OCEAN ROUTES.

### ROUTE TO THE WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA.

The necessary result of the successful voyages of the Atlantic steamers, was the establishment of other lines of steam communication with countries beyond the sea. The value of our possessions in the West Indies, and the importance of our trade with the rich countries of South America, indicated very clearly the direction of the next Atlantic route. The postal communication with these countries was very defective. Even the best sailing vessels in the most favourable weather were four weeks on the voyage; and though the mails were despatched twice each month from England, yet the communication between the various islands and the American continent was neither regular nor certain. On 20th March 1840, a contract was made between the Lords of the Admiralty and the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, in which the latter agreed, for the sum of £240,000 per annum, 'to provide, maintain, and keep seaworthy, and in complete repair and readiness, for the purpose of conveying all her Majesty's mails, a sufficient number (not less than fourteen) of good, substantial, and efficient steam-vessels, of such construction and strength as to be fit and able to carry guns of the largest calibre now used on board of her Majesty's steam-vessels of war, each of such vessels to be always supplied with first-rate appropriate steam-engines of not less than 400 collective horse power, and also a sufficient number—not less than four—of good, substantial, and efficient sailing vessels, of at least 100 tons burthen each.' The steamers were to sail twice every month from some port in the British Channel to Barbadoes, and from thence the mails were to be distributed to the other islands and the continent. The original plan of the voyages of these vessels was described by one of its most earnest and sanguine promoters as a scheme 'which united the British colonies in North America with the British colonies within the northern tropic; which made Barbadoes the highway from all Eastern South America to Europe and to North America; which made Jamaica the great road from all Western America and New South Wales to Britain; which made Nassau the central point to catch everything from and to the Gulf of Mexico; and which connected all the western world in one unbroken line of rapid and regular commercial communication.' The total number of miles to be annually steamed was 684,816, and sailed 60,360—making altogether nearly three-quarters of a million, or not much less than thirty times the circumference of the globe. The contract was to be for ten years, to commence on 1st December 1841. The company had thus less than two years to make preparations for an enterprise that was truly gigantic. Twenty ships, fourteen of these steamers of the largest class, had to be built, equipped, and manned by the most experienced officers and crews that could be obtained. Arrangements of a far more comprehensive and complex nature than were necessary for a voyage to Halifax or New York required to be made; for though the voyage across the ocean was in both cases equally easy, yet the branch-lines of communication necessary to accommodate so many different islands could only be successfully wrought by a rare union of skilful arrangement and efficient management, of which the history of steam navigation afforded neither an example

nor a guide. The company, however, displayed so much activity that, though unable to commence the contract on the 1st December 1841, it was begun only a month later—on the 1st January 1842. Indeed Sir George Cockburn, when holding office at the Admiralty, stated that even the government, with their great naval resources, could not have succeeded so well as this private company in getting so many large and new steamers ready for sea in the time. The fourteen vessels were named after the rivers of the countries where they were built, as follows:—

Thames	Medway, Trent, and Isis,	built at Northfleet.
Severn, and Avon,	...	Bristol.
Tweed, Clyde, Teviot, Dee, and Solway,	...	Greenock.
Tay,	...	Dumbarton.
Forth,	...	Leith.
Medina,	...	Cowes, Isle of Wight.

The total cost of these ships was not much under a million sterling. The *Forth* started with the mails from Southampton, and arrived at St Thomas, in the West Indies, after a voyage of 17 days 16 hours, returning home to Falmouth in 18 days 8 hours. During the whole of that year the voyages were performed with considerable regularity—some of the vessels taking only 17 days on the outward run, and few occupying more than three weeks either on it or on the voyage home. From August 1843 to August 1849, out of 147 mails that were despatched homewards by these vessels, 106 arrived before and at the estimated time, and only 41 arrived later than that period.

This company has sustained very heavy losses in performing the service. Six of their finest steamers have been entirely lost: the *Solway* on a dark night after leaving Coruna in Spain, where she had called to take in coal; the *Forth* and the *Tweed* on the Alacranes rocks in the Gulf of Mexico; and the *Acteon* in rounding the point near Carthagena in the Gulf of Darien, on a shoal extending much farther than it had been laid down in the charts. The *Isis*, in attempting to enter San Juan in Porto Rico before daylight, ran ashore, but though subsequently got off, and repaired in Jamaica, foundered off Bermuda on her way home; and the *Medina* was lost in the night, on a reef at Turk's Island, north from San Domingo. All these accidents happened near the shore: on the high seas the vessels seem to have sustained no injury. The fleet of the company now consists of the following steamers, though it will soon be augmented by the addition of larger and more powerful ships, now in course of construction:—

	Length.	Horse-power.	Tonnage.
Avon, - - -	216 feet	430	1831
Clyde, - - -	213 ...	430	1841
Conway, - - -	186 ...	300	929
Dee, - - -	214 ...	410	1848
Eagle, - - -	164 ...	250	501
Great Western, - - -	207 ...	400	1467
Medway, - - -	212 ...	420	1666
Reindeer, - - -	155 ...	260	554
Severn, - - -	215 ...	430	1886
Tay, - - -	214 ...	430	1858
Teviot, - - -	214 ...	430	1793
Thames, - - -	212 ...	420	1676
Trent, - - -	212 ...	420	1666

## OCEAN ROUTES.

The paddle-boxes of many of these vessels are so constructed that they can be used as boats if necessary.

Several alterations have been made in the contract of this company and the routes pursued by the steamers. The schema that came in force in January 1851 embraces the following routes, and establishes postal communication not only with the West Indies and Central America, but with South America as far as Buenos Ayres:—

*First Route.*—A glance at a map of the West India islands will show that between the largest of these (such as Cuba, Jamaica, and Hayti) and the Atlantic Ocean, there is a long barrier, as it were, of islets, stretching in one continuous chain from the coast of Florida to the mouth of the river Orinoco, a distance of nearly 2000 miles. Almost in the centre of this chain, with its eastern shores exposed to the Atlantic, and its western to the Caribbean Sea, lies the little island of St Thomas, belonging to Denmark. Though only 37 square miles in extent, or about one-seventh of the size of the Isle of Man, its spacious and safe harbour, and moderate import duties, have long rendered it one of the greatest commercial emporiums in the West Indies, a striking proof of which is found in the fact, that the value of the exports to it from this country in 1849 was £383,023, or more than treble the value of the exports to the great island of Hayti. This little island of St Thomas has accordingly been chosen as the great rendezvous for the West India mail-steamers—the centre, as it were, from which radiate all the branch-lines of communication. It is to the West Indies and Central America what Southampton is to the British islands and the continent of Europe. From Southampton a steamer sails at six o'clock in the evening on the 2d and 17th of each month, and after a direct voyage across the Atlantic of 3622 miles, at an average speed of nine miles an hour, arrives at St Thomas in 16 days and 18 hours after leaving England. The mails and passengers are then distributed as we shall afterwards describe; the steamer takes in a fresh supply of coal, and after remaining one day and 17 hours, proceeds at five o'clock in the morning to cross the Caribbean Sea; and after steaming 690 miles in 3 days and 5 hours, enters the excellent harbour of the old Spanish city of Santa Martha, on the north shore of South America. Six hours only are spent here, and in half a day more the steamer has traversed 105 miles, and reached the best and largest port on that coast, near the city of Carthagena, with its fine old cathedral, its public cisterns, and its traditions of the Spaniards and Sir Francis Drake. After a stoppage of six hours, the steamer crosses the Gulf of Darien, and after a run of 280 miles, arrives at Chagres, a young town, but one rapidly rising in importance—the Corinth, in fact, of America, where, as we shall afterwards see, the whole transit trade of the isthmus is being carried on. From thence the steamer proceeds 240 miles farther, and reaches the last stage of the voyage, Greytown, at the mouth of the river San Juan, which connects the Nicaragua lake with the sea. After remaining here four days, the steamer returns by the same route, omitting, however, to call at Santa Martha: at St Thomas a fresh supply of coal is shipped, and after waiting one day and 22 hours, she departs for Southampton, arriving there with answers to the letters with which, about two months before, she had started—after having steamed altogether 9874 miles in 46 days, and spent more than 16 days in stoppages.



*Second Route.*—On the day after the arrival at St Thomas of the vessel that left Southampton on the 2d of the month, a steamer, after receiving all that has been brought for her from Europe, starts for the port of St Juan, in the Spanish island of Porto Rico. The distance of 65 miles is traversed in 7 hours, and the steamer almost immediately proceeds to Port Royal, the old capital of Jamaica, distant from St Juan 643 miles. A supply of coal is here taken in; and in five days more the vessel has steamed 1118 miles, and arrived at Vera Cruz, a city built chiefly of madrepora, on the spot where Hernan Cortez first landed, and now the chief seaport of Mexico. After proceeding 250 miles northwards to Tampico, another Mexican seaport, the steamer returns by the same route, coals again at Jamaica, and arrives at St Thomas in time to transfer her mails, &c. to the steamer about to proceed to England, having steamed 4062 miles in 18 days 20 hours, and stopped 11 days 4 hours.

*Third Route.*—When the steamer that leaves Southampton on the 17th of the month arrives at St Thomas, a vessel is ready to start again for Porto Rico and Jamaica; but this time she calls on the voyage between these two places at Jacmel in the island of Hayti, and after leaving Jamaica, instead of proceeding, as on the second route, to Vera Cruz, the steamer turns to the north-east, and reaches Havana, the capital of Cuba, and the largest city of the West Indies. After remaining here 16 hours, the vessel returns along the coast of Cuba; but instead of doubling Cape Antonio, so as to get into the track to Jamaica, she holds steadily on until she arrives at Belize, the port of the British possessions in Honduras, famous for its growth and exports of mahogany. After waiting here 5 days, the steamer returns by precisely the same route to St Thomas.

*Fourth Route.*—This route is traversed by the vessels twice each month, to correspond with the departures from Southampton. Though its entire length out and home is only 1838 miles, yet the vessel calls at no fewer than ten places, some of them distant only 11 miles from each other. They are—St Kitts, a little island, the greater part of which is occupied by a mountain 3711 feet high, bearing the sad name of Misery; Nevis, an islet only 6½ miles long, where the value of a slave, at the time of the emancipation, was said to be £39, 4s.; Montserrat, another tiny island; Antigua, with an area of 108 square miles; Guadaloupe, the best of the islands remaining to France; Dominica, once French, but now British; Martinique, where Napoleon's Josephine was born; St Lucia, with its magnificent harbour; Barbadoes, one of the oldest colonies of England; and Demerara on the mainland. 8½ days are occupied in steaming, and 6½ in stopping, from St Thomas to Demerara and back.

*Fifth Route.*—When the steamer mentioned in the last route arrives at Barbadoes, another is ready to exchange mails, and proceed to Tobago by way of St Vincent; Carriacou, a very small island, from whence the mails 'will be despatched by the inhabitants in a boat,' and where the steamer is not to stop if the boat does not appear through neglect or bad weather; Grenada, an island discovered by Columbus in 1498, where the West India Steamship Company have a coal depôt; and Trinidad, the largest, except Jamaica, of the British West India islands. The round from Barbadoes to Tobago and back, a distance of 702 miles, is steamed in 3½ days.

*Sixth Route.*—This is from St Thomas direct to Nassau, a port in New

## OCEAN ROUTES.

Providence, one of the Bahama islands, which lies in the route of the American steamers from the Gulf of Mexico to the ports of the United States on the Atlantic. The distance between St Thomas and Nassau is 860 miles—the speed being 5 miles an hour to Nassau, and 2½ miles back. From Nassau there is regular steam-communication with Bermuda, and thence to New York and Halifax, so that there is one unbroken line of communication between Southampton and Liverpool *via* the West Indies and the United States. This terminates the list of West India routes.

*Seventh Route.*—On the 9th of every month a steamer leaves Southampton for Rio Janeiro in South America, where she is expected to arrive on the 8th of the following month. She steams at the rate of 8 miles an hour across the stormy Bay of Biscay, and down the Portuguese coast until, at the expiration of 4½ days, she arrives at Lisbon: after waiting a day at that city, she steams to Madeira, distant from Lisbon 535 miles; a fresh supply of coal, if required, is here shipped, and after waiting 12 hours, the steam is again got up, the helmsman steers due south, and the vessel, going now at a speed of 9 miles an hour, arrives near the far-famed Peak of Teneriffe in about a day and a-quarter: 6 hours are spent here, and then the vessel is running along the African coast to St Vincent, one of the Cape de Verde islands, distant from Teneriffe 850 miles: a day and a-half are spent here, more coal is shipped; and in little more than a week after leaving St Vincent, the steamer has crossed the Atlantic, and delivered her mails at Pernambuco, the third seaport of Brazil: in 6 hours she is running down the South American coast to Bahia, a seaport as large as Bristol, and from thence to Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, and the largest city of South America. After waiting about 4 days, the steamer returns homeward by the same route, and arrives at Southampton 62 days 16 hours after her departure, having steamed 10,482 miles in 51 days 6 hours, the remainder of the time having been occupied with the intermediate stoppages.

*Eighth Route.*—This is a branch of the seventh. A steamer is in waiting at Rio Janeiro for the vessel from England, whose southern mails she receives, and then starts for Monte Video, capital of the republic of Uruguay, distant from Rio Janeiro 1040 miles: after waiting a day and a-quarter, she departs for Buenos Ayres, 130 miles up the mouth of the river La Plata, and arrives there in 16 hours. A fortnight after she starts on the return voyage to Rio Janeiro.

These details will show the greatness of the routes traversed by the vessels of this company every year—routes extending from 27 degrees north of the tropic of Cancer to 12 degrees south of the tropic of Capricorn—which embrace every island of importance in the West Indies and on the west coast of Africa—all the seaports round the Gulf of Mexico, and all the great commercial cities on the Atlantic shore of South America—and which bestow the blessings of regular postal communication not only on the possessions of Britain, but equally on those of Portugal, Spain, France, and Denmark—on the republics of Mexico, New Grenada, Uruguay, and La Plata, and on the empires of Hayti and Brazil. Every year in which these routes are traversed must link all these nations still firmer in the bonds of peace, good-will, and mutual dependence, and bring them into closer and better relations with that country under whose 'meteor flag' all these

vessels sail, and by whose resources and ingenuity alone this friendly communication has been established and is maintained.

The quantity of cargo carried by these steamers is about a hundred tons each voyage. Its nature will be best understood from the following specification of two cargoes brought to Southampton last year:—The *Trent* arrived on 3d July, with specie to the value of £243,910; 47 serons of indigo; 6 bales tobacco; 16 bags coffee; 63 bales sarsaparilla; 30 casks ginger; 34 bags pimento; 43 packages arrow-root; 4 live turtle; and 72 packages sundries. The *Great Western* arrived 18th September, with specie to the value of £166,762; 283 serons cochineal; 68 cases of cigars; 138 bales tobacco; 20 live turtle; arrow-root and sundries. The number of passengers carried is very different at different seasons of the year. From October to January the vessels leaving England are usually crowded, and so are the vessels returning to England during the summer, before what are called the 'hurricane months' in the West Indies set in.\*

#### PACIFIC ROUTES.

Though not strictly in the order of time, the nature and importance of the routes on the Pacific Ocean will be best understood after an account of those to the West Indies.

Ever since America was discovered, men have ardently wished that the Atlantic and the Pacific should be connected by cutting through the Isthmus of Darien or Panama. The importance of such an undertaking, by shortening the voyage to China and other parts of Asia, as well as to Australia and the west coast of America, is obvious to all who cast even a hasty glance at the map; but the recent discovery of gold in California has rendered the cutting of the Isthmus an object of necessity. Two attempts are now making to cross this narrow strip of land: one by a railroad, the other by a ship-canal. The first of these is at Tehuantepec in Mexico, considerably to the north of Panama. The length of the railroad will be about 136 miles, and the estimated cost is £4,000,000. The other project is by the Lake of Nicaragua; its length will be about 110 miles, and its cost is estimated at £8,000,000. These projects have been the subjects of several treaties, with the view of rendering the lines of canal and railway, when completed, great public highways for all the nations of the world. The treaty between Mexico and the United States with regard to the first is dated 23d June 1850, and contains this remarkable stipulation:—'The line of route, with thirty miles on each side, shall be neutral in any war;' and in the convention between the United States and Great Britain, signed at Washington 19th April 1850, the object of the convention is declared to be 'that of constructing and maintaining the said canal as a ship communication between the two oceans for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all, and of protecting the same.' Such language, which is rarely met with in treaties between nations, calls to remembrance the noble words used by Louis XIV. of France when he

\* See Evidence given by Captain Chappell, secretary to the company, before a Parliamentary Committee in 1849.

## OCEAN ROUTES.

prohibited all hostility against the workmen engaged in building the Eddystone lighthouse, declaring that he 'was at war with England, but not with civilisation.'

In the meantime, however, the transit across the Isthmus is by land, and the points of connection are Chagres on the north and Panama on the south. From the latter two lines of steam communication proceed—one to the north as far as San Francisco in California, the other to the south as far as Valparaiso; the mail service of the former being performed in American and that of the latter in British vessels. The contract with the Pacific Steam-Navigation Company came into force in 1846. The company possesses five steamers, the aggregate tonnage of which is about 3000, and horse-power 995. The mails are carried once a month from Panama to Valparaiso and back, calling at Guayaquil, the chief seaport of the republic of Ecuador (the Spanish name for equator)—Callao, the seaport of the large city of Lima—Arica, the outlet of a rich mining district of Peru—Copiapo and Coquimbo, also noted for their exports of silver—and at a number of ports of less note, thus establishing regular postal communication between all the civilised states of the western coast of South America. The distance steamed each year is 110,887 miles, and the sum received by the company £20,000. The history of this company affords an example of the necessity of a mail contract to make ocean steam navigation profitable. In 1840 the projector, Mr Wheelwright, obtained from the local governments the exclusive privilege for ten years of conducting the steam communication along the coast, but during the five years that the company were without the mail contract the losses of the undertaking amounted to two-thirds of the paid up capital.

To Panama these vessels convey very large quantities of specie, the produce of the world-renowned mines of Peru; and to the same port the American steamers bring from San Francisco the produce of the gold mines of California; and all this silver and gold crosses the Isthmus, and is reshipped for Europe and the United States at Chagres. The value of the gold dust brought by the steamers from California to Panama, from 11th April 1849 to 4th October 1850, has been estimated at 25,000,000 of American dollars, or about £5,000,000, being equal to the total value of the produce of *all* the American mines, both of gold and silver, in 1838.

## ROUTE TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

In July 1850 the government advertised for tenders for conveying the mails monthly between England and the Cape of Good Hope, calling at Madeira, Sierra Leone, and St Helena. The vessels were to be of not less than 200 horse-power each, propelled by the screw, and to perform the voyage at a speed of not less than eight knots, or about nine miles an hour. This contract was obtained by the General Screw Steam-Navigation Company, who have undertaken to perform the voyage at the rate of 223 miles per day: the distance to be steamed is about 6700 miles, so that the time occupied will be about a month. The first vessel, the *Bosphorus*, left Plymouth on the 18th December 1850. On arriving at Madeira, the captain sent home extracts from the log, from which it appeared that in six days she

ran 1164 miles; on 23d December she ran 215 miles before a fresh 'nor-easter,' without using any steam whatever.

With the exception of the short route between Halifax and Bermuda, this is the only ocean route on which screw steamers are employed; and after the Cape mails have been carried for about a year, much valuable data will be supplied to determine the question, on which great difference of opinion now prevails, as to the comparative merits of the screw and the paddle-wheel. The case at present seems to stand thus: if steam alone be used, the paddle is superior; but in using both sails *and* steam, or *sails* alone, the screw is to be preferred. On routes where the winds are constant, the screw is certainly to be preferred, as then it can be disconnected, the fires put out, and as much canvas spread, and as great a speed attained, as with the swiftest sailing-vessel; while in passing through the region of calms, or of contrary winds, the sails can be taken in and the machinery used. The voyages of the *Great Britain* and the *City of Glasgow* across the Atlantic, of the screw line of steamers from Liverpool to the Mediterranean, and also to Dublin and Glasgow, have satisfactorily tested the efficacy of the screw, both in long voyages and in stormy weather, and shown that it is likely to be a much more economical and nearly as speedy a mode of propulsion as the old paddle-wheel.

#### ROUTE TO THE EAST INDIES.

On 16th August 1825, a steamer called the *Enterprise* left Falmouth for Calcutta. She arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the 13th October, and at Calcutta on the 9th December, having thus been nearly four months on the voyage—or about the same time as a sailing vessel. It was clear from this that little or no advantage in point of time would be gained by establishing a steam communication with India by way of the Cape. It was easy to point out shorter routes, but impossible to find one which could be traversed from end to end by a steamer. A line drawn from London to Calcutta passes almost entirely over land, and an *ocean* route was wanted. By sailing up the Mediterranean a steamer could arrive within a few miles of a sea that formed an unbroken water route to India and the East, but these few miles consisted of an isthmus like that at Panama. The only feasible plan seemed to be to have two lines of steamers—one in the Mediterranean, the other in the Indian seas—and make the land transit at the most convenient point. But where was that point to be? The wisdom of the legislature was called on to answer this difficult question, and two plans were proposed. The most direct way seemed to be across Asia Minor to the Euphrates, down that river to the Persian Gulf, and so on to Bombay; thus as it were taking one side of a triangle, while the route down the Red Sea traversed the other two. From the coast of the Gulf of Scanderoon to Bir, on the Euphrates, the distance is only about a hundred miles; and though Bir is more than a thousand miles from the mouth of the Euphrates, yet it was considered that all that length of river could be navigated by steamers. But one of the objections urged against the voyage of Columbus was found to be applicable with truth to the navigation of the Euphrates—a steamer could go easily *down*, but it could not get *up*, for at Bir the river

## OCEAN ROUTES.

is 628 feet above the level of the sea. Other obstacles, and the failure of an expedition fitted out for the purpose about 1836, caused this direct line to be abandoned, at least for a time. The other plan was by Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez, which would have a land transit of only eighty-four miles between the two last named places. This plan was adopted; the British government undertook the route between England and Egypt, and the East India Company that between Egypt and India. In 1837 the arrangement came into operation; the mails were sent from Falmouth once a month to Gibraltar in the vessels then engaged in the postal service with Portugal and Spain; at Gibraltar they were transferred to Admiralty steamers, which conveyed them to Malta, and from thence to Alexandria; they were then taken up the Nile to Cairo, and from thence across the desert to Suez, where the *Hugh Lindsey*, a steamer belonging to the East India Company, was in waiting to convey them to Bombay. The time at first occupied on this route was between fifty and sixty days, so that the communication with India was reduced at once by one-half. In order to reduce this time still more, a treaty was made in 1839 with the French government for forwarding a portion of the mails through France to Marseilles, from whence they were forwarded to Malta, where they met the steamer from Gibraltar.

Two years before this time a regular postal steam communication between England and the peninsula of Spain had been established. Under the old system of sailing vessels, the communication between Falmouth and Lisbon sometimes occupied three weeks, and irregularities both in arrivals and departures were of very frequent occurrence. The Peninsular Steam Company, on 22d August 1837, entered into a contract with the government for carrying the mails weekly from Falmouth to Gibraltar, calling at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz; and for this service the payment was to be £29,600 per annum, or less than the cost of the old, slow, and irregular means of communication. The advantages of the arrangement were soon apparent, for the vessels of the company brought in five days the mails that had previously sometimes been three weeks on the voyage. In 1839, the government being anxious still further to accelerate the Indian mail, requested the managers of the company to submit a plan for the attainment of that object. This was done: the company proposed to establish a line of large and powerful steamers of 450 horse-power, to run direct from England to Alexandria, calling only at Gibraltar and Malta, thus avoiding the inconvenience and delay of transferring the mails from one packet to another, and rendering the communication by Gibraltar nearly as speedy as that through France. The government adopted the plan, but advertised for offers to carry it out. Four were made: the highest being for £51,000 per annum, and the lowest (that of the Peninsular Company) for five years at an average per year of £34,200. The latter offer was accepted. The company procured two large vessels, originally named the *United States* and the *Liverpool*, and intended for Atlantic navigation; but which were increased in dimensions, and their names altered to the *Oriental* and the *Great Liverpool*, and with them and two other smaller vessels the contract was begun in September 1840.

The postal communication with India, so far as regarded the route between England and Egypt, having thus been made speedy and regular, a wish was

naturally expressed that on the east side of the Isthmus of Suez the communication should be extended so as to embrace not Bombay alone, but Calcutta, Madras, Ceylon, and China. After considerable negotiation, a contract was entered into with the Peninsular and Oriental Company, by which that company undertook, for the sum of £160,000 per annum, to convey the mails from Suez to Ceylon, and from thence northwards to Madras and Calcutta, and eastwards to Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong. This contract was commenced on the 1st January 1845, by the three fine steamers, the *Bentinck*, *Hindustan*, and *Precursor*, of about 2000 tons burthen each, and 500 horse-power. Thus, in less than ten years from its first establishment, this company, which originally sent its steamers no further than Gibraltar, was navigating the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, connecting the European shore of the Atlantic with the Asiatic shore of the Pacific, and conducting a constant communication between England and China. The rapidity with which this service is performed may be judged of from the fact, that on the 8th August 1850, the company's steamer, *Pekin*, delivered the mails at Hong Kong, containing letters which only fifty-five days, or less than two months, before had been written at New York. These letters, after crossing the Atlantic, had passed through Liverpool, London, Paris, Marseilles, and Malta, Alexandria and Cairo, to Suez, where they were placed on board the *Oriental*, which conveyed them down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon, where they were transferred to the *Pekin*, and by her conveyed, after calling at Penang and Singapore, to their final destination. The distance travelled by these letters was more than half the circumference of the globe. Such feats of science and energy will soon teach us to regard without wonder deeds of which even the glowing imagination of Eastern story-tellers did not dare to dream.

The fleet possessed by this company consists of the following vessels :—

#### 1. MEDITERRANEAN AND PENINSULAR SERVICES.

	Length.	Horse-power.	Tons.	Materials.
Erin, -	199 feet.	280	797	Iron.
Euxine, - -	222 ...	400	1165	...
Ganges, -	237 ...	500	1200	...
Iberia, - -	155 ...	190	515	Wood.
Jupiter, -	158 ...	210	543	...
Madrid, - -	163 ...	140	478	Iron.
Montrose, -	166 ...	240	606	Wood.
Pasha, - -	160 ..	210	548	Iron.
Singapore, -	237 ...	500	1200	...
Sultan, - -	224 ...	420	1090	...
Tagus, -	182 ...	286	782	Wood.

#### 2. BETWEEN SOUTHAMPTON AND ALEXANDRIA.

Hindustan, -	217 ...	520	2017	Wood.
Indus, - -	208 ...	450	1782	Iron.
Ripon, -	231 ...	450	1925	...

#### 3. BETWEEN SUEZ AND CALCUTTA, VIA CEYLON AND MADRAS.

Bentinck, -	217 ...	520	1974	Wood.
Haddington, - -	217 ...	450	1647	Iron.
Oriental, -	220 ...	420	1787	Wood.
Precursor, - -	229 ...	460	1817	...

## OCEAN ROUTES.

### 4. BETWEEN CEYLON AND HONG KONG, *via* PENANG AND SINGAPORE.

	Length.	Horse-power.	Tons.	Materials.
Achilles, - -	205 feet.	420	992	Wood.
Braganza, -	188 ...	264	855	..
Lady Mary Wood, 160 ...		260	553	..
Malta, - -	205 ...	450	1217	Iron.
Pekin, - -	214 ...	400	1182	.
Pottinger, -	220 ...	450	1350	...

### 5. BETWEEN HONG KONG AND CANTON.

Canton, -	172 ...	150	348	Iron.
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Of these 25 vessels, 14 have been built in the Clyde, 5 in the Mersey, and 6 in the Thames.

1. The vessels engaged in the Peninsular service leave Southampton three times each month. The first port touched at, after steaming 663 miles, is Vigo, in the province of Galicia in Spain, near the mouth of the river Minho; from thence the vessel proceeds to Oporto, 68 miles further south; and thence to Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar; arriving at the latter port in eight days after leaving Southampton, and after having steamed 1224 miles. Little time is spent at Gibraltar, for the vessel returns on the same day, the dates of sailing being the 5th, 15th, and 25th of each month. Another set of vessels leave Southampton on the 29th of each month, arriving at Gibraltar on the 6th of the month immediately following; from thence they proceed to Malta, Smyrna, and Constantinople, where other vessels are in readiness to extend the communication along the south shore of the Black Sea to Trebizond, the ancient Trapesius; thus connecting one of the most flourishing seaports in England with a city of the Euxine that was great and famous four hundred years before our era, when Xenophon entered it with his ten thousand Greeks during their retreat from the disastrous field of Cunaxa. Some of the vessels also sail occasionally between Southampton and Naples, calling at Gibraltar, Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia.

2. The vessels for Alexandria sail on the 20th of each month, arriving at Gibraltar on the 26th, at Malta on the 1st of the following month, and at Alexandria on the 9th, after having steamed 2951 miles.

3. At Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, two steamers are in waiting for the passengers and mails conveyed from Alexandria in small steamers up the Nile, and in vans across the desert. One of the steamers at Suez belongs to the East India Company, and has Bombay for its destination; the other is the property of the Oriental Company. The 10th of the month is fixed as the day of departure; and all persons and things having been shipped, the vessels steam down the Red Sea to Aden, distant from Suez 1308 miles. Here they part company: the Oriental steamer pursues a course almost due east, across the Indian Ocean to Point de Galle in the island of Ceylon, a distance of 2134 miles. Having exchanged mails with the vessel for China, she steams up the Coromandel coast to Madras, and on to Calcutta, where she arrives in about twenty-eight days from Suez, after traversing 4757 miles, and spending in stoppages about five days.

4. The vessel in waiting at Point de Galle, as soon as she receives what the other has brought for her, starts eastward, and after traversing 1286



miles arrives at Penang in the peninsula of Malacca; from thence, steaming down between Sumatra and the mainland, she arrives at the little island of Singapore, almost under the line, and then up the Chinese Sea, terrible for its typhoons, to Hong Kong, where the little steamer in No. 5 is ready to continue the line of communication to Canton.

The number of miles steamed by the vessels of this company under contract is 381,960, and the payment £204,500 per annum. The company makes an annual dividend of 8 per cent. on a capital of about a million; and supposing that the same fleet was kept up, and the revenue reduced to that derived from passengers and merchandise alone, not only could no dividend be paid, but an actual loss sustained every year of more than £120,000—another striking illustration of a fact already adverted to, that without a post-office contract such schemes of regular and efficient ocean steam navigation could not be maintained.\*

#### PROPOSED ROUTES.

No one can suppose that British and American enterprise will pause until these ocean routes have completely encircled the globe. The settlers in Australia and New Zealand have greater claims to the benefits of steam communication with England than the people of Valparaiso or Buenos Ayres, to whom these benefits have already been extended. While the merchants at Canton are reading New York letters only fifty-five days old, the merchants of London are not likely to allow their letters from Sydney to linger twice that time on a journey of nearly the same length. Of 520 ships that sailed from this country to Sydney during the last ten years, the greater number took from 121 to 130 days on the passage; and considering that the inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand are now about 320,000, that they consume British goods to the value of about £10 per head annually, and live under British rule and protection, it is absolutely necessary that a more speedy communication than this should be established between them and the mother country. To effect this object, three routes have been proposed. *First*, by the Isthmus of Panama, from the terminus of the West India route across the Pacific to the Galapagos Islands, thence to Tahiti, and so on to Sydney. The distance to be steamed, with

\* The money paid to the various companies on these contracts may be said to be all returned to the government in other ways. The postage revenue alone derived from the steamers is equal to two-thirds of the contract money; for though a letter is conveyed half round the world for two shillings, the immense number of letters despatched creates a large revenue. It was said that the *Cumbria* on one of her trips last summer carried out more than 26,000 letters to the United States alone, exclusive of newspapers; and the Indian mail which left Southampton in August last filled 157 chests, each capable of holding 10,000 letters, and at Malta 120 smaller chests were added that had been brought through France. Making allowance for the newspapers contained in these, the number of letters must still have been enormous. All this writing and transmission of intelligence necessarily increase trade, and consequently bring additional supplies of articles to this country, the duties on which must more than make up the difference between the payments to the companies and the revenues of the post-office. But on higher considerations than those of mere profit and loss, we have no hesitation in saying that the blessings to the country of these lines of speedy communication would not be purchased dearly if not one farthing of the contract money were returned.

## OCEAN ROUTES.

only two stoppages, would be about 7970 miles; but the present traffic on this route renders its adoption in the meantime quite impracticable. *Second*, by the Cape of Good Hope, across the Indian Ocean to Cape Leeuwin in Western Australia, and thence touching at Adelaide, through Bass's Straits, to Sydney. The run from the Cape to the most westerly point of Australia would be through more than ninety degrees of longitude, or about 6000 miles. It is difficult to see how this long distance could be traversed, even by screw steamers, using both sails and steam, in time short enough to justify the adoption of the route. *Third*, by a branch from the Oriental route, either at Penang or Singapore—the distance from the former to Sydney, by Torres's Straits, being about 5000, and from the latter about 4500 miles. This route would be among the East India Islands, and nearly 2000 miles of it would be along the Australian coast, so that it would be easy to arrange for fresh supplies of coal. This route has received the largest share of favourable attention from the public, and would have been opened ere now but for certain unexpected difficulties. The Oriental Company offered to open a monthly postal communication between Singapore and Sydney, on condition that the service between Bombay and Suez, and the service performed by Admiralty vessels in the Mediterranean, were transferred to them. They further proposed to establish new lines of steamers between Bombay and Singapore, Calcutta and Penang, Singapore and Hong Kong, and to run their vessels twice a month from Southampton to Alexandria, so that there would be a regular fortnightly communication with India and China, and monthly with Australia. The sum sought for all these services was £105,000 per annum, considerably less than the present cost to the government and the East India Company of the services they now perform. To this proposal the chancellor of the exchequer was willing to agree, and it was approved by the chief mercantile firms in the country connected with Australia; but the East India Company refused, on grounds both fair and reasonable,\* to give up their line of steamers between Suez and Bombay, and the scheme remains one of those things that are yet 'to be.'

Efforts are also being made to diminish the time occupied on the route to the United States. One would have supposed that men would have been satisfied with crossing the Atlantic in ten days; but human desires appear insatiable. A commission is now collecting evidence as to the fitness of some Irish port for the transatlantic steamers. Galway, Cork,

\* The chief of these were—'that the continuance of the Bombay and Suez line in the hands of the East India Company is essential to the efficiency of the Indian navy; and that 'for the efficient performance of the mail service, there had been laid out, on account of the enlargement of docks, the formation of a steam factory and foundry, and the building of steam-vessels, nearly a million sterling (£1,000,000), besides the cost of additions to the permanent establishment of officers.' Since this was written, the government have advertised for contracts for carrying the mails to Australia, and there is every probability that a quick and regular postal communication will speedily be established with that country. It is also reported that the East India Company have consented to relinquish their Bombay contract, so as to facilitate such arrangements. A prospectus was also issued, at the beginning of this year, of a new company—'The Eastern Steam-Navigation Company'—which proposes, with a capital of £1,200,000, not only to effect a regular communication with Australia, but also so to supplement the operations of the Peninsular and Oriental Company as to double the present postal communication with the East.

and the Shannon, are all urging their claims, and those of the first are powerfully seconded by a little pamphlet, printed last year 'by order of the legislature of the state of Maine,' in which it is proposed to extend the railroad now finished between New York and Waterville to Whitehaven in Nova Scotia, from which the distance to Galway Bay is 2000 miles. The railway between Galway and Dublin will soon be opened throughout, and the communication between Dublin and London, by Holyhead, is regular and speedy. The 2000 miles of sea, if it is considered, could be crossed by steamers at the rate of 20 miles an hour, and the 1200 miles of railway traversed at 40 miles an hour, thus occupying only about 6 days between New York and London. We should be sorry to say that this is impossible; but it will be many years yet ere it is done. We cannot see that very great benefit would be derived by towns on the Irish coast from being made packet stations. Where the trade is, the station must be; and just as it is necessary for steamers coming to Glasgow to steam up to the Broomielaw, instead of sending goods and passengers from Greenock by rail, so will it be necessary for the Atlantic steamers to come to Liverpool, even though they should touch at either Cork or Galway.

Again: there can be little doubt that at no distant day the Pacific will be as effectually bridged over as the Atlantic. Already the Americans at San Francisco, like the Spaniards of old at Darien, are gazing wistfully over the ocean to China and the East, and nursing great projects, which they will not allow to rest as idle dreams. A bill is now (January 1851) before Congress, having for its object the establishment of a line of mail steamers between San Francisco and Macao, calling at the Sandwich Islands, Hang Hae, Amoy, and Hong Kong. In all probability this measure will be carried out with that dauntless energy which characterises the American people. The circle will then be complete—

‘The new world will launch forth to meet the old;’

and the young civilisation of the West will infuse its vigour and energy into the old civilisation of the East, with results that will be felt and seen to the latest period of the history of mankind.

## CROMWELL AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

**M**R HUMES' perversions of the reign of Charles I., once so popular, and still quoted as authority in certain quarters, have, thanks to the industry and zeal of modern historians and commentators, lost all claim to respect; and the reaction naturally consequent upon a discovery of the injustice that had been done the great men of the Commonwealth, has reached to such a height, that there now seems a tendency to canonise as spotless saints and heroes the very persons whom it was so long the fashion to slander and depreciate. The truth, as ever, lies not in either extreme. Cromwell and his associates were men of like passions to ourselves; their motives, as their acts, a mingled yarn of good and evil, of spirituality and earthliness: the good survives to bless us; the evil has descended with their bodies to the grave. And even that dust, rendered sacred by the memory of their struggles, their toils, their sufferings, their apparent defeat—dying, as many of them did, amidst the shouts and execrations of an ephemeral restoration—we would reverently approach, remembering how many of the errors—crimes if you will—with which they have been charged are fairly attributable to the circumstances of the time in which their lot was cast, rather than to their own wills and purposes.

The aspect of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century must have suggested utter despair to the timid lover of freedom—to the pale doubter in the progress of humanity. Despotism, enthroned on the ruins of the feudal system, and surrounded by disciplined armies dependent on the sole will of the monarch, had extinguished or enslaved all the independent jurisdictions of the continent. The Parliaments of Paris, which the war of the Fronde vainly strove to maintain in virility and power, were virtually subjugated; and in that country a government of autocratic *will* was, by the genius of Richelieu, rapidly consolidated, and covered by the ægis of success and victory. The Councils of Castile and Arragon had long since disappeared; and many years previously Cardinal Ximenes told the deputies of Castile—pointing from a window to the armed battalions of Charles V.—that it was by virtue of those men the king of Arragon commanded in Castile. The United Provinces was a republic but in name and form, so that the faintly-acknowledged liberties of these countries were the sole *rights* remaining to the human race. Happily for Europe, for the world, the English and Scottish peoples were faithful to their great trust, and neither kingly nor sacerdotal force or fraud was found able to

bend them to the yoke imposed upon the nations of the continent. To the Puritans and Covenanters of that period even Mr Hume was compelled to admit we owe the freedom which we, and if we, Europe, now enjoy. The parliamentary leaders—and there can be no higher praise—were equal to the high mission imposed by the time; and no unprejudiced man, versed in their histories, can refuse acquiescence in the testimony borne to their merits by Bishop Warburton, ‘that the interests of liberty were conducted and supported by a set of the greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw embarked together in a common cause.’

Constitutions, other than paper and ephemeral ones, it has been remarked with profound truth, are not, cannot be, made—they *grow*; and it is both curious and instructive to mark the growth of this English one, which, albeit that it envelops the entire land of Britain, guards our free homes, speaks million-voiced in our assemblies and countless printing-presses, cannot, it is often sneeringly reproached to us, be found neatly copied out and duly labelled in the pigeon-hole of any desk in the kingdom. It began, some tell us, with Magna Charta: the mailed barons set their seals, not being able to write, to the first assertion of English liberties. A very great mistake this of the eulogists of the illiterate lords. Those liberties date from before Alfred, and Magna Charta was more a declaratory than an enacting statute. A very valuable one certainly: *libera scripta manet* (the written thing remaineth). And there, in plain old text, principles were copied out which could always be appealed to, and which no minister or judge could successfully explain away. Slight thanks are, however, due to the iron barons for that great piece of service, for nothing is more certain than that they looked upon the instrument solely as a means of protecting themselves from the encroachments of the sovereign; and it was with as much surprise as indignation they afterwards found that the same weapon which restrained royal prerogative was equally potent to curtail baronial privilege. The reign of Edward III., the English Justinian, as he has been called, marks great and lasting progress on the part of the people. The nation had thoroughly recovered from the shock and stupefaction caused by the Norman invasion. The victories of Cressy and Poitiers had amply vindicated, in the eyes of the dazzled world, the reputation of English valour, ignorantly deemed to have been tarnished by the result of Hastings; the English language, the language of the people, illustrated by the genius of Chaucer, was again that of the government; the ‘Commons’ of England were a distinct and recognised estate of the realm; and the old foundations, deep and broad, were everywhere zealously widened and strengthened for the gradual erection of the system of government under which the British people have long dwelt in peace, freedom, and security, by example teaching ‘the nations how to live.’ The deposition of Richard II. is also an important passage in the constitutional history of this country—a practical application of the theory which professes to restrain or punish prerogative. It was the Commons who gave validity and force to Henry IV.’s title power; and no one was more thoroughly impressed with that truth than himself. In the reign of his renowned son, the fifth Harry, the ‘privileges’ of the Commons, that especially which debars the sovereign from taking cognisance, either personally or through any of his courts of law, of the speeches or acts of the Commons when assembled in

session, were granted or confirmed. This 'privilege,' we shall find, was the weapon which, reinforced by the terrible one of 'impeachment,' mainly enabled the Commons to bring the conflict of freedom with prerogative to a successful issue. Of the succeeding reigns, till the close of that of Elizabeth, there need little here be said. The wars for the retention of France, the conflicts of the White and Red Roses, the troubles, confiscations, persecutions, strife, and discontents, occasioned by the change of religion, and the alternate triumphs of Catholic and Protestant, thrust for a time all constitutional theories and maxims out of sight. They seemed lost amid the tumultuous hurly-burly of polemical warfare and sanguinary reaction; but they were rock-based, and again raised their sunlit pinnacles above the deep as the fury of the social storm subsided. The long and wary reign of Elizabeth closed amidst the rising murmurs of the people against the despotic authority which, taking advantage of the troubles of the time, had dared to tax the people by means of patents for monopolies, without leave of parliament. Cecil, going down to the House on the 25th November 1601, was alarmed at the expression of the growing discontent, and warned the Commons that a dangerous spirit was abroad. His royal mistress would withdraw those patents, since they had proved hurtful to her people. 'But, gentlemen,' continued the minister, 'remember that whatsoever is subject to public expectation cannot be good while the parliament matters are ordinary talk in the streets. I have heard myself, being in my coach, these words spoken aloud—"God prosper those that further the overthrow of these monopolies! God send the prerogative touch not our liberties!" I think those persons would be glad that all sovereignty were converted into popularity, we being here but the popular mouth, and our liberty but the liberty of the subject.' Elizabeth soon afterwards died, and James I. ascended the throne, his head full of notions of divine right, and confident that the devices of king-craft, on which he plumed himself, would enable him to successfully govern the most restive and stubborn nation in the world: a perilous experiment at all times, but especially so now, when the printing-press had become a power, and men were reading their Bibles after their own interpretation, by the light of the fires of Smithfield, and garnering up thoughts and aspirations—debased, it is true, but at the same time hardened, strengthened, by alloy of bigotry—which were anything but favourable to domination of any kind over the wills and consciences of men. The parliaments which the necessities of James obliged him to have recourse to, were much more lavish of advice and remonstrance than of money; a mode of help which terribly exasperated the upon the whole good-natured, well-meaning king. It was in this reign that the Commons again drew forth their ancient but long-disused weapon of impeachment. The first person that sank before it was the Lord Chancellor Verulam (Bacon), accused of receiving bribes from the suitors in his court, and prosecuted to conviction. The Lord Treasurer, Cranford, Earl of Middlesex, was next impeached of both oppression and corruption, and convicted. The Duke of Buckingham—the favourite of the king and of Prince Charles—a weak, haughty man, in a fit of popular caprice coincided with and supported the Commons in their attacks upon the great officers of state. James, who, although not quite the Solomon the elder D'Israeli would have us believe, was a shrewd observer, warned

Buckingham—Steenie, as he called him—of the dangerous nature of the weapon the Commons were wielding with such decisive effect. 'By God, Steenie!' exclaimed the king, 'you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly; and will find that in this fit of popularity you are making a rod with which your own breech will be scourged. You will live to have your bellyful of parliamentary impeachments.' James, in this instance at least, was a true prophet; but he did not live to witness the fulfilment of his prediction, having died 'mysteriously,' as was said, on the 1st June 1624—not, however, till some time after he had with his own hand torn out of the journal-book of the House of Commons 'an insolent remonstrance' of that body, and had sent Pym, Sir Edward Coke, and several other members to prison, avowedly for their speeches and doings in parliament.

Such was the state of affairs when Charles I., at the age of twenty-five, ascended the throne, his head as full as that of his father—more so, perhaps—of notions of a king's divine, indefeasible right to absolute sovereignty. He was no doubt willing enough to govern with a parliament, provided the parliament willed what he willed, but otherwise quite resolved to rule by 'other counsels.' The nation was in an ill-humour for such assumptions; and it was evident from the first, to all calmly-reasoning men, that there was nothing for it but to frankly and sincerely accept the situation as it presented itself, and submit to conduct the affairs of the kingdom in accordance with the views of the Commons' House, now grown too powerful to be permanently controlled, much less ignored, by the sovereign. The new king thought otherwise; and when his first parliament, which met in 1625, after granting the usual subsidy, showed a disposition to inquire into 'grievances,' especially that 'grievance of grievances,' the Duke of Buckingham, whose insolence of power and manifold corruptions had not only disgusted the nation with the favourite, but partially alienated its affections from the crown, Charles, under pretence of the plague, then raging, hastily dissolved it. In 1626 a new parliament, 'a great, warm, ruffling parliament,' as Whitelock calls it, was summoned to Westminster to aid the king with counsel and money. The former part of their duty they set about with great alacrity: a 'committee of grievances' was appointed, and an unmistakable determination shown to put an end to the government of favouritism and corruption which marked the commencement of the young king's reign. 'Are not honours,' exclaimed Sir John Eliot of famous memory, 'sold and made despicable? Are not judicial places sold, and do they not sell justice again?' The king's rage was excessive. 'I must let you know,' said his majesty, 'that I will not allow any of my servants to be questioned amongst you, much less such as are of eminent place and near my person. I see you especially aim at the Duke of Buckingham. I would have you hasten my supply, or else it will be worse for yourselves!' Brave words these, but utterly thrown away upon the stubborn Commons. The preparations to impeach the Duke of Buckingham, 'the source from which all this bitterness flows,' went on as vigorously as ever. Amongst his other crimes, Buckingham was indirectly accused of assassinating the late king, by administering to him 'a plaister and a posset-drink' without the knowledge or authority of the royal physicians. In a transport of fury the king arrested Sir John Eliot and Sir

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Dudley Digges, and committed them to the Tower. This manifest breach of 'privilege' the monarch had speedy reason to regret. The Commons not only declared their approval of all the imprisoned members had said, but refused to proceed without them. After eight days' confinement, they were released, and the accusation against Buckingham was pressed as earnestly as before. All efforts to subdue the spirit, or mollify the resentment, of the Commons having failed, the parliament was dissolved, the king determining thenceforth to be governed by the 'new counsels,' of which he had previously forewarned the opposers of his will.

The new counsels, it soon appeared, were simply counsels to mulct and oppress the people under form and colour of law, and by the naked exercise of the prerogative. Forced loans, as they were mockingly termed, were demanded, chiefly of gentlemen obnoxious to the court party, under threat of imprisonment. Commissions were appointed, armed with the most inquisitorial powers for extracting 'Benevolences' from reluctant subjects. In the words of the royal warrant, 'they were to treat apart with every one of those who were to lend, or should make delay or excuses, and persist in their obstinacy, that they examine such persons on their oath, whether they had been dealt with to deny, to refuse, or to delay to lend, or make an excuse for not lending!' (Charles, moreover, in order to give his new counsels a fair chance of success, in imitation of the practice of Elizabeth, 'tuned' his pulpits, as it was popularly termed, and reverend doctors were found to preach illimitable obedience to the king, under pain of illimitable damnation. Those of the clergy that refused to lend themselves to so impious a device were persecuted without mercy, at the suggestion of William Laud, then bishop of Bath and Wells, who had drawn up the instructions for the clergy, and who not very long afterwards, for that essential service, was made archbishop of Canterbury. Beside the loans, tonnage and poundage, or import and export duties, unvoted by parliament, were forcibly levied. The city of London was peremptorily commanded to furnish the king's majesty with £120,000; the 'outports' were compelled to equip a number of war-vessels, under pretence of danger of invasion; and the lords-lieutenant of the counties were ordered to impress and train men to arms to put down civil tumult. These lawless proceedings, instead of intimidating, served but to inflame and exasperate the public mind. Mr John Hampden of Buckinghamshire refused to subscribe to the king's loan; so did Sir Thomas Wentworth, John Pym, Sir John Eliot, and more than a hundred other of the principal gentry of the kingdom. They were all thrown into prison for their refusal. Hampden was first confined in the Gate-House, London, and afterwards imprisoned in Hampshire. Wentworth and Pym were incarcerated in the country. Mr George Catesby of Northampton, when imprisoned in the Gate-House, was visited by the Lord President, to whom he pleaded that he did not care for the money required of him, but that he feared to violate Magna Charta, and that his compliance might be construed as a precedent. The Lord President told the man in bonds that 'he lied!' 'I came not here to dispute with your lordship,' was Catesby's answer, 'but to suffer!' As for the common file who resisted; they were sent to serve in the king's ships, impressed as soldiers, treated, in short, as our trusty and well-beloved commissioners deemed fitting and proper. The parasites of the court were especially



delighted to find that the judges of the land were all on their side. Law, if its dignitaries were to be believed, was clearly against gentlemen imprisoned for refusing, or for being unable to lend the king any sum of money his majesty chose to name. Sir Thomas Darnel, Sir John Corbet, and others sued out their habeas corpus, and demanded to be released; but the judges refused all relief. The king's warrant, according to them, justified everything. Not, however, without shame and remorse was this done by the learned judges. 'The Commons little know,' exclaimed one of them, 'what letters and commands we receive!' Certainly the Commons did not; neither till long afterwards were they aware that the wording of the judges' patents had been changed from the old clause, *quamdiu se bene gesserit*, to *durante bene placito*. How could they suspect dignified functionaries of accepting offices under such disgraceful conditions?

When all was done, these torturings, imprisonings were found to avail but very poorly and insufficiently in procuring money for the king's necessities, however much they might have gratified his pride and love of power. He was daily getting poorer and poorer—could not with all his counsels and contrivances find any adequate remedy for that consumption of the purse—and as a last and desperate resource, again in 1628 summoned his faithful Commons to meet him at Westminster. Charles on this occasion, in order, our historians tell us, to show a magnanimous example, released all the gentlemen, nearly eighty in number, whom he held caged for non-compliance with the voluntary loan; and the people, grateful as his majesty was magnanimous, returned nearly all of them to the new parliament. Yorkshire sent Wentworth; Cornwall, Eliot; Hampden sat for Wendover; Pym for Grampound.

The meeting of the king's third parliament was a very notable event in the world's history. The old leaders were all there, and another was now added to them. A stout, strongly-framed man, of very 'slovenly' appearance, as gentlemen curious in tailoring deemed him, entered the House for the first time, accompanied by Mr Hampden, who introduced him to Eliot, Pym, and others congregated about the Speaker's chair, as 'my kinsman, Mr Oliver Cromwell, member for Huntingdon.' Pym was soon in deep conversation with the stranger: there was something in him, he soon perceived, more than even the massive forehead, swift-glancing eyes, and firm-set lips at first indicated. He was not much of a speaker this Cromwell. Sir Philip Warwick says his voice was untunable and harsh; and he (Sir Philip) marvelled that so great an assemblage should have listened with so great a respect to such an ungainly fellow. He had a habit, too; we are told, of suddenly grasping the hilt of his sword with a fierceness that would have probably crushed Sir Philip's dainty fingers to a jelly, as if *there*, in his mind, lay the true argument, or at all events, that which would, all others failing, assuredly prevail. 'Who is that sloven you came in with?' asked Digby of Hampden. 'That sloven,' was the reply, 'if we should ever—which God forbid!—come to a rupture with the king, will be the greatest man in England.' The calm, keen eyes of Cromwell's kinsman had, we are now aware, read the character of the new member for Huntingdon aright, and it is supremely absurd to suppose that a man who could suggest such a prophecy to a mind like Hampden's, was the confused, heavy dullard, and hypocritical buffoon which prejudice

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and folly would have us believe. Not an eloquent phrase-maker, if you will, but clearly of the true metal which discerning men had but to sound in order to discover its essential and sterling qualities.

Oliver Cromwell—to briefly recapitulate all that history has told us of trustworthy of his youth and early manhood—was the son of Mr Robert Cromwell, a gentleman of good family and moderate means, settled at Huntingdon—a brewer there, some say, but without much likelihood of truth. The Cavaliers used, we know, to call Harrison a butcher, for the excellent reason that his father was a large grazing farmer. Be this, however, as it may, Oliver, since his father's death, managed his mother's business, whatever it was, whether farming or brewing, and succeeded in doing so reasonably well. He had also received a good education, or at all events, what in those days passed for one; for we find he was entered of Sussex College, Cambridge, on the very day, it is not uninteresting to remark, that Shakspeare died! The stories told of the dissoluteness of Oliver's youth may equally, with the prophetic marvels which, after he had achieved greatness, were said to have marked his infancy and boyhood, be dismissed with almost entire incredulity. He was related to Hampden by marriage only, having espoused, on the 22d of August 1620, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Bourchier, a kinsman of the anciently-descended family of Buckinghamshire. Cromwell appears to have been a thoroughly sincere and fervidly-pious man; and well would it have been had the charity of his religious zeal equalled its earnestness and fervour. An excellent neighbour too, helpful to all who needed help, and a zealous protector of the Nonconforming lecturers, whom Laud was hunting and persecuting through the country; a man, in short, fitted for the perilous and anxious time; watchful and patient of passing events; eagle-visioned to the dawns of the future; and, to use Milton's expression, 'nourishing his great soul in silence,' whilst calmly but mournfully awaiting the moment when the contest, now thickening, should be removed to a more decisive arena than that of the Commons' House, and men of bold deeds more than of eloquent words would be required.

The shadow of that time already lowered visibly over the land. The king was in no humour to part with the reality of the despotic power he had usurped, though he was profuse of promises that he would for the future, out of his own royal grace and favour, deal tenderly with the liberties of his subjects. It was not for a moment to be supposed that the Commons would be satisfied with mere words, and after agreeing to grant the king five subsidies, they clogged the gift with the precedent condition of redress of grievance, especially the intolerable one of arbitrary imprisonment, which his majesty claimed of divine, hereditary right. All in vain was it that the court party, seconded by the Lords, urged that, the affectionate duty of the Commons shown by passing the supply bills, the monarch would be in a more complying humour, and likelier to accede to their demands. A Petition, or, more correctly, a Declaration of Right, was framed by the House on the basis of the following resolutions:—1st, That no freemen ought to be restrained or imprisoned unless some lawful cause of such restraint or imprisonment be expressed; 2d, That the writ of habeas corpus ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained, though it be at the command of the king or privy-council, if he pray for

the same; 3d, That when the return expresses no lawful cause of commitment or restraint, the party ought to be delivered or bailed; 4th, That it is the ancient and undoubted right of every Englishman that he hath a full and absolute property in his goods and estate, and that no tax, loan, or benevolence ought to be levied by the king or his ministers without consent of parliament. This Petition of Right was eloquently enforced by Sir John Eliot, Sir Thomas Wentworth, and others. Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, who had not yet abandoned the cause of the people, said—'We vindicate what? A new thing? No! but our ancient, legal, and vital liberties, by reinforcing the laws made by our ancestors by setting such a seal on them that no libertine spirit shall dare hereafter to disregard them.' Coke and Selden argued unanswerably for the legal soundness of the position assumed by the Commons. 'It is not under Mr Attorney's cap,' exclaimed Coke, with natural exultation, 'to answer one of our arguments.' But the king could not be persuaded to forego the power of arbitrary imprisonment, and the peers declared that the king's word was, after all, the chief security. 'The wrath of a king,' said their lordships, 'is like the roaring of a lion; and all laws with his wrath are of no effect; but the king's favour is like the dew on the grass—then all will prosper.' His majesty, moreover, condescended to send a letter to the Commons, stating 'that he would not part with the power of imprisoning the subject, but would promise not in future to imprison any man for refusing a loan, nor for any cause which in his judgment and conscience he did not conceive necessary for the public good.' The House, we find by the journals, 'laid the king's letter aside.' They could only take his majesty's word in a parliamentary way, and they sent the bill embodying the Declaration of Right up to the Lords. The peers passed it with the addition of a clause, 'reserving his majesty's sovereign power.' 'Let us take heed,' exclaimed Coke, when the bill came back to the Commons with this amendment tacked to it—'let us take heed what we yield unto. Magna Charta is such a fellow, that he will have no sovereign.' The amendment was struck out, and the peers reluctantly acquiesced. Nothing now remained but the king's formal concurrence; and that given, the coveted subsidies were at his disposal. Charles hesitated long, but finding the Commons inexorable, came down to the Lords, and the Lower House was summoned in due form to hear the royal assent given to the bill. To the surprise and indignation of all who heard him, the king, instead of using the legal formula, 'Soit droit fait comme il est désiré' ('Let right be done as desired'), said, 'The king willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, and that the statutes be put in due execution, that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppression contrary to their just rights and privileges, wherein he holds himself bound in conscience as well as obliged of his own prerogative.' The wrath of the Commons against the advisers of this masterful monarch was unbounded. Sir John Eliot thundered against the Duke of Buckingham as the prime source of all the evils which afflicted the nation; and the fatal weapon of the Commons, impeachment, was again about to be drawn forth, when the king, alarmed at what was going on, hastened down to the Lords, and gave his assent to the Bill of Right in the accustomed legal form. The money-bills were at once voted, and London was in a blaze of

illumination at the supposed triumphant termination of the struggle with prerogative. They reckoned too hastily. The subsidies secured, the king immediately prorogued the parliament, remarking to the astonished Commons, who had been debating a bill on tonnage and poundage, that 'as for tonnage and poundage, it is a thing I cannot want, and was never intended by you to ask, nor meant, I am sure, by me to grant.' The statute embodying the Petition of Right was also published with the king's qualified assent, as at first given by his majesty, instead of with the legal form of words—a manifest treachery, which greatly increased the exasperation of both parliament and people.

Soon after this prorogation, Sir Thomas Wentworth abandoned the ranks of opposition, and obtained a reconciliation with Buckingham and the court party by the sacrifice of his former principles and friends. Eliot had always suspected this man's sincerity; Pym, who was his intimate friend, had, on the contrary, strenuously vouched for his perfect truth and honour. The indignation of Pym was therefore, it may be imagined, extreme, when Wentworth—we have the anecdote on the authority of Dr Welland—sent for him to Greenwich, and began, as gently as possible, to break the tidings to his old friend. 'Say no more!' interrupted Pym; 'I understand it all; but remember what I tell you—you are going to be undone. And remember, also, that though you leave us now, I will never leave *you* whilst your head is on your shoulders!' Wentworth smiled in superior scorn; and well, apparently, might he do so, for before the year was out he was a baron, then an earl, and finally lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and speedily approved himself the ablest and most devoted of the instruments by whom it was hoped these nations might be reduced to the condition of the peoples of the continent. Not long after this important accession to the ranks of the king's friends, Buckingham was assassinated, at Portsmouth by a fanatic of the name of Felton.

The parliament reassembled in January 1629, and the dispute between the Commons and the monarch became more vehement and envenomed than ever. At length, March the 2d, Sir John Eliot rose to move a formal remonstrance against the levying of tonnage and poundage without authority of parliament. The Speaker informed Sir John that he could not entertain the motion, having been ordered by the king to adjourn the House. A great tumult immediately ensued. The doors of the House were locked, and the Speaker was held forcibly in his chair by Holles and Valentine, whilst a resolution passed, 'That whatever merchant paid tonnage or poundage was a traitor to the liberties of England.' Whilst this extraordinary scene was going on, Charles had come down to the Lords, and commanded, in the usual form, the attendance of the Commons. His messenger found the doors closed. His majesty next sent for the sergeant-at-arms, but that officer was not permitted to obey the king's order; and Charles finally directed the captain of his guard to break in the doors of the House. Before this order could be executed, the Commons had adjourned to the 10th of March. The king, in his speech on dissolving the parliament, denounced the leading members of the opposition as 'vipers who should suffer for their conduct.' He was as good, or rather as bad as his word. Sir John Eliot, Holles, Valentine, and several others, were, notwithstanding the formal passing of the Bill of Right, arrested by his order, and

thrown into prison. They each sued out a writ of habeas corpus; but Charles changed the custody the evening before the return was made, and the judges refused a hearing to the prisoners' counsel in the absence of the fraudulently-withheld bodies of their clients! Soon afterwards, Mr Attorney-General filed a criminal information against Sir John Eliot in the Court of King's Bench. Eliot demurred to the jurisdiction of that or any other court of law or equity, none of whom had power to review the proceedings of the Commons' House of Parliament. The judges, however, decided that they *had* jurisdiction, inasmuch as parliamentary privilege only shielded parliamentary behaviour; but anything extra-parliamentary—*extra parlamentum*—was within their cognizance. Eliot, disdainful to notice so sorry a subterfuge, steadily refused to acknowledge or plead to their authority, and was condemned, in default, to pay a fine of £2000 to the king, and to be imprisoned till he made submission to his majesty—a sentence of death, as it proved, but not wittingly so, we may hope, on the part of the judges of the King's Bench, for they doubtless estimated the resolution of such a mind as Eliot's by the shrinking tremors of their own hearts. He was rich—he would of course pay the fine, and make any submission, however humiliating, which the king might require. Themselves would, they knew, and why not he? Only because Sir John Eliot was cast in quite a different mould from that in which they were framed; was in truth one of God's own noblemen, and disdained to purchase ease of body, pleasantness of life, or personal freedom, by the surrender of what he esteemed a great principle. His estates, in contemplation of such a sentence, had been passed to trustees; his two sons were intrusted to the generous care and guidance of Hampden, and Eliot resigned himself to bear as patiently as might be all that the vindictive malice of the king could inflict. He perished gradually, that heroic man, by slow, lingering degrees—perished of the rigour of the confinement to which he was subjected, and which was constantly increased in harshness and brutality. On the 26th of December 1631—a winter of remarkable severity—he wrote to Hampden, 'that his lodgings were removed, and that he was now where candlelight might indeed be suffered, but scarcely fire.' At last the prisoner, feeling that his end was rapidly approaching, *did* solicit the king to allow him a little freedom, if only for a brief space. Liberty to breathe once more his native air, ere the worn but constant spirit returned to God who gave it. 'Not humble enough,' was the king's pitiless reply. The frail tenement was in sad truth destroyed. His majesty had triumphed over that: it had become wasted, haggard, ruined, a pitiable spectacle, as the portrait the martyr had painted of himself a short time before his death, and still preserved at Port Eliot, a family seat of the Earl of St Germain's, the lineal descendant, we believe, of Sir John, testifies; but the tameless spirit was as vigorous and triumphant as ever. He died on the 27th November 1632. His son sent a petition to the king, a very humble one, praying for his father's body. He wished to give it honourable sepulture in the family mausoleum. 'Let Sir John Eliot be buried in the parish in which he died,' was the king's reply, written at the foot of the son's petition.

The slovenly, ungainly-looking member for Huntingdon was at this time, 1632, a farmer at St Ives, a place about five miles eastward of that borough,

and was, according to Mr Hume, in the constant habit of pouring forth long prayers before his friends, neighbours, and labourers, to the great waste of his time. says the same authority, and consequent detriment to his estate. His hand, we may be sure, as the recital of the close of the tragedy we have just related fell upon his ear, most probably from Hampden's lips, closed upon the hilt of his sword with convulsive force, and the prayer that ascended that night to Heaven from the stern Puritan's lips—'How long, O Lord?—how long, O Lord, holy and true?'—sounds to us distinctly audible through all the tumult and uproar of intervening centuries.

Immediately after the dissolution of the celebrated third parliament, a course of government began which, for illegality and violence, has no parallel in our annals of regular administration. Patents conferring monopolies in every article of consumption were publicly and unblushingly sold. There was scarcely an article which the hands of monopoly did not grasp: salt, starch, coals, iron, wine, pens, cards and dice, heavers, felt, bone-lace, meat dressed in taverns, tobacco, brewing and distilling, kelp and seaweed, linen cloth, hops, butter, hats, spectacles, combs, tobacco-pipes, saltpetre, gunpowder, down to the privilege of rag-gathering. Next, a commission issued for 'curing defects in titles to land,' from whom any one, for a money consideration, could purchase a title good against all claimants. 'For the better support,' says my Lord Clarendon, 'of these extraordinary ways, to protect the agents and instruments, and to suppress all bold inquirers and opposers, the Council table and Star Chamber enlarged themselves to a vast extent—holding for honourable that which pleased, for just that which profited.' According to the same high and loyal authority, Finch, the lord-keeper of the Great Seal, declared that whilst he was keeper no man should dispute the orders of the Council: the wisdom of that board should be always ground enough for him to make a decree in Chancery! And yet the noble historian who testifies to these iniquities, avers that one of the reasons which induced the people to welcome the Restoration was, that it promised to restore 'the old course of justice!'

The common-law courts were not a whit behind the equity jurisdiction in subserviency to the crown. Richard Chambers, a highly-respected London merchant, having refused to pay the illegal tonnage and poundage demanded of him, had his goods seized and sold. He applied to the courts for summary redress, and was refused. He then sued out a writ of replevin to recover his property: the Court of Exchequer superseded that writ! Chambers was next summoned before the Star Chamber, and commanded to make submission: he refused, and was committed to prison, from which, twelve years afterwards, he was released by the Long Parliament—a beggar!

The ingenuity of Mr Attorney-General, Noy, afterwards devised a new and very profitable expedient. 'A writ,' says Lord Clarendon, 'was framed in a form of law, and directed to the sheriff of every county in England, commanding them to provide a ship of war for the king's service, and to send it amply fitted such a day to such a place, and with that writ were sent to each sheriff instructions that instead of a ship he should levy upon his county such a sum of money, and return the same to the treasurer of the navy, in his majesty's name.' This device, enforced by threat and inflic-

tion of fine and imprisonment, brought in the king full £200,000 per annum. This was indeed a windfall, or rather lawyer-fall, for his majesty knowing that the writ was deemed illegal by the great body of the nation, consulted the judges, for the relief of the royal conscience, upon, in substance, the two following points:—1st, Could the king, in case of necessity, lawfully issue writs to sheriffs of inland and other counties commanding them to levy the money value of ships of war? 2d, Was the king the sole judge of such necessity? To these queries their lordships, who delivered their opinions in the hall of Sergeant's Inn, answered in the affirmative, by a majority of ten to two. This decision of course mightily pleased the court. It was immediately promulgated in the Council and Star Chambers, and the judges were ordered to read and enforce it at the assizes.

The fraudulent illegality of the writ, whatever the judges might say, was nevertheless so plain to common sense, that it was resisted by every man possessed of sufficient energy and courage to do so. Amongst many others less celebrated, by Mr John Hampden, who had already, the reader is aware, suffered imprisonment for refusing to subscribe to the 'voluntary' loan. He was of an ancient Saxon family, dating from beyond the Confessor, and possessed extensive estates in Buckinghamshire. Nothing daunted by previous imprisonment, he firmly refused to pay the twenty shillings demanded of him as 'ship-money.' With leave of the king—for without Mr Attorney's concurrence the learned judges would hear nothing impugning his majesty's prerogative—Lord Say and Sele for one, vainly endeavoured to be heard by counsel against 'ship-money.' Hampden brought the matter before the Court of Exchequer. It was said that the king, sure of his judges, preferred having a man of the 'rare temper and modesty' of Hampden as plaintiff to any other person. The case was elaborately argued; on the part of Hampden with consummate talent by Mr St John. It was learning and labour thrown away. Judgment was given for the crown by nine out of the twelve judges; and of the three dissentients—Hutton, Croke, and Denham—the first-named, Hutton, afterwards excused his unwonted uprightness in a cringing letter to the Earl of Strafford, with whom he was apparently on terms of intimacy. The faltering courage of Croke was sustained by his wife, a lady of great piety and resolution, who urged her husband to do his duty, regardless of the consequences either to himself or to his family.

This result threw the court party into ecstasies; and in very truth, as far as the lawyers were concerned, the liberties of England were surrendered. The Earl of Strafford saw at a glance the legitimate consequence of the judgment. 'This decision,' wrote the noble earl, 'well fortified, will for ever vindicate the royalty at home from under the conditions and restraints of subjects.' Then arguing that the same principle manifestly applied to land as well as sea forces, his lordship emphatically added—'This decision of the judges will therefore make the king absolute at home and formidable abroad.'

As far, then, as legal resistance to usurping power went, the matter was concluded; and no one, except it might be that praying farmer of St Ives, seemed as yet to contemplate any other mode of settlement. But beaten down as resistance was in England in the year of grace 1637, there was still hope in the north, where Janet Geddes, backed by a large and furious

congregation, was seen to throw a footstool at the head of one of Laud's deans or bishops in the cathedral church of Edinburgh. How this came about, and what it portended, we shall presently briefly relate; but first we must conclude our summary of prerogative doings in England.

William Laud, now archbishop of Canterbury, a man of the paltriest intellect and narrowest views, as his diary abundantly testifies, was a church reformer in the 'high' sense of the term—that is, he was zealous for surplices, prayings towards the east, and other formalities very repugnant and disagreeable to many even of the established parochial clergy. Those who did not conform to the archbishop's teachings were mercilessly hunted out of their livings, banished the country, and many of them very happy to escape so. Nonconformists, lay as well as clerical, he held in supreme abhorrence, and the Star Chamber was the ever-ready instrument of his cruel rage. We have only space to enumerate a few instances of his mode of propagating the religion of the Saviour. Leighton, a Scotch divine, for having libelled Laud and his coadjutors, was fined £10,000, publicly whipped in Palace-Yard, Westminster, had one ear cut off, one nostril slit open, and one cheek branded with the letters S. S. — Sower of Sedition. At the expiration of a week, the same operations were performed on the other ear, nostril, and cheek! The sufferer was then thrown into jail, from which he did not emerge till ten years afterwards, and then by grace of the Long Parliament. Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton were pilloried, and had their ears cut off for similar offences; and indeed scarcely a week passed but some spectacle of human suffering was exhibited in the public streets. The terror of the people at these atrocities had risen to such a pitch, that vast numbers, in utter despair of England, embarked for the new states of America. But even this refuge was after a while denied by Laud and his helpers to the oppressed. An order was issued, that no person should embark for the New World without leave of the king; and on the 1st of May 1638 eight vessels bound for New England were arrested in the Thames. It has been said that Hampden, Pym, Cromwell, and Haselrig were on board these vessels. There is no truth in this generally-accredited story; though there is no doubt that subsequently to this time, but for a lucky and promising turn of public affairs, most of those persons, and many others of the same position and opinions, would have emigrated to America. Archbishop Laud and the Earl of Strafford mutually supported and encouraged each other in the tyrannous proceedings we have but very partially disclosed. The earl's favourite expression was, that he would be 'thorough and thorough in the matter'; no scruple or remorse should check him; and 'thorough and thorough' was echoed back to the noble lord by the archbishop.

During these doings there was little heard of Farmer Cromwell. He had, however, manifested his quality very distinctly in his own locality and neighbourhood. The Bedford Level in the fen county was in process of reclamation, when the king's commissioners quarrelled, not only with the Earl of Bedford, a popular nobleman, but with a number of small proprietors, relative to the spoil accruing to the crown from the drainage that was going on. Matters looked badly, when Oliver struck in, and by his fierce, restless energy, agitating here, haranguing there, so scared the trusty and well-beloved commissioners, that they gave over the business in despair,



and Oliver was unanimously decreed the title of 'Lord of the Fens.' He was by this time the father of a somewhat numerous family, three sons and four daughters, besides two boys who died in their infancy. Hampden, whose *vade mecum* during those long years of government without parliaments was, we are told, a history of the civil wars, frequently visited his farmer-kinsman. It may be doubted whether the marching and counter-marching of York and Lancaster much interested Cromwell. How, rather, soldiers should be obtained, disciplined, made *really* soldiers, would be his thought. That once well accomplished, to lead and wield them efficiently would no., he must have felt instinctively, prove very difficult to a man of swift eye, bold heart, and ready arm!

We can only so far glance at the uprising of the Scottish people against Charles, as may be necessary to render the current of events in which the leaders of the Commonwealth became involved intelligible and clear. The king of England was, our readers are aware, also king of Scotland; but the two kingdoms, except being under one monarch, remained essentially distinct from each other till the passing of the act of Union. Laud, the primate of England, would also try his hand on the Episcopal Church of Scotland. His service-book was carefully prepared, and the virtual subjugation of the Scottish clergy to English prelatial rule or influence seemed imminent, when in Edinburgh, on the 23d July 1637, the dean who read the new service, and the bishop who attempted to address the people, were assaulted by the people, stimulated by the example of Janet Geddes—indignant that they should be 'saying mass at her lug!'—and driven forth of the sacred edifice amidst a storm of vituperation. The feeling against the attempted innovation, as far as regarded the Lowlands, was a national one; and finally, after many fruitless attempts to patch up a reconciliation, an army was raised, which in 1639 marched southward to maintain the ecclesiastical independence of the Scottish Church, and what the Covenanters deemed its spiritual purity. The words, 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant,' were conspicuously displayed at the entrance of each captain's tent. Those sturdy Presbyterians encountered no real opposition. The king advanced to meet them, it is true, at the head of what seemed a splendid army—got together by tyrannies and oppressions manifold—and the Marquis of Hamilton was despatched by sea to the Firth of Forth with a force of 5000 men. It was all a vain show. For the first time in English history an English army refused to fight—positively retreated before the Scottish skirmishers! and the king, finding how matters stood, was fain to consent to what was called the 'Pacification of Berwick.' A good understanding had been early arrived at between the Scotch and English malcontents. At the London meetings of the Scottish conveners, headed by Lords London and Dumferling, it is well known that not only Pym and Hampden ~~an~~ an active part, but also the Earls of Essex, Holland, Bedford, and Say and Sele; and that it was to the sagacity and genius of Sir Harry ~~that~~ we owe the subsequent union between the English and Scottish peoples, which had so important an effect in the armed struggle against Charles. This natural alliance the crown lawyers denounced as high treason. Sensible men called it a measure of common sense, suggested by a feeling of common danger.

The Earl of Strafford was in the meanwhile getting on prosperously in

Ireland. He established the linen-trade there, and by various high-handed measures put down all opposition to his will. He had got together a considerable army, with which he suggested to the king his majesty 'might subjugate *this* kingdom.' This was the grave and fatal charge urged against him by the Commons in support of their impeachment; and his defence of it was, that '*this* kingdom' referred not to England, but to Scotland!—a merely technical quibble, as it seems to us, and certainly leaving the essential iniquity of such counsel untouched.

The Scottish disorders were skinned and filmed only—not healed; and the king eagerly longed to inflict exemplary vengeance on the insolent rebels to his will. But his exchequer was empty—his credit naught; and no resource was left, after all his expedients, but the distasteful and dangerous one of a parliament! And now we come, passing over as immaterial the short-lived fourth parliament, to the famous one which met in November 1640, ultimately overthrew the monarchy, and remained supreme rulers of the nation till the day on which they, in their turn, were compelled to yield to masterful violence. In this great assembly Hampden was member for Buckinghamshire; Cromwell represented Cambridge, where he had been elected by a majority of one over Wheatfield the poet, or rather, not to profane that name, the rhymer—a defeat which Wheatfield afterwards revenged by exceedingly bad verses on the Protector. Coke and Eliot were dead, but Pym, Sir Harry Vane, Holles, Denzil, Valentine, had again been returned. The hour was come, and the men were ready! The king opened the session with a threat, though he in the same scornful breath said 'he disdained to threaten any but his equals;' and the chiefs of the opposing parties were at last fairly in presence of each other. The Earl of Strafford had come over from Ireland, where he had summoned a parliament, and not only procured from them a supply of money, but a declaration that they were ready to aid his majesty with their lives and fortunes in all eventualities. The earl, it was rumoured, had obtained written, incontestable proofs of the collusive 'treason' of the Scotch and English leaders, and meant in a few days to make efficient use of them. On the 11th of November, the day on which he was expected to open his charge, the House of Commons was observed to be sitting with closed doors. Four hours the House remained in secret conclave, then the doors were suddenly thrown open, and forth issued the Commons of England, nearly four hundred in number, headed by Pym, with their great weapon of impeachment boldly drawn, and flashing in their front. 'The Commons of England,' pealed forth the firm, sonorous voice of Pym, 'impeach Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, of high treason!' The astounded peers could not, after the recent examples of Bacon and Middlesex, refuse or delay to entertain the accusation; and my Lord Strafford, ignorant of what had passed, was suddenly arrested as he walked gravely into the House with his hands full of official papers, and immediately hurried off in custody to the Tower. His carriage was not in attendance, and he would have waited for it. 'You must go in mine,' said Maxwell the usher. There was no help for it, and the so lately haughty lord passed forth—'no man,' says Baillie, 'capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest in England would have stood discovered.' This blow for a time paralysed

the court. Mr Secretary Windebanke and the Lord-Keeper Finch fled at once—one to France, and the other to Holland. Archbishop Laud was next impeached. His Grace began explaining, protesting. 'Order! order!' exclaimed Lord Say and others. No defence could be permitted at that stage of the proceedings. His Grace must to prison, and ultimately to the Tower—next, unhappy old man, to Tower-Hill! The sheriffs who had executed the writs of ship-money and other vexatious exactions, were passed over in this retributive visitation; not so the judges who, through corruption or cowardice, had pronounced manifestly false judgments. They were subjected to the full penalty of their misdeeds. Sir Robert Berkeley, one of the most forward of them, was dragged from his seat in the King's Bench to prison, and the others were obliged to find heavy bail to answer the charges to be brought against them. The Commons soon afterwards declared their sittings permanent, and the revolution might be said to have fairly begun. One significant circumstance occurred early in the spring of this year, 1641—a large number of long, heavy swords, marked in the hilt with the letters O. C., arrived at St Ives, and were distributed as ordered.

The Earl of Strafford was convicted, and the king, with great pain and reluctance, gave his formal assent to the bill of attainder, which sent the ablest, the most devoted, and the most unscrupulous of his friends and servants to the scaffold—partly, it appears, induced to do so by a romantically-generous letter from the prisoner, absolving him from his promise to save his, the Earl of Strafford's, life, and requesting that no thought or care for the attainted victim should be permitted to interfere with the chances of a reconciliation between the king and his people! That the earl never for a moment believed the monarch he had unhesitatingly served would take him at his word, is manifest from his indignant and reproachful exclamation when the news of the king's assent was brought to him—'Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation.' The unfortunate earl, a man perhaps as much sinned against as sinning, soon recovered his usual sad equanimity. He died calmly, almost heroically. Nothing in his life, it may with perfect truth be said, became him like the leaving it.\* Pym's vindictive threat was fulfilled.

There is not much else of importance to be noted till the beginning of January 1642, when the attorney-general preferred a criminal information before the Lords against Lord Kimbolton and five members of the House of Commons—Haumpden, Pym, Haselrig, Halden, and Stroud—and warmly requested their lordships would order their immediate arrest. The peers, all aghast, hesitated—knew not what to do: they would, however, search for precedents, and report thereon. The next day the king, having, we suppose, no faith in precedents, went personally to the House of Commons, accompanied by a large number of feather-headed swash-bucklers, all of them armed, and many, it was said, intoxicated, to demand the five members. His majesty entered the House, but the birds were flown: they had

\* The eloquent passage in Lord Strafford's defence, wherein he alludes to his children as pledges left him by a saint in heaven, is familiar to most readers. Unhappily there is little reason to doubt that the wife so affectingly alluded to died of a blow on the breast, inflicted when she was in an advanced stage of pregnancy, by the noble lord in a moment of strong irritation—very bitterly repented of, there can be no doubt.

taken refuge in the city. The king seated himself in the Speaker's chair—endeavoured to assume an air of ease and dignity—excused himself—protested, as usual, his excellent intentions—and went away amidst ominous murmurs of 'Privilege! privilege!' Four days afterwards the five members returned to the House by water, escorted by the civic authorities and two thousand armed seamen. Four thousand horsemen came up from Buckinghamshire to receive and greet their representative, and it was evident to the duller eyes that the decision of the question had passed from the men of the gown to the men of the sword. The king retired, first to Hampton Court, next to York, and finally set up his standard at Nottingham—as nearly as may be the centre of the kingdom—on the 16th of August 1642. 'To your tents, O Israel!

The commissions of array were not yet issued; the parliamentary commander-in-chief, the Earl of Essex, had not received authority to levy forces and do battle, in the legal jargon of the time, for the king and parliament, when Cromwell was at work down there at St Ives and Huntingdon, getting his long-since morally-disciplined troopers into something like order and practical soldiery. The friends, neighbours, with whom he had so long held spiritual communion, eagerly enrolled themselves to fight what they deemed the 'battle of the Lord' under his guidance. They formed the nucleus of the world-famous Ironsides, so called from the long, heavy swords they wore: and their leader was indefatigable in his exertions to train them for efficient and decisive service. Incessantly active also was that leader in other matters besides drilling. He promptly stopped the plate of the Cambridge university from being sent off to be melted down for the king's use, then waited upon his uncle, Sir Oliver, a stanch Royalist, accompanied by a few troopers—craved his blessing, would by no means be covered in his presence, but at the same time respectfully and positively insisted that Sir Oliver's plate must be delivered up, as security merely, that it might not be misappropriated—nought else! At Lowestoffe in Suffolk, where a considerable amount of arms and stores had been collected, a meeting of persons of influence and distinction, partisans of the king, was held to devise plans for his majesty's sustainment. Thirty-two gentlemen attended, and so did Cromwell with a sufficient number of his half-drilled troopers, and carried the meeting unanimously off, not forgetting the stores and weapons. This was esteemed a great piece of service by men who could appreciate its value. The next act of this terrible farmer was to seize the stately person of Sir Thomas Coningsby, high-sheriff of Herts, who, one market-day at St Albans, was reading to the shouting populace a proclamation of the king, which declared the Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, and all who should aid or abet him, to be traitors. Six of Cromwell's troopers first dived into the mob after the high-sheriff, but were repulsed; then twenty, and Sir Thomas was effectually secured, proclamation and all, and trundled up to London. Cromwell was rewarded for these services by the commission of a colonel of cavalry, and the independent command of a thousand horse, which he was to raise, arm, and train, as speedily as possible. He set to work at once, and with a will. Night and day he drilled and exercised his stalwart yeomen, nearly all freeholders or the sons of freeholders—preaching, exhorting, instructing, with tameless activity and zeal, and fully determined to undertake no

work of importance till his men sat in their saddles as if they grew there, and handled their long, heavy swords as freely as if they had been willow-wands. Whilst the future Lord Protector is thus engaged, let us glance at what was going on elsewhere.

Every county, city, village, and hamlet of England resounded with the din of warlike preparation. The queen, Henrietta of France, was sped to Holland to pawn the crown jewels for arms and ammunition. The great mass of the nobility, gentry, and populace, except that of London, were gathering, or preparing to gather, round the king. The burgess class and the yeomanry, especially of the south, west, and midland counties, were arming for the parliament. In London, four thousand men enlisted in one day. Hampden was down in Buckinghamshire at the first signal, and soon got together two thousand men, dressed in green coats, and waved over by smart flags, on which their leader's motto, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*, was gaily blazoned. The Earl of Essex, Sir William Waller, the Earl of Manchester (Lord Kimbolton), held chief commands in the parliamentary army. Hampden served as colonel in the forces under the Earl of Essex. Neither of the parliamentary generals were possessed of military talent, though individually as brave as most men. The opposing armies first met, it is well known, at Edge Hill, and fought an indecisive battle there. The king's nephew, Prince Rupert—or Prince Robber, as he was popularly called, from his inveterate propensity, as soon as he had overthrown the forces opposed to him, to go scampering off in search of the baggage—was met, pursuing his favourite object, at Keyning, three miles from the field of battle, by Hampden, at the head of his green-coats, and Grantham's regiment, and sent quickly to the right about. Hampden, however, it seems, could not follow. It is unnecessary to enumerate the marchings and countermarchings of Essex, Waller, Rupert, Newcastle, and others. Their victories, when they gained any, were indecisive. Neither the fate of Charles nor that of England lay with them.

At last Cromwell had got his thousand troopers ready. They were disciplined to perfection, and every man of them was brimming over with enthusiasm for 'the good old cause.' One more test applied to ascertain if there were perchance any cravens amongst them, and then for action. He posted, Heath tells us, a number of trusty men in ambush, who, as his soldiers trotted by at exercise, were to suddenly burst forth upon them with blare of trumpet and war-shoutings. It fell out as Cromwell desired; and his keen eye marked about twenty men affected by panic. Men liable to panic were not fit soldiers for him; and having called them together, he mildly pointed out that, willing and zealous as they might be, they were not fitting instruments for the required service, and they would not, therefore, he trusted, object to transfer their horses and accoutrements—their own property, be it remembered—to men more capable of fighting the battle of the Lord. They acquiesced with as good a grace as, under the circumstances, was possible; and now, all being ready, the men drawn up in iron array, and awaiting the signal for departure, Cromwell, in order that there might be no misunderstanding upon essential points, thus addressed them:—He would not, he said, seek to perplex them as others did, about fighting for the king *and* parliament. He was a plain man like themselves, and did not understand such subtleties. It was for parliament

alone, for the liberties of the laud, for the establishment of God's righteous rule on earth, that they were about to fight. For himself, he declared that if he met King Charles, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him as upon any private man; and any soldier present who was troubled with a conscience that might not let him do the like, he would advise to retire at once from the ranks. A fierce shout from the Ironsides was the expected and welcome answer; the trumpet sounded, and away went the first levy of that astonishing cavalry, the most decisive soldiers the world has perhaps ever seen—men who never hesitated before any odds however great, or any enterprise however perilous, and with whom the day of battle was invariably that of victory.

On they swept through Lincolnshire, overawing, disarming malignants as they passed. Stamford and Burleigh House were taken, and they at length came up, near Grantham, with young General Cavendish, in our histories said to be son of the Marquis of Newcastle, but in reality his cousin only, and second son to the Earl of Devonshire. Cavendish was at the head of a large body of cavalry, '21 colours of horse and 4 of dragoons'—rather more than double the number commanded by Cromwell. He had been despatched to secure Lincolnshire for the king. After some slight skirmishing, Cromwell gave the order to charge: and the Ironsides, commencing with 'a pretty round trot,' burst furiously upon the Royalists, and overthrew them with prodigious slaughter. Many prisoners, colours, horses, and arms, were the result of the action. 'I believe,' says Cromwell in his letter—'I believe some of our soldiers slew two or three men a-piece.'

Cromwell's next considerable exploit—for the sleepless man rested not by day, and scarcely, it should seem, by night, and numerous services, small, singly considered, but of immense general result, must be omitted from this brief summary—was the relief of Gainsborough, unprovided against the attack of Newcastle's army, who, having beaten Fairfax at Atherton Moor, was advancing against it. When Cromwell's cavalry arrived in sight of Gainsborough, they found they had been anticipated by the advanced division of Newcastle's army, which, in thrice the numbers of the Ironsides, were drawn up upon an eminence commanding the town, and the only means of approaching which was through a narrow gap in a high, impassable fence. Cromwell did not pause a second. Regardless of a plunging fire of artillery, he passed his men through the gap, drew them up section by section, and then charged at their head *up the hill* upon the opposing force, pushed them fiercely over the ridge, and pursuing them into a bog, slew them without mercy! Young Cavendish was slain—'killed,' says Cromwell's letter, 'by a thrust under the short ribs by my captain-lieutenant.' Gainsborough was provisioned with powder and other stores, and then it behoved Cromwell to retire, for the main body of Newcastle's victorious army was coming swiftly on. The Ironsides retreated slowly, disdainfully, before that overwhelming force, halting occasionally in defiance, and to pour forth, in unwavering chorus, a verse of a psalm, and then again slowly, leisurely retiring. Newcastle, it appears, thought it better to let them go quietly—was very glad, indeed, that they *did* go, slowly as it might be. This exploit not only flashed the name of Cromwell vividly before the eyes of the nation, but procured the victorious colonel a distinguished associate: Ireton, once a B.A. of Oxford, and at the breaking out of the

war an embryo barrister, eating his terms in the Middle Temple, but now a captain in Thornhaugh's regiment, 'was so charmed,' Mrs Hutchinson says, 'with Colonel Cromwell's conduct in the Gainsborough affair, that he immediately exchanged into the Ironsides, and two or three years afterwards married Bridget, Cromwell's eldest daughter.' Ireton, a valiant and sagacious soldier, saw at a glance where the true hope of the revolution lay, and very wisely associated himself with the rising fortunes of the farmer of St Ives.

The successes of Cromwell were gratefully recognised by the parliament, and he was empowered to increase his cavalry to three thousand men, or as many more as he could contrive to mount and discipline—a permission of which he actively availed himself. Recruits, attracted by the commander's growing fame, were numerous; but none but God-fearing men, and of them only the strong-limbed and bold-hearted, were accepted. The drilling of these men, as heretofore, was incessant. Cromwell prayed with them, exhorted them, showed them especially how a cavalry soldier should always have his horse well fed and in good condition, himself a secure seat, his sword sharp-edged and freely-handled, his powder always dry, his trust in God perfect and unchangeable.

The campaign of 1643 was disastrous to the parliamentary armies, and one death-note especially, which rang through the heart of the nation in June of that year, awakened emotions of the deepest sympathy and grief. Hampden had fallen!—had perished, too, in consequence of the sluggish incapacity of the Earl of Essex. It happened thus-wise:—After the fall of Reading in Berkshire, so loose a discipline was maintained by Essex, and so uncareful a watch was kept on the enemy's movements, that Prince Rupert, in a marauding expedition from Oxford, surprised two regiments at Portcombe and Chinnor, and slew them almost to a man. Colonel Hampden was indignant, for some time before he had remonstrated against the exposed position of the troops. A few days after this disaster, news was brought him that Rupert had attacked a detachment posted at Wallingford. First despatching a hasty message to the Earl of Essex to occupy Chiselhampton Bridge, which would have effectually intercepted the prince's retreat, Hampden threw himself on horseback, and hastened, at the head of Captain Sheffield's horse, to engage Rupert till a sufficient force could be collected to bar his return to Oxford. Hampden encountered the prince at Chalgrove, and in the unequal fight which ensued was struck by two carbine balls, mortally; and Rupert ultimately got safely back to his quarters unmolested by the parliamentary general. Hampden withdrew slowly from the fight, with bridle ungrasped and loose, and his arms dropped nervelessly upon his horse's neck. It is said that he was seen to turn for a moment wistfully towards the house of his father-in-law, Sir Richard Symeon, visible from Chalgrove, from whence in his youth he had borne his first wife, Elizabeth, as if he would fain die there; but Rupert's troopers ranging between him and the desired haven forbade the attempt. Very slowly, and in great agony, he continued on his way towards Thame, reached at last the house of one Ezekiel Browne, and was there assisted off his horse, and carried to his deathbed. Several days of extreme anguish were patiently endured, and then with the words 'O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to'—trembling from his choked and

## CROMWELL AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

fainting voice, the noble spirit fled, which, if permitted to remain a few years more on earth, might have saved the Commonwealth from perishing by its own excesses, and converted the brute victory of the sword into a moral and lasting triumph of justice, moderation, and peace. He was buried amid the Chiltern woods with military funeral honours: his sorrowing soldiers followed with reversed arms and craped banners; the melancholy strains of the forty-third psalm mingled and alternated with the lonely wail of the trumpet and the muttered rolling of the muffled drums, and all felt, as they left him to the hallowed slumber of the good and brave,

-----' Who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest,'

that a true hero had departed— that a great light had been extinguished!

The news of his great kinsman's death found Cromwell still busy with the organization of his new levies, and he must have felt on hearing it— knowing, as no man better than he did, the military incapacity and half-heartedness in the cause of the chief parliamentary generals— that a greater burthen, a still heavier responsibility than ever had devolved upon himself— upon him upon whose skill and vigour he well knew the country now entirely depended for bringing the terrible conflict in which it was engaged to a successful issue. Is it not also very probable that amidst the natural regret excited by the sudden taking away of an intimate friend and wise counsellor, a feeling of something like relief, as from the removal of a restraint, would sweep through his mind?—for it can scarcely be doubted that by this time there mingled with his earnest enthusiasm for the civil and religious liberties of his country, and the aspirations of his thoroughly-sincere, if fanatical piety, evil suggestions, pointing towards personal eminence, and unchallenged supremacy and command.

In the fall of the year, the Earl of Manchester was ordered to join Cromwell with about 7000 infantry, and Sir Thomas Fairfax's horse. The junction was effected on the 9th of October, and on the 11th the earl, urged into activity by the restless zeal of Cromwell, commenced the campaign. On the 12th, Sir John Henderson, at the head of a considerable body of troops, intercepted Fairfax and Cromwell's march at Waisby Field near Horncastle. Slow-moving Manchester was several hours behind with the infantry, and the royal troops greatly outnumbered Cromwell's force. It is said that both he and Fairfax hesitated for a moment, for Henderson was an experienced leader, and his troops tried soldiers. The keen eye of Cromwell glanced eagerly along the serried ranks of his troopers: there was no hesitation there, and his own vanished in an instant! The words 'Peace and Hope' were passed along the line, the triumphant psalm pealed forth, and as its last accents died on the ear, the swords of the Ironsides flashed in the sun, the piercing tones of Cromwell, as he galloped along their front, bade them charge home, 'in the name of the most High God!'—the trumpet rang forth its signal-peal, and away they went, a destroying whirlwind! A close volley, fired in their very faces, did not for an instant check their speed; they closed upon the astonished Royalists, and resistance soon became as hopeless as it was desperate. Cromwell's horse was killed, and he himself wounded, it was



said by Sir Ingram Hopton: luckily he caught the 'sorry horse' of a slain soldier, and was again in the mêlée, massacre rather, for Henderson's troops gave way in utter confusion and hopeless rout; pursued with terrible slaughter for upwards of six miles. Those who escaped did not, it was said, cease their headlong flight till they had reached the gates of Lincoln. The epithet of 'Slash Lane' still marks the locality or neighbourhood of this murderous fight. Many prisoners, stores, and other trophies rewarded the victors, who at last, turning from the pursuit, wiped their red swords, dripping with brothers' blood, on their horses' manes, sheathed them, and again uplifted the triumphant psalm to the God of mercy and compassion! So nearly allied sometimes is fanaticism with impiety.

This success threw a gleam of triumph over the otherwise unfortunate campaign, and taught Charles that his absolute crown was yet to win. 'I would,' exclaimed the king, when he heard of Henderson's defeat--'I would that some one would do me the good service of bringing me this Cromwell, alive or dead.' Bring him Cromwell! They could as easily have brought him the Tower of London or the Peak of Derbyshire! Soon after this combat the Earl of Manchester persisted, after the fashion of those times, in going into winter quarters, and Cromwell was compelled to acquiesce. He was soon, however, busy in the Isle of Ely and other places in various modes preparing for the next campaign.

Early in the following year the arrangements of Vane with the Scottish leaders bore fruit. Twenty thousand troops of that nation, chiefly veteran soldiers, under the command of Lord Loudon and General Leslie, entered England in aid of the parliamentary cause. As far, however, as numbers were concerned, this timely reinforcement was counterbalanced by the arrival of numerous detachments of the Irish army to the assistance of the king, the troubles in that country having been appeased. Indeed Ireland remained devoted to Charles throughout the struggle: it was his great recruiting field; and this accounts for, though it in nothing excuses, the revengeful animosity afterwards displayed by Cromwell and others towards that country. One of the Irish detachments, consisting of about 3000 men, under the command of Lord Byron, laid siege to Nantwich. They were attacked by Fairfax, and utterly routed. Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, was amongst the prisoners. After a short confinement as a prisoner of war, he purchased his liberty by abandoning the king's service, and obtained, as the price of his desertion, a commission in the army of the parliament. This is believed to have been Monk's first treason.

The main body of the Scottish army laid siege to York, numerously garrisoned by the forces under the Marquis of Newcastle. They were soon joined by the admirably-disciplined soldiers, in number about 14,000, under the command of Manchester and Cromwell, now Lieutenant-general Cromwell, and the siege was pushed with vigour. The armies of Essex and Waller were at this time marching and countermarching in the vicinity of Oxford and Worcester, marking time with that of the king, who in this playing-at-soldiers' game seems to have possessed considerable talent. At all events he puzzled and out-bothered the parliamentary generals; and Essex, tired of the exercise, went off with his forces to the west, leaving Waller to try conclusions with his majesty as he best might alone, and

Waller got of course very roughly handled. But before this happened, the king had sent off a pressing order to Prince Rupert, who was successfully engaged in Cheshire and Lancashire, where he had been powerfully re-inforced from Ireland, to hasten to the relief of York, and in conjunction with Newcastle, attack and disperse the English and Scottish forces. Rupert obeyed, and at his approach the siege of York was raised, and the investing army—much to the disgust of Cromwell and Fairfax, who, it is said, vainly opposed Loudon and Manchester—instead of fighting, retreated. Prince Rupert, with his characteristic impetuosity, determined, spite of the remonstrances of Newcastle, to pursue the retiring forces, and compel them to an action. It was necessary, he said, 'to disperse—annihilate' those audacious rebels. Newcastle had seen at Gainsborough some of the troops whom the prince had determined to 'disperse and annihilate,' and he smiled derisively. Stung, however, by an implied taunt on his personal courage, he gave way to Rupert's counsels, and the combined Royalists marched in pursuit of the Scotch and English forces. They soon overtook them, drawn up in grim array on Marston Moor, in a position excellent as a defensive one, but not suitable for attack. Along the front of the parliamentarians ran a deep, wide drain; their left, where Cromwell commanded, was protected, and at the same time held back, by an extensive tract of broken and difficult ground. The right was free and clear. Rupert hesitated to attack men so strongly posted, and the two armies, together perhaps about 60,000 men, stood gazing at each other till a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening of the 4th of July 1644. Cromwell could remain inactive no longer, and with a brief, passionate address to his Ironsides, he went off to make a circuit on the left, in order to fall upon the flank of the 'dissolute Goring.' Manchester and Loudon, seeing this, advanced their infantry, and the battle on the right commenced at the same time. The fight in the centre was terrific: the infantry and cavalry of Newcastle and Goring sweeping the men as they emerged from the drain they were compelled to pass with fiery destruction. Accounts vary with respect to this attack of the main body of the Scotch and English infantry. Some writers assert that the parliamentary troops were, after prodigious efforts, thrown into irretrievable confusion, and that Manchester, Loudon, Fairfax, and others, abandoned, or were about to abandon the field. Others say that the fight in the centre was obstinately and equally disputed. It is, however, quite certain that the right, where Fairfax commanded, was broken through, defeated, and dispersed. It was more than half-past eight o'clock when the dark squadrons of the Ironsides, having at last extricated themselves from the broken and tangled ground, were seen charging upon Newcastle's flank. In brief space the aspect of affairs changed, and the royalist infantry were either dispersed or slain. But the victory was not yet won. There was Rupert's triumphant cavalry returned from victorious pursuit, and far more numerous than Cromwell's horsemen, to encounter. The ranks of the Ironsides, slightly disordered by victory, closed steply up at the call of their chief, and again his piercing tones, echoed by thousands of voices, rang along the line—'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!'—and Prince Rupert was literally swept from the field, with frightful carnage. Cromwell, in his letter to the Speaker of the Commons, dated July 5, 1644, says—'God made them as stubble to our

swords;' and of the large army the prince brought into the field, Oliver, though he was too hurried at that moment to give the particulars, is of opinion 'that Rupert has not more than 4000 men remaining with him.' It was ten o'clock before the battle and pursuit had ended, and the summer moon, as she arose, threw her pale, melancholy light upon the white death-faces of 5000 Scotch and Englishmen, slain there by kindred hands!

The Scotch and English forces soon separated, the former remaining in the north, whilst Manchester and Cromwell turned to encounter the king, who was strongly posted at Newbery. The left of the royalist forces was protected by the castle of Dennington, and the centre and right were held by numerous troops, masked and shielded from attack by the nature of the ground, and the numerous buildings by which it was dotted. An attack was, however, determined on, and that on the left, by Cromwell, was thoroughly successful. Spite of an obstinate resistance, supported by the fire of the castle, the king's position was forced, and the royalist troops driven into the town. Manchester's attack on the right failed, and it was a drawn battle. The king, however, finding that, from the success of the Ironsides, his position was no longer tenable, withdrew silently in the night. The sleepless vigilance of Cromwell detected this movement, and hurrying to Manchester's tent, he urged him to throw himself at once upon the king's flank. The earl refused. 'A forward movement of the horse then?' 'No.' The commander-in-chief would not permit it, and in gloomy discontent Oliver returned to his quarters, not, we may be sure, to sleep. What was perhaps worse, Manchester refused to assault the castle of Dennington; and the king, reinforced by Prince Rupert, returned in little more than a week, and carried off the heavy guns and stores he had left in that fortress, in the face of the parliamentary troops.

What was to be done? must have been the incessant self-questioning of Cromwell. Waller had been beaten all to pieces at Devizes; Essex had got cooped up in Cornwall, and though his cavalry, bursting through the royalist lines, had escaped, the infantry had surrendered, and the earl had narrowly saved himself from capture in a fishing-boat, which had landed him at Plymouth; and now this Earl of Manchester was refusing to fight, or to allow others to do so! A sad termination this to a campaign that had witnessed Marston Moor! Oliver's mind was soon made up. He was off to London, and was immediately in close conference with Sir Harry Vane. The result of their counsels was the proposition to the Commons of what was called the 'Self-Denying Ordinance,' which enacted that no member of either House should be competent to hold any civil or military commission. The proposal had all the gloss of high-flying patriotism; and it apparently aimed at Cromwell himself as member for Cambridge, as well as the military earls. After much opposition in both Houses, the ordinance passed, and the noble commanders were in consequence deprived of their commissions and authority—a measure which perhaps could not have been effected in any other manner. The army generally was also remodelled—weeded of all whom the party of 'Independents' deemed untrustworthy or faint-hearted. The king appears to have been much pleased with the new arrangements that were going on in the army of his foes. The new commander-in-chief, Sir Thomas Fairfax, although as brave

as steel, was a general of slight capacity; and the royal forces had never been so numerous, so completely equipped, or in higher spirits. His majesty opened the campaign of 1645 by taking Leicester, garrisoned by 1500 men: and he wrote to the queen, on whom he appears to have literally doted, 'that his affairs were never in so hopeful a way.' The dreaded Cromwell was no longer in his path, and the crown appeared once more within his reach. He little knew the men with whom he had to cope. If he could have perused the resolutions of the Commons '*permitting* Sir Thomas Fairfax to confer the command of the horse upon Lieutenant-general Cromwell as long as the House should be pleased to dispense with that honourable member's services,' it might have enlightened him as to the fatal significance of the recent changes. The welcome resolution was instantly communicated to Fairfax, and he the same day wrote to Cromwell soliciting his immediate presence with the army, menaced by the king with an overpowering force. The letter reached Cromwell on the 9th of June, and on the 11th he had joined Fairfax at Northampton with 1000 chosen horse. 'Well! where was the king: the king's army?' Fairfax did not quite know:—but certainly in the neighbourhood. Cromwell suggested that this material point should be ascertained at once. Fairfax acquiesced, and Ireton, taking a few colours of horse with him, drove in one or two of the king's outposts; and from the prisoners he brought in, it was ascertained that Charles was posted in strong and splendid array a few miles distant on a rising ground, not far from Harborough, or Haverbrowe, as it was then called. Cromwell at once decided for battle—decisive, thorough battle on the next day. Fairfax agreed, and the generals, with Ireton, immediately surveyed the ground in the neighbourhood, and selected a fallow-field about a mile and a-half in width, about half-way between Harborough and Naseby, as an eligible spot whereon to intercept and encounter the king's numerous and formidable forces. There, accordingly, the parliamentary army drew up at sunrise the following morning. Cromwell was on the right with his Ironsides; Fairfax and Skippon commanded the infantry in the centre; and Ireton, with a strong body of horse, was posted on the left. They lay there motionless for several hours, singing psalms at intervals—their swords thoroughly sharp, their powder perfectly dry, and their confidence in the triumph of the righteous cause unbounded.

Charles, yielding to Rupert's impatience, advanced to battle. The main body of the king's infantry, more than 15,000 men, was commanded by Lord Ashley; and Rupert on the right, Sir Marmaduke Langdale on the left, headed his fine and numerous cavalry. The King's Life-guards, Prince Rupert's regiment, and the Royal Horse-guards, formed the reserve, commanded by the king in person. Rupert's impetuous charge on the king's right, spite of Ireton's fierce and valiant resistance, was completely successful. Ireton himself was wounded, and taken prisoner, but rescued during the subsequent rout. Rupert, as usual, went off in search of the baggage, from which, however, he was driven back by a few smart discharges of the strongly-posted baggage-guard. The fight in the centre was bloody and obstinate. Fairfax and Skippon, forgetting, in the growing confusion and thickening danger of defeat, their position as generals, fought desperately in the ranks. Spite, however, of their frenzied efforts, their troops were manifestly giving way

before the terrible odds opposed to them, when decisive help came as ever from that astonishing farmer of St Ives. He had pushed Langdale completely off the field, and leaving one or two squadrons to hinder him from rallying, now wheeled with the mass of his Ironsides full upon the flank of the almost victorious royal centre. The shock was decisive; the king's infantry gave way at once, and the reserve shared the same fate: one regiment, more obstinate than the rest, was destroyed almost to a man. Rupert returned to the field; but his exhortations, aided by the prayers and commands of the king, failed to induce his cavalry to encounter that of Cromwell. They had made acquaintance with those gentlemen at Marston Moor, and nothing could induce them to renew it. They fled, and with them the last hope of King Charles. The victory was thoroughly decisive. 8000 prisoners, a hundred colours, the royal standard, the king's carriage and his cabinet of letters—sad but incontestable evidence of his majesty's utter want of sincerity—remained in the hands of the victors; and all effectual resistance on the part of the Royalists was over. 'Honest men,' said Cromwell, writing from the field to the Speaker of the Commons—'honest men served you faithfully and well. Sir, they are trusty. I beseech you, in the name of God, not to disturb them.' They were not disturbed; and Cromwell, sometimes with Fairfax, but more frequently alone, swept like a destroying tempest through the land. Taunton, besieged by the 'dissolute' Goring, and defended by Blake, afterwards the great admiral, was relieved. Leicester had been instantly retaken. Bristol, into which Rupert had thrown himself, surrendered upon terms after one assault. Devizes, Cromwell carried by storm. Berkeley Castle and Winchester surrendered to him. Basing House, held by the Marquis of Winchester, and in those days esteemed almost impregnable, was carried by assault. 'Sir, I thank God,' wrote Oliver on the 14th October 1645—'I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing.' Sweeping westward, he overthrew Lord Wentworth at Bovey Tray almost without an effort, capturing 500 prisoners and six standards. Lord Hopton he routed at Torrington. The last English force in the field for the king was about 3000 cavalry, commanded by Sir Jacob Astley. These were overthrown, and Sir Jacob himself made prisoner. 'Your work is done,' said the baronet to his captors, 'unless, indeed, you choose to fall out and fight among yourselves.'

Cromwell was now approaching Oxford, where the king had sought refuge. His majesty could not but perceive that he had lost the game. The defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh had quenched the hopes raised by the meteor successes of that remarkable man in Scotland, and by the advice of Montreuil, the French envoy, the king left Oxford, disguised as a groom following his master Ashburnham, and surrendered himself to the Scottish forces at Kelham. We have no space for any details of the plicated negotiations which ensued—of the deceptive, and, for himself, game which Charles attempted to play, not only when with the Scots, for nearly three years afterwards, persisting to the last as he did in his efforts to deceive and play off one party against another. The English parliament at length claimed the custody of the king, and the Scottish generals reluctantly surrendered him for, it has been said, a sum of money—£200,000. This statement is not borne out by the facts; for the whole of the £200,000 was voted, as appears by the Commons' Journals, on the

21st, 27th August, and 1st of September, though the final settlement of the vote did not take place till the 8th of December, being arrears of pay due under contract to the Scottish army; and it was not till after the last date (December the 8th) that negotiations for the surrender of the king commenced. Whether, however, the parliament would have actually paid them if they had persisted in retaining Charles, is another matter. Neither is it needful to dwell upon the seizure of the royal person by Colonel Joyce, his subsequent escape from Hampton Court, recapture by Colonel Hammond, and confinement in the Isle of Wight. The catastrophe, a sad and melancholy one however viewed, it was evident, in the beginning of 1648, would not be long delayed. Events were occurring which convinced the victorious chiefs of the army and parliament that some decisive step ought to be taken without delay, and showed Cromwell, who had been received in London with extraordinary honours, and had had a pension of £2500 per annum settled on him, that his work was as yet but half performed.

Captivity and misfortune, especially of fallen greatness, appeal strongly to the sympathies and imaginations of mankind, and thousands of persons who had strenuously resisted Charles the despot, were moved with compassion for Charles the humble captive. An insurrection in his favour, headed by Colonel Poyer, broke out in Wales; the English fleet, consisting of six ships of war fully equipped, mutinied, and sailed for Helvoetsluys, to place themselves under the command of the young Duke of York; and worse than all, the Scotch government, having secretly concluded a treaty with the king to restore him upon conditions, for the due performance of which they were to hold certain of the English northern towns, sent an army across the Tweed under the Duke of Hamilton, a nobleman who does not appear to have possessed one quality fitting him for such a command. The Scottish army, reckoning the four thousand cavaliers under Langdale that were with them, did not exceed two or three-and-twenty thousand men—a force altogether inadequate to contend against the veterans of Cromwell, when he should have done with the Welsh outbreak. Hamilton appears to have been conscious of this, for he came on with such timidity that in forty days he had only marched eighty miles, though opposed only by Lambert with inadequate forces, that slowly retired as he advanced. At length Cromwell, having finished with Colonel Poyer and the Welsh insurgents, hastened with rapid strides to the north. Hamilton was near Preston, on the left bank of the Ribble, when Cromwell joined Lambert at Otley Park; but his rearguard under Munroe were miles off, at Kirby Lonsdale. Cromwell, as usual, attacked at once, and Hamilton and Langdale were overthrown with immense loss. Except stragglers, only the regiments commanded by Munroe regained their native land, and when Baillie surrendered at Warrington he had but three thousand men with him. Hamilton escaped with the cavalry to Uttoxeter, where his men mutinied, and the duke took refuge with Lord Grey of Groby. Cromwell marched northward. The defeat of the Scottish Royalists induced the Covenanters of that kingdom to rise in arms again; and headed by Lords Loudon and Eglington, the Whigganores marched on Edinburgh. They could not, however, have successfully withstood the disciplined forces under Lanark and Munroe, and Cromwell proffered his assistance. It was

accepted, and Oliver marched to Edinburgh: matters were arranged, and the English general turned slowly towards the south. So slowly indeed did he, usually so fiery-active, march, that he contrived not to arrive in London till the 'purification' of the parliament, by the expulsion of every Presbyterian or other member opposed to the designs of the prevailing party, had been effected by military violence--by Colonel Pride's purge, as it is called--that officer professing to act under the orders of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

The army, through its officers, now openly demanded judgment on the king; and the 'purified' Commons sent up a declaratory vote to the Peers, 'that it is high treason in the king of England to make war upon his people.' The Peers' House, consisting of but twelve members, negatived the proposition. They would, however, make it treasonable in any future king to do so. On the next day they again met, to the number of six, disposed of some formal business, and adjourned till the morrow. That morrow was the 25th of April 1660, for a few hours after their adjournment the Commons voted their Lordships' House 'useless and dangerous,' and abolished it.

With the particulars known of the trial and execution of Charles I. for high treason every reader must be abundantly familiar. That in those days, when a divinity did really hedge a king, it was a deed of unexampled boldness may be readily admitted; and it is perhaps true, as Mr Carlyle expresses it, that it struck a chill to the heart of universal flunkeyism from which it has not since recovered; but it seems impossible to coincide in that writer's apparently unqualified admiration of the act. In the first place--and this surely ought to have excited Mr Carlyle's indignation--all that solemn preparation and apparatus for trying the king was a huge sham--an unreal simulation of a grave investigation! The men who presided there were executioners--righteous ones some may hold--but certainly not *judges* met to inquire into the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, and to decide calmly and impartially according to the evidence. It was previously determined to execute the king; and better far--more manly and honest at all events would it have been--to have pronounced his doom without going through all that hideous and mocking formality. The palpable hypocrisy of the whole affair makes even the king's assumptions of divine irresponsibility appear respectable. And if the putting the monarch to death under the pretext set up was a crime, it was far more conclusively a blunder: the instant the head of Charles I. rolled on the scaffold, Charles II., who was beyond the reach of parliament, started into life. The dramatic dialogue at the place of execution between the king and the bishop, true or false, or partly true and partly false, as it may be, gained thousands of partisans to the cause of trampled royalty; and occasion for the publication or invention of such a scene should have been carefully avoided by wise statesmen. Few can read the account of the last moments of the king without emotions of sorrow and compassion; and only that the pale face and wasted form of Eliot obtrude before that sadly-proud complaining eye, and the broken petition--'A little air, your majesty, that I may gather strength to die'--drowns the sonorous tones of the king and his prelate, it would seem impossible not only to forbear pronouncing the execution of the monarch to have been an act of unjust-

tiniable vengeance, but that the king himself was a victim deserving the profoundest respect, pity, and compassion.

There was much work yet to be done by Cromwell. The royal cause was again in the ascendant in Ireland. The revolted fleet under Prince Rupert rode triumphantly along the coast, for Sir Harry Vane had not yet had time to organize the dreaded fleets which afterwards won England the sovereignty of the seas. Inchiquin in Munster, the Scottish regiments in Ulster, and the great body of the Catholic population, had proclaimed the king. Cromwell, armed with the highest civil and military authority, must go over with his Ironsides, and quench that mischief. He did so effectually and remorselessly. We cannot, after a careful perusal of the pleas put forward in defence of those Irish massacres, find any, the slightest valid excuse for them. They appear to have been as unnecessary as they were frightful, hideous. It is, however, right to give the lord-general's own defence of them. Here it is. He is writing of the slaughter at Tredagh:— 'I am persuaded this is a righteous judgment of God upon those barbarous wretches who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.'

Scotland again rose for the king. Charles II. was invited over and crowned there. This was esteemed a declaration of war against England, and Cromwell hastened from his Irish command to meet the new danger. He crossed the Tweed at the head of 20,000 veterans, before the raw levies of the Scots were in any condition to encounter him. The battle of Dunbar followed; Cromwell was once more in Edinburgh; and although his military measures were vigorously directed to put down armed resistance to the parliament, he appears to have treated the Scottish people with respect and consideration. Some years afterwards, in his correspondence with New England in America, he expressed to the Puritans there—whom, by the way, he strengthened and supported in every possible manner—the deep regret he felt at fighting against the Scottish Covenanters. 'He was afraid he had slain many of the godly at Dunbar.' In the next campaign his flag waved over Perth; and further resistance seemed hopeless, when the young king, seeing that the country was clear towards the south, prevailed upon his Scottish army to march upon England. A wilder project, with such a general as Cromwell in his rear, was perhaps never conceived. Oliver, as soon as he heard of the king's march, which was not till three days after it had commenced, despatched letters to the parliament to be under no alarm at the southward movement of the king; and to Harrison he sent directions to press on the flank of the Scottish forces from Newcastle. Lambert he at once despatched from Wiltshire to hang upon the king's rear, and as speedily as possible followed himself with 10,000 veterans along the east coast towards Yorkshire. Charles was overtaken at Worcester, and spite of the gallant resistance offered by the Scottish troops—'five hours of the hottest fighting he had known'—Cromwell obtained a complete victory on the 3d of September 1652, the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, and thenceforth called his 'lucky day.' The young king, at the head of a brigade of cavalry, burst out of the city by the



northern road, and escaped. This event Cromwell called 'a crowning mercy.' It was the last military resistance offered in England to the Commonwealth whilst he lived.

The next important page in this eventful history records the dissolution of the remaining members--the Rump, as they were called--of the Long Parliament by the Lord-General Cromwell, who, with the aid of his soldiers, turned them unceremoniously out of the House, locked the doors after them, and walked home to Whitehall with the keys in his pocket. The parliament had just before been debating, and were about to pass a 'reform bill,' of which one of the provisions was, that the present members should continue to sit without re-election.

The only possible justification of this act of violence would have been to immediately assemble a new, full, and legal House of Commons. But that course was opposed to the lust of power which now, whatever his excusers may say, dominated the mind of Cromwell. A parliament of a certain sort was, it is true, summoned. Gospel ministers were directed to take the sense of congregational churches in the several counties, and return the names of 'faithful men, fearing God and hating covetousness;' and out of these the Council, in the presence of the lord-general, selected 139 for England, 6 for Wales, 6 for Ireland, and 5 for Scotland. These men assembled, only two being absent, on the 4th of July 1653, and set about reforming the common law and abolishing the Court of Chancery, until one fine day Colonel Sydenham proposed, that as they evidently had no talent for government, they should resign their authority into the hands of the lord-general. This was accomplished by the aid of a little gentle violence, and the 'Little Parliament,' as it was termed, was dismissed. Others followed of various patterns and devices, none of which, however, suited Cromwell, now Lord Protector, with a civil list of £200,000 per annum. In 1658, the last new constitution had extemporised two Houses, and we find his Highness addressing the new parliament as 'My Lords and Gentlemen!' To further show how power had corrupted, dwarfed, vulgarised, shrunk up, this once great, vigorous-minded man, we make one quotation from the 'Court Circular' of that day:--'Yesterday afternoon, his Highness went to Hampton Court; and this day the most illustrious lady, the Lady Mary Cromwell, third daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was there married to the most noble the Lord Fauconbridge, in the presence of their Highnesses and many noble persons.'--*Merc. Pol. Nov.* 19, 1657.

The old fire had not yet burned out; but its flashes were visible only in the Puritan-farmer's foreign policy. 'I will make the English name more terrible than ever the Roman's was,' was Cromwell's vaunting expression; and had life been granted him, he appeared likely to have gone nigh to realise the vainglorious boast. The till then undisputed maritime supremacy of the Dutch, supported as it was by the genius and bravery of Van Tromp, De Ruyter, and De Witte, was destroyed during his protection chiefly by the skill and valour of Blake. Prince Rupert, who had been roving the seas at the head of the revolted English fleet, took refuge from the pursuit of that admiral in the Tagus. Blake demanded permission to pursue and attack 'that pirate' there. Don John, king of Portugal, refused, and Blake made reprisals upon the Portuguese commerce. Don John was forced ultimately to submit, paid a large sum of money for

## CROMWELL AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

the expenses of the war, and conceded a commercial treaty which secured great and unexampled privileges to the merchants of Britain. The piratical powers of Barbary were humbled: Spain was crippled on the sea, and despoiled not only of wealth, but of territory. Jamaica was wrested from her; and the last exploit of Blake was the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the harbour, and defended by the batteries, of Vera Cruz. France courted the Protector's alliance, and four thousand of his veterans co-operated with Turenne in the reduction of Dunkirk.

But the bright page in the Protector's foreign policy was the firm and resolute stand he made in defence of the Vaudois, persecuted by the Duke of Savoy 'for conscience' sake.' The Princes of Piedmont were hunting them down like animals of prey, when the stern voice of Cromwell echoed amidst those Alpine wastes, and the persecutor turned in terror and dismay from his work of blood. The reader familiar with Milton's invocation beginning with—

'Avenge, oh Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,'

may conceive the excitement of the Iron-sides, eager as bloodhounds on the start, to fight 'the battle of the Lord' against the partisans of Rome. The Protector informed the Vaudois through Stoupe that they might count upon his instant help: eager preparations were commenced; the pope was plainly told that if the persecution of 'the people of God' continued, the English cannon should be heard in St Angelo - when the Duke of Savoy, wisely counselled by France, abandoned his violent measures, and restored to the Vaudois their religious privileges and immunities. Cromwell is said to have heard the announcement of the Duke of Savoy's submission, conveyed through the French ambassador, with grim discontent. He would rather have effected his object by the sharp swords of his valiant soldiers. Perhaps, too, he thought he might have recovered in that 'holy' war, as he would have deemed it, a portion of the moral health and vigour lost to him since he had dwelt in the perfumed atmosphere of palaces, and amidst the glittering shows of a court.

It was not to be. The once lion-hearted man, betrayed from the high path he had once so firmly trod by the enticements of power, and vainly struggling in the mires of intrigue and fair-seeming falsehood, visibly declined in mind and body; became even personally afraid of the miserable Royalists who threatened him with private assassination. Cromwell afraid! What miracle is this? No miracle, reader! True courage dwells not with usurping violence; and how could he be otherwise than afraid as the names of Eliot, Hampden, gleamed through his troubled brain, and he felt that he had betrayed the great cause for which they died; brought it in the eyes of the unreflecting into derision and contempt? Albeit as the Lord Protector, after patient watching by the lingering deathbed of his favourite daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, came himself visibly within the shadow of the tomb, his old spiritual strength seemed to return again. The world with its vain shows was vanishing, and as it rolled away, the Heaven of his youth and healthy manhood flashed, with its awful and unspeakable splendours, light upon his soul. They read to him, at his own request, a passage of St Paul to the Philippians—'Not that I speak

in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.' As these words fell upon his ear, he ejaculated in broken accents, 'This Scripture did once save my life when my eldest son—died; which went as a dagger to my heart: indeed it did.' He alluded to his son Oliver, slain in the civil war, but at what place or under what circumstances remains unascertained. He is supposed to have served in Harrison's troop. The day before the Protector died, when his wife and children were weeping round his bed, he exclaimed, speaking of the Covenant of God with man—'It is holy and true—it is holy and true—it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the Covenant! The Covenant is one. And even if I do not, He remains faithful. Love not the world,' he continued, addressing his family: 'no, my children, live like Christians. I leave you the Covenant to feed upon.' 'Yea, my true one,' adds Mr Carlyle, commenting on this scene. 'Even so: the Covenant, and the eternal soul of Covenants remains sure to all the faithful: deeper than the foundations of this world—earlier than they—more lasting than they.'

The tempest of the night of the 2d of September 1658, extending to the shores of the Mediterranean, and strewing land and sea with wreck, was the appropriate death-dirge of that great, stormy being; and on the morrow—his fortunate day, the 3d of September—the mighty, reverential, erring—for he was human—spirit passed from earth, its last aspiration a prayer for the country he had strongly loved and bravely served.

Of the brief Protectorate under Richard Cromwell which followed, and of the subsequent restoration of the king, we have not here to speak. We may merely notice, in conclusion, that in the first year of the restored monarch's reign, the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Blake were dug out of their graves, dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, exposed on the gallows, and then huddled into a pit amidst the shouts of a brutal populace—and, hark!—there is an echo to those shouts! It is the thunder of De Ruyter's Dutch cannon in the Thames!

The widow of the Protector died at the house of her widowed son-in-law, Claypole, October 8, 1672; his daughter Mary, Lady Fauconbridge, died 14th of March 1712; Frances, first Mrs Rich, then Lady Russel, December 27, 1720; Bridget, married first to Ireton, then to Fleetwood, on the 11th September 1681, at Stoke-Newington, near London. His successor in the Protectorate, Richard, died at Cheshunt, July 12, 1712; Henry on the 23d March 1673.

# LIFE AT GREFENBERG.

BY A CONVALESCENT.

## I.

MY DEAR R. - Are you surprised to see me once more on the wing? 'Whither is she *poor* bound?' methinks I hear you say. Well, then, I will tell you in as few words as possible, that I have again set out in search of that almost first of earthly blessings - health; and that I am going, in pursuit of it, to the once obscure but now far-famed hamlet of Grafenberg. 'Is it really possible I have a friend so *very* *daft*?' I think I hear you now exclaiming. Even so, my dear; and faith and hope, moreover, beckon me on; and I trust you will find that I shall have no cause to repent my temerity in thus venturing in my weak state so far from home. But you will add - 'It is not the travelling I dread for her; it is that barbarous, that absurd so-called "*cure*" - the *water-system* - that makes me tremble.' Eh bien, ma chère, nous verrons. If I return from the Esculapius of the Silesian mountains no better, no stronger, no happier a being than when I bade adieu to the shores of England, with its hosts of learned doctors, why, then, I will give you permission to exult over my folly; meantime do not despair on my account, or allow your mind to be quite closed by prejudice, but try and believe it possible that I may be able to add *my* testimony to the good effects of leading, for a time, an almost amphibious existence.

My companions will, I am sure, do all in their power to aid and cheer me; and should I be prevented from writing as frequently as I conclude your impatience will desire, one of them shall occasionally act as my amanuensis.

Now, do not imagine, my dear, that I have taken this step inconsiderately. Health and life are far too precious boons to be trifled with; I have therefore used the poor powers which God has given me for weighing and judging; I have read much of what has been written on the subject of the *water-cure*, and having also partially tested it in England, and found it do what no medicine could effect, I think I cannot greatly err in going to the fountain-head, and carrying it out with *prudent* vigour. I am sure you will unite with me in praying for a blessing on my proceedings, and that a

good result may be granted to my undertaking, even though it should not arrive in the exact form my short-sighted vision might anticipate.

The few days we spent in Lontlon were taken up chiefly in making preparations for our departure, procuring passports, circular letters, &c. I did not omit to purchase those most useful travelling companions—Murray's Hand-Books—without which one wonders what travellers could formerly have done, for they really are invaluable, warning us in danger, guiding us in difficulties, being pleasant companions in solitude, and even acting as experienced planners of our amusements when perplexed among a multitude of tempting excursions.

Before five, on a dull and rainy morning, we entered our watery dwelling, bound for Hamburg—watery, in every sense: for what with the rain over our heads, and the wet under our feet from the buckets of water just liberally poured over the deck, we were forced against our will to take refuge in my horror of horrors—the cabin. We did not leave port until eight, the tide not sooner serving. There were altogether about forty-six passengers on board; among them Americans, Germans, Russians, and Scotch. We were fortunate enough to be put into what is called the state-cabin, which we had to ourselves. It is not often that I enjoy anything like exclusiveness, but on this occasion it was particularly agreeable. At midnight on the second night we entered the Elbe, and when I rose the following morning my eyes were charmed with the sight of green banks and trees—a refreshment I assure you to one who for so many hours had been suffering all the tortures incident to sea-sickness.

Tedious was our passage up the river. The tide and wind not permitting, we were compelled to lay to for an hour or so in shallow water, there being a sand-bank to fear for large vessels.

As we approached Hamburg, I was surprised to find the left bank so diversified and pretty—green banks rising from the water's edge, interspersed with pretty woody dells, and villas peeping through them. At length high-pointed houses and masts of vessels announced the town itself. Our view of Hamburg was external and superficial; but I understand it is wonderfully improved since the conflagration. Many of the shops are gay as well as good, and the streets are at this season amusing to a stranger, from the singular and picturesque costumes of the flower and strawberry girls. The servant-maids, too, with their long red gloves, lace caps, showy shawls, and marketing-basket covered with a scarlet or crimson handkerchief, add to the liveliness of the picture. But I must not stay to describe even the hospitalities we enjoyed during our brief sojourn, for 'the curse of the wandering foot' is upon me.

## II.

At five o'clock on Sunday morning we entered the steamer for Potsdam, and the ladies' cabin being full, took our places in the general one, niching ourselves, like the rest, in an arm-chair-like leathern seat fixed against the wall. Here the ladies knitted all day (Sunday work!) and slept all night; and about two o'clock on the second afternoon we arrived at the Prussian Versailles—Potsdam. This is a town of palaces, and has about 34,000 in-

habitants, including the large garrison. Although not founded by Frederick the Great, it owes to him all its attractions. We set out to see first the palace within the town, where the union of extreme plainness and decayed grandeur produced a singular contrast. In one part we passed through whitewashed corridors, and in others beheld tattered hangings of richest satin and tarnished silver! What a defacer of *man's* work is time! In the *natural* world he often accumulates and enriches: not so with works of art—these he usually defaces. ‘Ay,’ you will say; ‘but please allow him some merit even here. Remember my *old port*!’ Agreed; and now to proceed. The most interesting part of the palace is that containing the apartments of Frederick the Great, and which have been visited by one whose deeds will occupy a no less important chapter in the world’s history than do those of the Great Frederick. You will guess I allude to Napoleon Bonaparte. There is his writing-table, blotted all over with ink; his piano; music-stand with music in his own handwriting, and of his own composition. There, too, are his books, chiefly in French—in many of which there are criticisms in the handwriting of Voltaire, whose apartments in a contiguous building were pointed out to us. But perhaps the most interesting memorial of him is a small room with double-doors, in which he could be entirely secluded from observation. In the centre is a table over a trap-door, so that his dinner could be served and removed without the presence of servants, and he could thus enjoy a repast with a friend without being either overheard or overlooked.

We next went to see the Garrison Kirche, where Frederick is interred, or rather where his remains were placed in a perfectly plain metal sarcophagus above ground, under a gorgeous pulpit, meant apparently to serve the double purpose of pulpit and monument. The door into the vault is behind the pulpit. ‘The sarcophagus was decorated with what the Prussians highly valued—the sword of Frederick. When Napoleon entered the church, he walked up to the tomb, and bowed the knee before it, saying—“Hadst thou been alive I never should have been here;” but in rising he stole the conqueror’s sword from the conqueror’s grave!’ All traces of it have now been lost; but over the tomb, on each side of the pulpit, now hang the eagle standards taken by the Prussians, as a sort of retaliation for an affront which was most sorely felt. The pulpit is little in keeping with the lessons of peace which should issue from it; and the emblems of war, such as casques, swords, shields, &c. seemed sadly misplaced.

After a good night in our Hermit (Einseidler), we rose to resume our wanderings among palaces, which I assure you was a tax my poor stock of strength could scarcely bear; but ‘Oh, I must see *that*!’ or sometimes from others, ‘You must not indeed miss *this*!’ led me on, till, though with great fatigue, I contrived to see as much as the rest of the party.

We procured a large and easy carriage, and proceeded to view the palaces in the neighbourhood. We drove first to the Bräuerhausberg Palace, belonging to Prince William of Prussia. It is a pretty and tastefully fitted-up building, full of comforts and elegances, more in the style of an English nobleman’s country residence than that of a sprig of royalty. We remarked many English works lying about, as if in every-day use, and among them was ‘London’s Encyclopædia of Gardening.’ There was also an *English* bedroom, with carpeted floor, &c.

Are you tired of palaces? If not, I must tell you we saw what is called the Marble Palace—from the marble with which it abounds; and likewise that enormous pile of bricks and mortar built by Frederick the Great, called the *New Palace*. He erected this pile to prove to his enemies, after the termination of the long war, that he had still not exhausted his resources. It was constructed in 1765—the erection occupying six years—on a spot, too, which had formerly been a morass. It contains 200 apartments, some of which are of great dimensions, especially the dining-room. The hall designated the Grotto took my fancy amazingly, as it seems it did that of Napoleon. The guide said, 'C'est unique dans son genre;' and I should conceive it must be so. It is of enormous size, and circular, and entirely lined with shells and minerals, which must afford a brilliant effect when lighted up. I see my friend Murray says, 'it is in bad taste;' but as Frederick and Napoleon thought otherwise, I suppose I may venture to side with the heroes. This really gentlemanly old guide had conducted Napoleon over this palace, and told us which rooms he had admired, &c. I longed to make further inquiries, but his French and English were so all but unintelligible, that the attempt was vain. The marbles here are splendid, and the remains of furniture give the idea of costly magnificence. It is said that as the bills came in Frederick threw them into the fire, so that no one should ever know the cost of this huge folly. There is a theatre fitted up for Greek plays, and we were shown Frederick's books, with some in Voltaire's handwriting; also which were not overpleasing or delicate.

From the New Palace we drove through the grounds of Sans Souci, within which stands Charlottenhof; a villa built by the present king in the style of a Pompeian dwelling. The rooms, however, I should conceive, must be both too large and too light closely to resemble those of Pompeia; the doors also must be higher. The baths in the grounds may perhaps more closely imitate those of the ancients, as they seem better calculated for a warmer climate than this. They are not closed in from the air, and are spacious and tastily built. The Pompeians must, I think, have been acquainted with the use of the *douche*, there being a large circular bath, with an upright to hold by, and a spout above, at great height, from which the water descended.

I was much interested in the building styled the Antique Temple; the interior of which is fitted up like the late queen's bedroom, having festoons of muslin hung around it. The room is circular, and on it is thrown a blue light, giving a very sepulchral effect. In the centre is a statue of the queen, which took the sculptor Rauch fifteen years to complete. It represents her asleep, with her arms crossed over her breast, and is touchingly beautiful; especially when viewed in connection with her interesting character and most romantic destiny. The late king is said to have sometimes hung over it for hours together. It is no larger than life, and is an ornament on one we are to see at Charlottenburg in the neighbourhood of Berlin, where she was interred. 'Rauch was the court sculptor of Berlin; had been attached to the queen's personal service, and so this statue was worked out in all the enthusiasm of love and grief. It was executed at Carrara; and a living eagle, which had been taken captive among the Apennines, was the original of that magnificent one he has placed at her

feet.' Christian Tieck was the old and intimate friend of Rauch: they trod their brilliant path together.

Of all the palaces at Potsdam, I most desired to see that of Sans Souci; but a peep at the exterior was all we could obtain, as, owing to the presence of royalty, we could not be permitted to view the interior. It is a long low structure, singularly situated at the top of a number of terraces, divided in the centre by broad flights of steps. These terraces are partially fronted with glass, sheltering various evergreens, creepers, and above all, the vines for which Sans Souci is famous, and which are said to vie in flavour with those around Vesuvius. At the termination of the terrace are the graves of Frederick's favourite dogs, and of the horse which had carried him through his various campaigns. He ordered that he himself should be interred with them, but this injunction he had no longer the power to enforce, and it was not complied with. It was a favourite place of resort for the old warrior; and he was brought to it in his arm-chair a short time before he died, and nearly his last words were 'Je serai bientôt plus près de lui,' meaning to his horse. Do not laugh at our enthusiasm, when I say we much regretted we could not see the room in which he breathed his last, or the clock he used always to wind up, and which had stopped at the moment of his death, and still is allowed to point to the time of his departure.

### III.

Palaces, however, should be no business of mine at present; and bidding adieu even to Sans Souci, which excited our curiosity much, we posted on to Berlin, only twenty miles distant. Here we traversed that magnificent avenue of lime and chestnut trees called *Unter den Linden*, forming the main street of a great city. It is of magnificent width, and divided by the trees into five parallel walks, the centre one being the widest, and appropriated to pedestrians. Benches are placed, under the shade of the trees, and thus a most charming relief is afforded to those who, without further toil, wish to enjoy a little relaxation, in conjunction with pure air. What a blessing would it be could we in our cities enjoy a treat like this, unalloyed by the contamination of smoke! You will shake your head, I fear, and say I am growing discontented with my *ain* land. But to return. Proceeding from our hotel to the right, I arrived at some of the principal buildings in Berlin, they being chiefly within the compass of this fine street. Some of these are extremely handsome, although most of them are but plastered-stone being difficult to procure. The new museum has a superb colonnade, and the arsenal is a noble and highly ornamented building. Statues abound here, as they do at Potsdam, and some of the public erections are *peopled* with stone. Berlin lies in a complete flat, and the surrounding country is a vast sandy plain, so that nature has not contributed her quota towards beautifying this city. We observed that the country partook of this character the whole way from Potsdam, varied only here and there with a plantation of fir-trees. But to return to the *strasse*; and now to that end of it where rises the far-famed Brandenburg Gate, in all its architectural taste and splendour. It is allowed to be the most majestic, simple, yet splendid portal in Europe,



and is built after the model of the Propylæum at Athens, though the Doric pillars are on a larger scale. The car of victory, drawn by four horses, now adorning the top, paid a visit to Paris in Napoleon's time; and her return to her old post was rewarded by the gift of the Prussian eagle and iron cross, which she now holds aloft in token of her triumph. The king, it is said, frequently wanders up and down this street, unattended, or followed only by a single domestic. How pleasant it must be to royalty to be able to move about in the capital of his own dominions so free from all the circumstance of pomp and power! The bustle of Berlin (if bustle it can be called) is of a very different character to that of Hamburg. It appears more like the life and flutter of leisure and pleasure, than the steady, pressing bustle of business.

Our second day in Berlin we devoted to the museum, the palace, and Charlottenburg. The collection of paintings ranks below Dresden and Munich, but is considered to possess good specimens of a greater number of masters (especially of the early German and Italian schools) than almost any other gallery. There are, too, some fine works of the great Italian masters, and it abounds with those of the Flemish and Dutch schools; but for the latter I confess I have little liking. The museum was not completed until 1830. It stands on thousands of piles, its site being on a branch of the Spree, which was filled up. It has a noble entrance, and before it stands an enormous vase, or rather basin, of polished granite, said to be above twenty feet in diameter, and hewn from a single boulder. The sculpture, vases, and collection of china we did not see.

The palace has an imposing effect, but this is owing rather to its size than to any architectural beauty. We were ushered up some shabby stairs, and through anterooms, to apartments of great magnificence. I noticed especially the Knights' Hall, as being both grand and uncommon: there is the throne of state, and opposite to it is a vast quantity of massive gold and silver plate, extremely ancient, and reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The effect of this is singular. The inlaid and highly-polished floors exceed in beauty any I have elsewhere seen, and no gentleman's shoes are permitted to come in contact with them—woollen slippers being provided to slip over their boots. One or two apartments are sumptuous beyond description, having silver-plated doors, &c. The decorations in others are in modern style. I did not observe many fine paintings. A modern one, by David, of Napoleon crossing the Alps, I remember admiring much. We were of course shown the room where Napoleon slept during his stay in Berlin. Among other curiosities I noticed an antique musical clock, which goes for a year without winding up; also various inlaid tables of great beauty, besides elegant vases, and the most magnificent chandeliers I ever beheld.

Through a thunderstorm and pouring rain we drove to Charlottenburg, about three miles from Berlin, our exit being through the far-famed Brandenburg Gate. Charlottenburg is a small village on the Spree, consisting chiefly of villas and taverns—being the resort of the rich during the summer months, and of the middling and lower classes as long as the season allows it to be attractive. It abounds with coffeehouses, and benches and tables fixed under the shade of outspreading trees.

The Schloss or Palace was built by Frederick I., who married a daughter

of George I., and is a favourite residence of the royal family. Some of the rooms are exceedingly elegant, especially the ball-room, which is surrounded with white marble, decorated with golden wreaths. I think, however, that the room so particularly delighted me from its lofty windows, commanding a view of the garden, and from the very beautiful trees which were waving their fine branches within arm's length of them. Had the same room looked into a court, it would have possessed, in my nature-loving eyes, many fewer charms. It was unfortunately too wet nuder foot for us to see the pretty gardens attached to it, the entrances to which are through the orangery, and has the theatre at its extremity, where plays are performed in the season twice a week. We also, for the same reason, lost sight of the fine carp which play in the sheet of water formed by the Spree, and which are called together by the sound of a bell, and fed by visitors. Here, at the extremity of a retired walk lined with cypresses, is a small Doric temple, in which repose the remains of the late king and queen, lying side by side under monuments of great simplicity and beauty. You will remember that we have already seen a statue of the queen at Potsdam. The statue here, like that at Potsdam, is also by Rauch, who took great pains to improve on his first effort; and certainly it is much more exquisitely *delicate*, being the size of life. Here, however, she was actually interred, and the king beside her; and here is a cast of his monument, also a recumbent figure, with his martial cloak around him. The interior is lined with white marble, over which (as at Charlottenburg) is thrown a blue sepulchral light. That they who were so distressed and divided in life should here together lie in undisturbed repose, confers an interest to this little cemetery which is wanting in the other.

The third morning of our stay in Berlin I struggled with feelings of great languor, and accompanied our party to inspect the Chamber of Arts. We were joined by a gentleman from Hamburg, who kindly interpreted for us, so that we saw all to much advantage. It is an interesting collection, showing in some rooms the progress and different stages of the arts; in others are illustrations of the manners, customs, and habiliments of different nations. Among these were exhibited the cases used to protect the long nails of the Chinese ladies, a cloak made of feathers belonging to the king of the Sandwich Islands, the saddle of a Turkish pasha, and a very elaborate and delicately-finished pagoda-like dressing-case belonging to some ancient king, and containing massive silver cards, articles for the toilette, chess-board, clasped Bible, &c. This, we were told, so took Napoleon's fancy, that he carried it off to Paris. In the historical department there are some relics that to the Prussians themselves must be particularly valuable—such as the cast of the face of their Great Frederick, taken after death; a bullet that struck him; and a cast of him in the very uniform he wore on the day of his death. Then there is the sword mended with sealing-wax by himself, his cane, flute, and even his *pocket-handkerchief*, which, by the by, exhibits a huge *patch*!—he being famous for his scanty wardrobe. Here, too, are the orders and decorations which had been presented to Bonaparte, and which had been seized in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo. But here I must pause in my enumerations of objects in this interesting collection, and not farther tax your patience or my memory.

In the afternoon we took a drive through Berlin, in order to gain a better general idea of the place. This occupied between three and four hours, the city being twelve miles in circumference. The streets are very wide, and the houses low. They were so built in compliance with Frederick's wish—he desiring a vast space which he had enclosed to be rapidly filled with houses, that he might possess a capital proportioned to his accession of territory. The Frederick Strasse is a mile long and perfectly level; and I understand that, owing to the heat of the sun reflected by the sand, and the want of a declivity to carry off accumulations, the streets in summer are most unpleasant. Ah, you will say, this is a set-off to our smoke! Few capitals can, however, exhibit such architectural splendour as this; and again and again we admired the fine structures in the Unter den Linden, as well as the noble statues that there abound. The arsenal I did not see, but the building is considered to be very perfect. The Opera House, the University, and especially the Museum, are splendid decorations to this grand street. The population (for I know you like to be acquainted with this particular) is about 400,000, including 8000 soldiers of the garrison and about 5000 Jews. The greatest drawback in walking along Berlin is the want of wide *trottoirs*, the sharp stones being very unpleasant. The churches are not very attractive in their exterior, and we did not enter any of them. We wished to see the manufactory of fine Berlin ironwork, but drove by mistake to a large foundry for engines, &c. There are pleasing ideas in connection with the delicate ironwork of Berlin; for when the Prussians were hard pressed by Napoleon, the ladies all relinquished their jewels, and received ironwork instead, with the inscription, 'We gave gold for iron.'

We spent another night in Berlin; and early on the morrow started for Wittenberg—the Protestant Mecca, as it has been called—a dull, quaint old town, interesting only for its being the cradle of the Reformation, and the burial-place of Luther and his friend Melancthon.

## IV.

Leipsic was our next station, with its associations of war and letters; and then Dresden, the capital of Saxony, and one of the most delightful cities in Europe. Here during a two days' stay we visited the Picture Gallery, the Grosse Garten, the Japanese Palace, now the Museum, the Opera, and other sights and scenes of interest. I will not, however, fatigue you with details; and will only say that Dresden takes my fancy completely, although it cannot boast the splendid buildings of Berlin or many other cities. There are no broad streets like that of the Unter den Linden; in short, it has as to exterior few of the common attractions of a capital. But the want of this is in my estimation more than compensated by its very pleasing situation. Its very irregularity has to me a charm, and I like the variety caused by the union of the old and new town; and over all an inexpressible charm is thrown by its delicious climate, which can be better felt than described. Its population, I understand, is about 85,000 or 86,000, and includes many men eminent for their talents and learning. It is attractive as a place of resi-

dence to some from the encouragement afforded to musical talent: its Opera being good, and music being generally cultivated. It is considered, too, an advantageous capital for the young, as the German language is spoken with greater purity here than anywhere else, excepting in Hanover. It is, moreover, reasonable in point of expense, which will of course render it attractive to many, especially to those who, for the purpose of educating their children, are induced to take up their abode there for a lengthened period. Another important consideration is, that less of vice is known here than in any other capital. The inhabitants have the character of being very social, and of possessing all the light-hearted cheerfulness of the German character.

At Dresden our party was broken up for a time, a portion of our fellow-travellers preferring to post forward, while we chose the *schnell* post by Grlitz and Breslau. Leibnitz came next; then Neisse; and then the frontier-gate between Prussia and Austria. Here we were turned back full-twenty miles, having neglected to have our passports viséd at Neisse; without which ceremony there was no such thing as gaining admission to the territories of the Kaiser.

We at length reached Freiwaldau; driving through rows of small white-washed houses; then by larger ones, looking like lodging-houses; and lastly, along a straggling street into a good-sized market-place, where gents of all descriptions were sitting before the doors, and where the sign of the Griefenberg Hotel pointed us to our temporary quarters.

## V.

We had just preceded a violent thunder-storm, and were more fortunate than we had anticipated, both in obtaining quarters at the only hotel in Freiwaldau, and also in finding that its landlord understood English. It is in exterior a small, neat building, but within its accommodations to an English eye are at most but second-rate. We were ushered into the only room at liberty. It is on the ground-floor, and must of course serve the purpose of sitting-room and dormitory. Another has been promised on the removal of a Russian prince. Singular quarters for the aristocracy of any country! but I understand all who come here rather pride themselves on their powers of roughing it. While partaking of a really nice and welcome repast, our *cé-dant* companions arrived, and were obliged to be taken to lodgings, where all their meals had to be sent to them. As they have a courier, this will not, I hope, much inconvenience them; but to us it would have proved a terrible discomfort: we therefore congratulate ourselves on having pushed forward in the way we did. In the evening we set off to walk to Griefenberg, but found the attempt vain—at least for me—so steep was the ascent, and so dirty the roads. On returning, we had to encounter the nuisance of Germany. Smoking pollutes even Freiwaldau, and our room is often redolent with the fumes of tobacco proceeding from the benches before our windows. It is really a very serious annoyance, and a great drawback to the pleasure of a sojourn in Austria. We were all too much tired not to sleep—*malgré* noises within and without. Very thankful did I feel as I laid myself down in my *wee box*, that we had reached our journey's

end in safety—so, grateful for the past and more hopeful for the future than I had long been, I closed my eyes for the first time in the Austrian dominions. . . . .

I rose early this morning (Sunday), and took a stroll through the market-place, where buying and selling was going on, although there was service at the time in the church. After breakfast we were surprised by the call of a Scotch lady, who kindly desired to know if she could be of any service to us. On the previous day we had been greatly amused by receiving the compliments of Captain and Mr So-and-so, who desired to know our names. I lost no time in asking to see the hero of the Water-System—the *once* peasant, the now far-famed Priessnitz; so on his leaving church the landlord ushered him in, and remained during the short interview as interpreter. I had been anxious to catch a glimpse of Grafenberg—how much more so, then, to gaze on him whose useful and interesting discovery had transformed a poor hamlet into a place of such celebrity! And besides, had I not been sent a thousand miles to undergo the *scrutiny of his eye*, and then to go through any process his judgment should dictate? Almost my last hope of a renewal of health and strength seemed, under Heaven, to hang on what *he* can do for me. Is it not natural for me, therefore, to feel even more than curiosity regarding him, notwithstanding all the ridicule I am quite aware I may have to encounter from the ignorant or prejudiced, or (which weighs with me more) the anxious and affectionate remonstrances of those I love. Well, what did I behold in this *ci-derant* peasant? I beheld a person rather above the middle height, exceedingly erect, open-chested, and broad-shouldered, with a countenance in which great self-possession and good sense blended with an expression of remarkable shrewdness, penetration, and decision—the small gray eye denoting the former characteristics, the thin, compressed lips the latter. He has sandyish hair—is sunburnt and freckled; and the being pitted with the smallpox, and the having lost by an accident a front tooth, rather detract from his good looks. His smile is very pleasant, and his manners anything but vulgar. He entered, straw-hat and whip in hand, attired in a suit of gray, which is his ordinary costume. I observed he wore small gold earrings. He took my hand and kissed it, as is customary with all the peasants towards their superiors. This he did, however, without the least appearance of obsequiousness. His tone of voice is low, and his manner of speaking rapid but gentle. Altogether, the impression he left on my mind was most favourable. He is about forty-six years of age, although he has rather the appearance of being a few years older.

And now, having seen the ruler of Grafenberg, I wished much to see his domain, of which I had heard such strange reports: on being informed, therefore, that there was English service held in a house not far from the establishment, we hired a vehicle, and were with our former travelling companions jolted there. On turning the point of a hill about half a mile from Freiwaldau, we arrived at what is called the Colony, which consists of thickly-scattered white cottages, looking very pretty and picturesque, though for the most part entirely devoid of the substantiality of English dwellings, many of them being built wholly or in part of wood. We were driven to one that more merited the term of *house*, and which goes by the designation of Las Grosse Hans, and found

our way into a neat whitewashed apartment furnished with deal-benches, a sofa, a deal-table and deal bookshelves. There were three airy casement-windows, through which was wafted a most delicious breeze.

There were about thirty persons assembled, including ourselves and the proprietor of the apartment, whose wife has been here two years, and is now returning home with renewed health, highly satisfied with the result of the system, and which I understand she has carried on with much heroism, and for doing which she is now rewarded. After waiting half an hour a gentleman bustled in, cap in hand, of bronzed complexion, and strongly-marked though not unpleasing features, though with anything rather than a clerical air. He read a short service, and offered up a concise prayer for the sovereign of the country (as was done also in the English church at Dresden), after which he read us a printed sermon.

On our quitting our *church*, Priessnitz's large white hospital, full of windows, resembling a huge manufactory, appeared in sight. It is surrounded by other houses of smaller dimensions, and is situated still higher than they. The hills were varied and pretty, the fine day showing all to great advantage: the foreground is, however, too well cultivated to be picturesque: it has too much arable land, and is thus devoid of the beauty of wilder scenery. The hills above the establishment are fine, and clothed with fir to their summits. Those fronting his house are far higher and bolder, and have the usual livery of fir extending but midway up their sides.

While mounting up a steep and narrow path towards the establishment, we were overtaken by the clergyman we had just heard, and he very kindly addressed us, and inquired if we wanted to have lodgings at Græfenberg. On my replying that I should prefer indifferent accommodation there to the most comfortable that could be had in the town of Freiwaldau, he very kindly introduced me to a gentleman who frequently acts as interpreter; but I am sorry to say he gave me no hope of obtaining even one room at Græfenberg for some time to come—such numbers having flocked to the hills so soon as the warm weather commenced.

We were conducted up a high flight of steps to the front door, and then through a singular-looking lobby, where a part of the machinery, in the form of sitz-baths, &c. was visible, leading to another flight of steps conducting to the salle or saloon—a noble room, of about 120 feet in length, 40 in width, and 25 in height, having a double set of windows, 9 in length on the south side, with 9 above: on the whole about 36 windows. Three very long tables were prepared for dinner, having down the centre of each, over the tablecloths, a piece of oilcloth, with at intervals white chalk marks drawn across it, in order to divide the messes. A napkin was placed for each; but some, I remarked, were tied up, and appeared to contain something, and on inquiry I learned that white-bread—which has to be purchased separately—is often so secured. There was a plentiful supply of both the brown, common to the country, and the black or Priessnitz bread, of which I had heard so much. Over the entrance-door is an orchestra; and opposite to this is a whole-length portrait of the emperor, who, although represented in his robes of state, has no very imposing aspect. The tables may be extended so as to accommodate from three to four hundred guests, and Priessnitz takes his station at the head of one,

performed in Freiwaldau. Notwithstanding the cogent arguments of the latter, I felt far more disposed to coincide with the opinions of the Grafen-bergers; chiefly, perhaps, because taste led me to long for the freedom of the country, as well as for that elasticity which mountain air and mountain scenery always bestow.

We at length engaged some apartments for a week not far from the hotel, but even this accomplished, much still remained to be done: an attendant had to be hired; all articles in daily use, down to knives, forks, plates, glasses, &c. had to be procured; and this without more knowledge of German than had been picked up by my spirited companions during the journey. Such little difficulties as these would be merely amusing to the healthy and vigorous, but to the invalid (especially during such a temperature) they really become rather serious annoyances. I shall therefore counsel all my acquaintances who may be thinking of turning their faces hitherwards, to gain a slight knowledge of German ere putting on their hats or bonnets for a sojourn at Grafenberg. We were in one of our greatest straits, endeavouring to comprehend the gesticulations and vociferations of our new and very funny-looking little landlord, who had worked himself up to a state of fiery animation, when a card was brought in, introductive of a young English clergyman who lodged in the same house with ourselves, and whom we had encountered yesterday at the table-d'hôte. This was most opportune, as during a few weeks' residence here he has been working hard to acquire a power of speech available with the inhabitants and shopkeepers, who speak only German.

We gathered from our host that the bath attendant sent by Priessnitz had some troublesome children, and a still more troublesome *tongue*, and that they wished me, for the peace of the house, to dismiss her, and engage another who had come at the same time to offer her services. Glad to escape farther remonstrances on this score, we at once hired the round-faced, merry-looking lassie who had presented herself to our notice. It is settled that we are to give her eight florins a month, or two florins per week, and her dinner, she providing herself with other meals. . . . .

You would have been amused to have seen us sally forth, dictionary in hand, to make our household purchases. In this we were much aided at first by our kind fellow-lodger: he assisted also in initiating us into the mysteries of the coins current in the country—no small perplexity to the foreigner—Austrian money of the same denomination being divided into bad and good, so that there is the *schlecht* or bad *krentzer*, and the *gut* or good *krentzer*; besides which they often reckon in *groschens*, and then one has to do a sum to turn *krentzers* into them. Notwithstanding these little difficulties, there is in many respects much assistance rendered to the *dumb* purchaser not to be met with elsewhere—for instance, there is a shop where they profess to sell *all things*, and where they are in the habit of serving as much by signs as words. They are said to ask an English person rather more for different articles than they would do their own countrymen; but perhaps they excuse themselves on the score of extra trouble demanding extra payment. Our beds, and everything pertaining thereto, had been provided for us, otherwise it is usual to hire such things. Our household not being yet in order, we continued our quarters at the hotel; and on going there for our evening meal, we encountered our former

travelling companions, who told us they had by means of their courier obtained two rooms in a cottage in the colony, and with almost unexampled kindness they offered me the use of one. The manner of making this offer was most friendly and cordial. Mr —— said, 'I feel for you: you have left friends, and made great sacrifices to come here; you cannot make progress during this hot season without mountain air, and I am perfectly honest in really *wishing* you to accept our offer; indeed you must, and shall do so. I can take no denial.' I of course protested against such a proceeding, but at the same time deeply felt the intended kindness. We are now in our new abode, which I do not at all like, it being in a street, and that a not over-wide one. The veriest cot on the hills would be preferable; but more of this to-morrow.

*Tuesday.*—To what an unusual style of things did I open my eyes this morning! Shall I picture to you my position? Do not imagine I looked out from a grand four-post bed, well festooned and curtained; but fancy me in a *tree* deal-box, about three-quarters of a yard in width, placed in one corner of a good-sized apartment; this box being first lined well with straw, on which is laid the mattress, and then the down-bed and *decker*—the latter happening to be a very superb affair, composed of green silk, quilted. The down bed, you may believe, was dispensed with, and I quarrelled with the *decker* from its incapacity to *tuck in*, being made just the width of the bed; so it sat loose like a sheet of paper, falling first to one side, then to the other. On looking around, my eyes rested on the somewhat heterogeneous assemblage of furniture, serving the double purpose of sitting and bedroom—the sofa and dining-table betokening the former; while the washing-table, wardrobe, chest of drawers, &c. showed signs of the latter. Ere I was dressed, and before six o'clock, came barefooted boys and girls offering their mountain strawberries for sale; and fresh and tempting they looked. H—— E—— joined our *ci-devant* companions, and went in a coach to Græffenberg, in order to dine in the saloon, and to breathe colder air. Y—— and myself remained at home, and we were so entirely exhausted by the heat as to be unable to hold a book. We stretched ourselves on the sofa, with the lightest clothing possible, sighing for the breezes, which we supposed the hills would have afforded.

We had many comedies with our rosy maiden. As dinner-time arrived, we had to signify to her that she need only order two *portions* from the hotel: our fingers here were useful. This was our first dinner *at home*, and its style amused us not a little. It was brought in what is called a *monégen*, consisting of four or five circular vessels of white earthenware, sitting one on the other, having little open handles on the sides, through which a leathern strap was passed and buckled over the top, confining the whole together, and serving as a handle. The lid is usually turned upside down, and serves as a receptacle for stewed prunes or other fruit.

A gentleman this afternoon has been endeavouring to console me, by telling me that though we were surrounded by higher land, yet Freiwaldau is 1200 feet above the level of the sea—a high valley, certainly, and some solace for the sighers after mountain breezes! I expect henceforth to be too much occupied by my amphibious mode of life to be able to write as frequently as I have hitherto done; but I hope at least to send you an account of my doings once a week.



## VII.

I was preparing to take a walk the day I despatched my last when our rosy-faced maiden, without cap, shoes, or stockings, came bustling in, saying, 'Priessnitz! fünf uhr' (five o'clock); and between that hour and six she again ran in, with great *empressement*, to announce his arrival, motioning me at the same time to undress. Priessnitz just entered, kissed my hand, and made his exit. When I had put on my bathing garment I was conducted to the bath-room, where I found my Esculapius standing by a long, narrow, movable bath, with about four inches of tepid water in it. He motioned for me to dash water on my face, and then to step in; when seated in it he splashed water on my feet and legs, while the baddeinerin threw it on my back, which she rubbed vigorously; a can of cold water was then thrown in, after which I was motioned to leave the bath, and Priessnitz withdrew. How he is enabled to judge of the power possessed by the patient to bear applications of water by seeing them in a bath like this I am at a loss to know; some say he notices the contraction of the muscles. Be that as it may, this is the process all go through ere Priessnitz chooses to decide on the nature of the treatment. He gave the attendant numerous directions, which I felt it most tantalising not to comprehend. After a slight rubbing in a dry sheet, the maiden led me to an open window, and taught me to *flap* the sheet about me in all directions; this is called an *air-bath*. In a few minutes she encircled me with a bandage about a foot in width and three yards in length, she having first wet in cold water, and then well squeezed out, about as much as would go once round the body; the remainder, being dry, was passed over it. When proceeding to put on my accustomed habiliments, one after another was laughingly withdrawn, and I was esteemed dressed, *sous corsets, caleçons, jupon de laine*, &c.—a really charming deprivation in such weather as this! A glass of cold water was then handed to me, with an intimation that I was to walk. This was my initiatory process, and very queer did the stockingless legs look to their owner as she went her first walk along the street without one of the articles of under-clothing she had hitherto deemed indispensable. Thus disencumbered of what it had for many days been a toil to carry, I exceedingly enjoyed my afternoon ramble along pretty walks by the side of the small river running through the town. I thus became rather more reconciled to Freiwaldau, and retired to rest in happier mood. I was ordered to sleep under a single covering, and to have my windows open throughout the night. These commands, at the present season at least, are extremely agreeable.

The following morning at five my maiden presented herself at my bedside with a wet sheet, well squeezed out, hanging over her arm, in which she was about to pack me in—*impacken*, as it is called. It was well for me I had been accustomed to this process, as I could ask no questions, nor utter any remonstrances: I was quite at the mercy of my attendant. You know, I think, what an envelop means. It is truly a singular operation: for the space of twenty minutes I had to remain in the sheet or *leintuch*; then came my maiden, straw slippers in hand, to raise up my down-bed, and to untuck the blanket and sheet in which I was wrapped, so as to

allow me with little steps to *shore* myself into the adjoining room, where a tepid-bath had been prepared for me. She had previously thrown a dry sheet over my head corner-wise, passing it over my chest, and holding the corners behind, so that in the event of my slipping, she could save me from falling. After my bath I set off for a walk, drinking five glasses of water before breakfast: a bandage and air-bath were included in this process, and they are regular parts of the system. Now, you must know that all this is what is here called having a *leintuch*, which one word will in future, you must bear in mind, comprehend the whole affair.

In the course of the morning my reverend friend from Graefenberg called, and while with us Priessnitz made his appearance, so he acted as my interpreter. Priessnitz's further orders were, that I should drink twelve glasses of water during the day; five of these to be taken before my morning repast, the others to be drunk before and after each process (or *kur*), two during dinner, and one at bedtime. I am for the present to have a dripping-sheet thrown over me at eleven A.M., in which I am to be well rubbed, and when dried to have a cold *sitz* or sitting-bath for twenty minutes. Previous to this and all baths (but the morning one) I am to drink water, and walk; so also after each. At five P.M. I am (for a few days) to repeat this *kur*: I must retire early to rest, and not rise later than five. If I am too minute in my details, you must really, dear D—, blame yourself; as for myself, I should be pleased to be spared giving them.

I was in the course of the day introduced to many new acquaintances, all engaged in the same pursuit. This seems to be a bond of union, and in some measure to break down the freezing barrier of etiquette, inspiring a kind of cordiality that is very agreeable. There are not usually to be found here those insurmountable obstacles to pleasant intercourse between persons of different nations, or of a somewhat different class, which but too generally exist elsewhere, and especially in our own country, tending to exclude all that interchange of ideas and feeling which, if encouraged, would be as conducive to enlargement of mind as to the increase of true charity. This spirit of *bonhomie* is a great help to new-comers, and it is astonishing how soon they meet with sympathy and real kindness from those who anywhere else would pause long, and make numerous inquiries, ere they would even bestow a bow or a curtsey. Even here, however, there are, I understand, the overscrupulous, the nice weighers and calculators as to the claims to notice; but they suffer for their exclusiveness, and are less happy and less liked, and gain for their pains little but ridicule.

The temperature has become cooler: great heat is, I hear, unusual, and only a fortnight since it was so cold that one of my countrymen told me he thought on that account alone he must have quitted the place; yet that was in the month of June. This gentleman has a most rigorous process to go through: he commences operations soon after four A.M., has two *leintuchs*, and a plunge-bath after, then takes a brisk walk, drinking five glasses of water, and ends his morning *kur* by having the *douche* before breakfast. The *douche*, you perhaps know, is a perpendicular fall of water from a considerable height, received chiefly on the back and limbs, never on the chest or head. This gentleman suffers from hoarseness and weakness of voice, so is ordered to throw open his shirt in a morning, and expose both throat and chest to the early breezes. The first I saw thus

undressed really startled me; for what of his throat was not concealed by his beard was reddened by exercise and the keen air of morning, while his long dark hair was blowing with the breeze; and being minus waistcoat and stockings, he appeared to my uninitiated eyes like a being escaped from bedlam. I understand that when we go to live on the hill our eyes will soon become accustomed to grotesque costumes, they being often adopted as much from whim and frolic as from obedience to orders from headquarters. Liberty, it is said, chooses the mountain for her dwellingplace; I hope, therefore, soon to live under her sway, and enjoy her smiles, and so be spoiled, you will say, for the restraints of civilised life. Ah well! variety is charming; so let me enjoy this little interlude in existence, where custom, fashion, and opinion bind not down with their adamant chains, and destroy all freedom of thought or action. I often think how much you would enjoy a few months' residence here, but I do not suppose you would have any desire to prolong your stay for years, as some do; that would partake too much of stagnation for you in these stirring times, and you would sigh for your half-dozen daily papers, &c.

I have been obliged to beg an English lady who speaks German fluently to speak to my maiden for me, as she does not altogether please me; but to scold by proxy is a very cool process!—anger evaporating by the way. I am now ordered to have a leintuch and bath in the afternoon; so you see I am progressing; but I have still tepid water, so cautious is Priessnitz. I already feel much stronger, and am able to walk farther. I often long for you at our morning meals; they are really delicious: the milk is capital, so is the white and brown bread, and the mountain strawberries are quite a treat. You would be amused to see us in a morning, surrounded by a group of bareheaded and barefooted peasants holding out jugs of strawberries, all clamorously calling out the price in kreutzers. We soon learned to say *Wie viel?* (How much?), and to give two or three kreutzers less than were asked; although many of them, poor things, trudged over the hills, &c. a distance of eight or nine miles, for the value of fourpence. The peasants of this country seem stunted in growth, and though plump and rosy in youth, are shrivelled and wretched-looking when old. This is greatly owing to hard work and exceedingly poor living, as well as to their close dwellings, which they heat with their stoves in winter to a point almost suffocating and unbearable to those unaccustomed to such an atmosphere. . . . .

Some days have passed since I wrote the above, and so great a change has taken place in the temperature that I am really shivering with cold. A lady has just told me I must have the cold-water fever; I would rather term it the cold-water ague. Gentlemen are exercising themselves by turning; and we have just had handles for skipping-ropes presented to us; so I mean to skip vigorously to restore a brisk circulation, and this in July! I am now about to retire to my cot, and am longing for a comfortable English bed, where I could turn about *ad libitum*, and be tucked in. Never was anything so ill adapted for its purpose as a little German bed; they would do well enough could one lie through the night as still as a corpse in its coffin; but, alas! one does sometimes want to turn (notwithstanding the Duke of Wellington's assertion, that when that is necessary it is high time to get up); and wo betide the poor wight who

does so ! Out comes the decker on one side, down it goes on the other ! and then the poor knees and back get most awakening knocks against the sides of this sleeping-box ; but habit reconciles to most things, and so ere I again see you my *wee* bed and I may have become very good friends.

## VIII.

One really does need the shield of hydropathy to bear the changes in this climate. Notwithstanding the chilliness of the weather, some young German ladies, our opposite neighbours, have just driven off in an open carriage, without bonnets and with short-sleeved dresses, to the usual Sunday-night ball, held in the Saloon at Græfenberg. I am glad to say it is very rare for the English to attend these dances ; and, that they may not be quite excluded from such festivities, others are frequently appointed for other days in the week. My companions have attended the early Roman Catholic service, commencing at six A.M., and also the English one, held at Græfenberg, but I have been obliged to content myself with my books at home. The inhabitants of Freiwaldau and the neighbourhood are scarcely to be recognised on a Sunday afternoon, so gaily attired are they, and with shoes and stockings to boot. One young damsel has to-day amused us vastly as she sailed and rattled along under no less than four stiffly-starched petticoats. Fashion in these parts seems to counsel her votaries to conceal as much as possible from view all outline even of the 'human form divine ;' and for this purpose she has devised such a mode of encumbering the poor limbs as would have astonished the eye of a Michael Angelo. The washerwomen all vie with each other in stiffening this part of female gear. A day or two since, as I was returning from the hill, I could not imagine what moving thing was proceeding upwards, till, on approaching it, I perceived it was a young damsel carrying a rake over her shoulders, to every prong of which were appended gowns and petticoats, standing out like so many balloons.

*Monday.*—I have become acquainted with an English gentleman and his wife, who, from their power of speaking German and several other continental languages with facility, have heard many particulars relating to patients of which, but for them, I should have remained ignorant, and which are indeed most encouraging. Among many other instances of benefit received from the water-system, I will here only mention two, respecting two ladies I had met when walking with Mrs —, and whose healthy and truly merry countenances had attracted my notice. The one was Madame —, who had for seven years suffered all those evils (physical and mental) that usually arise from premature confinement and other misfortunes akin, without ever having had a living child. She had consulted the first medical men in various countries, but all to no purpose, and was at length persuaded to try the water-system ; which has been so successful in restoring health and strength, as to be the means, under God's blessing, of bestowing on her a little being, whom she considers a great treasure, as well as a pledge of happier days to come. The other lady I met was the Countess — ; on seeing whom Mrs — exclaimed, 'Observe that lady ; she is a wonderful cure. She was given up by the Faculty—nothing more

could be done; upon which her husband, who had previously received benefit at Grafenberg, wrote and asked Priessnitz if he thought he could do her any good. Priessnitz sent off immediately Madame B——, a person well skilled in the water cure, to see her, and to form some judgment of her state. When she arrived in Vienna, the poor countess was scarcely sensible, and was plastered all over with ointments and lineaments. Madame B——'s first care was to employ a plentiful ablution, and then to have her lifted by two persons into a carriage, which had to proceed at a walking pace. Whenever they came to a stream of water, the careful nurse alighted to wet the poor invalid's bandages, and when they passed a cottage, she procured for her a little bread and butter. When at length they arrived at Freiwaldau, Priessnitz dealt most gently with her, and allowed her to have an airing daily. By degrees she made progress, and at the end of a year and some months she got well through a confinement, and is now a stout and remarkably fine-looking woman, with the loveliest complexion I ever saw.' This little history interested me much.

I have again had a visit from Priessnitz, and am ordered, for exercise, to *saw wood*; so I must set up a saw and block *instantly*, or at least so soon as I can go on the hill; for this operation is better performed out of doors, and in the town that is not very practicable. I am also, then, to exchange my tepid-bath for a cold plunge, though at first I am to allow the latter to succeed the former, and even for a time or two to go back again to the tepid, which many say is a delicious kind of bath to have. You see how extremely cautious Priessnitz is; and what think you is his remedy for cold feet? (of which I complained). Doubtless you will say warm stockings, thick shoes, or perhaps friction. No, dear: he ordered me to walk barefooted over wet grass and clover after my morning bath; this, he averred, would be better than taking foot-baths. He then reiterated his orders for wearing no stockings, on which I exhibited my undressed ankles, which provoked a smile from him. I got into a little scrape with the doctor, owing to the impossibility of entering into explanations with my bath attendant. She told Priessnitz that I would add cloak and shawl to my bedclothing, though he had enjoined me strictly to have but one covering; whereas the fact was, I had substituted those articles, because I could manage to tuck them in, while the narrow decker, though much warmer, did little more than stretch across my poor little receptacle. Now, as I rather prided myself on my great obedience and docility, I was somewhat provoked to be charged with contumacy; but there was no help for it, so I drew upon my small stock of philosophy, and bore the charge as meekly as I could. How often I feel, with regard to languages, that 'knowledge is power,' and long to be well enough to make myself mistress of German! . . . . .

Being most anxious to obtain quarters on the hill, I engaged rooms a few days since in the large house in the colony. I had not seen them, but despatched my maiden to prepare them for us. When she returned, she raised her hands and eyes, and exclaimed, 'These rooms are schön (beautiful) to those;' then pointing to signify length and breadth, she added—'so dirty! all dirt! and the rain comes in at the window, and swims through the room; the woman of the house, too, is cross and stingy, and will allow you no basins, water-jugs, or anything.' This rather alarmed me, at least

so far as dirt and crossness went; furniture signifying little, as there is every facility for hiring that at small cost. We resolved, therefore, on paying a visit of inspection: and when we arrived, I felt it would be vain to attempt hiring rooms on the third flat, as the Scotch would say, with I know not how many stairs to descend to a plunge-bath, in a house with numerous inmates. If I were alarmed at the height to climb before and after every bath, I was still more so at what the olfactory nerves would have to encounter on the landing adjoining; and what an assemblage of things did I there behold! Blankets and sheets suspended to dry, sitz-baths, &c. besides two beds, and their accompaniment for bath-rubbers. No wonder that the air in those precincts should be somewhat contaminated! I need scarcely add, we relinquished our claim on these apartments, and gladly paid a week's rent to be free of them. Now you must not imagine there are no better accommodations to be met with in the colony, or at Græfenberg; for even in the house I have now mentioned there are many very large, airy, cheerful rooms, in which those who choose to hire suitable furniture may be very comfortably lodged; and many of the apartments prepared for lodgers in the small farmhouse can, by a visitor of taste, be made to look quite pretty. The best, however, are bespoken early in the spring by those who have stayed through the winter in Freiwaldau, so that when we arrived in the beginning of July all were occupied. Those unfortunate mortals, however, whose happiness depends on frescoed walls, gilt panellings, satin draperies, or Brussels carpets, had better not set foot in Græfenberg, as whitewashed walls, uncarpeted floors, &c. would too sadly shock their sensitiveness.

I am now so much stronger as to be able to reach a summer-house on the hill near the establishment, from which there is a complete panoramic view, bounded on all sides but the Prussian by high hills. It stands about 1909 German feet above the level of the sea, and has broad gravel walks in many directions, some of which wind down to the public road. The air I found there so reviving, that it made me still more impatient to reside within easy reach. I see ladies, too, sawing in the wooden balconies attached to the cottages, and become envious; and I long, moreover, to be able to reach the extensive forests above the establishment, where good walks and springs of purest water abound. When the weather is fine, and the *kurgasts* are abroad, Græfenberg bears, I assure you, quite an animated appearance; but weather does make all the difference to hydropathists, for in general, however bad that may be, baths are taken and walking gone through: some exceptions, nevertheless, are made. Occasionally the ruins here are tremendous; streams run from all the houses, and almost rivers flow through the streets; but I have now the satisfaction to hear that the season in England is no better, and that cold and wet prevail there. The months of September and October are here, I am informed; almost always fine and enjoyable, and are considered excellent months for the cure. Are you tired of my monotonous letters? Those who are not enthusiasts in the water-system, and who have not to make the restoration of health a business, are apt to pine for more variety than they can find among these hills; but to us all is novelty for the present. You must add variety to our lives by sending us intelligence relating to the busy world around you, and we will thus peep at all through our 'loopholes of retreat.'

## IX.

Since I wrote last, we have all (nature included) been hydropathised even beyond our desires. The clouds, as if in frolic, seemed resolved to ascertain whether we lovers of water could have a too abundant supply of it. On Saturday torrents were poured down upon us through the night. Never had I heard such incessant or pelting rain! On the following morning the baddeinerin called me to the window, where I beheld water to a considerable depth flowing rapidly down the street, over which temporary wooden bridges had already been erected. Very soon the people were to be seen busily securing their cellar windows. On, on still came the rain, and higher and higher rose the water, rushing down the street with tremendous force. All now began to wear faces of considerable anxiety, such a flood not having been witnessed since 1827, and then it was not so terrific as this threatened to prove. They feared the consequences, both in the destruction of crops and in malaria. For some time men attempted to pass in boots reaching far above their knees. No doors could be opened, and all waited the result in a state of considerable consternation. During the early part of this scene we had a somewhat ludicrous rencontre with our opposite neighbours, a set of laughter-loving German damsels, with whose merry voices we had, by means of open windows, become familiar, but to whom we had not been introduced. They came to the window in their *bonnets de nuit* to reconnoitre—we doing the same; when all ceremony seemed instantly to vanish, and we mutually broke through the ice of etiquette, as people usually do when thrown together in some common peril or excitement. Conversation was attempted; but we found it vain to try to raise our voices above the noise of the rushing waters, and could only express our feelings in signs of wonderment and trepidation. At length came the hour of dinner, and with it some cogitation as to how it could be procured, which, however, our spirited maiden soon ended by climbing a wall at the back of the house, and placing the trophies of her achievement on the table. About five in the afternoon the rain had ceased, and we issued from our ark through a hole in the wall, and went as far as the Platz, where a most melancholy occurrence was related to us. A young man from Belgium, a Baron Beckman, the friend and companion of Count Zuleski, a Frenchman, had fallen into the swollen and rushing river by the giving way of a little wooden bridge, and was drowned. The Count was carried by the stream to a shallow part of it, where he seized hold of a tree, and there sustained himself for the space of an hour. He had first fallen in, and it was believed that his friend had sought to save him. The body of the poor young baron was not discovered for an hour and a half, and it was then unfortunately placed in the hands of a surgeon of the place, who attempted to draw blood, instead of immediately using the ordinary means of restoration. It is said that a few drops flowed, and that his heart was seen to beat. A second time the same measure was attempted; but the precious fluid had become stagnant. Priessnitz was sent for, who said he had never had to treat a case of drowning. He first tried the old-fashioned plan of holding up the body with the head downwards, and then

employed friction for a considerable time; but all to no purpose: life was extinct. . . .

At eleven A.M. on the following Wednesday we attended the funeral of the poor baron. When we entered the church we found it lighted up, and decorated with much tawdry finery. As soon as the body was deposited in the aisle, lighted tapers, tied with black, were placed in the hands of both ladies and gentlemen, who occupied opposite sides of the church. The coffin, which, though black, was decorated with artificial flowers, had been preceded by three or four priests and young lads—the latter carrying flags. A long ceremony was followed by high mass, which, being unintelligible to us, became very wearying, especially as the heat both from the weather and lighted tapers was quite stifling. Many English were present, and among them I observed four clergymen: there was but one relative of the deceased present, and this a cousin. Ladies and gentlemen followed the coffin promiscuously, tapers in hand (which were almost extinguished under a burning sun), to a little burying-ground across the market-place, where again there was chanting and prayer until the coffin was lowered, and earth was scattered over him who but four days before was living and moving like ourselves, and enjoying everything in the full confidence of youth and buoyancy!

On the day after this notable hood we took a carriage with intent to drive to Graefenberg; but when midway, we found the roads in such a state, that, fearing our vehicle must be upset every instant, we dismissed it, and walked. When we reached the colony, we espied a knot of gentlemen to whom we had been introduced—and among them the Rev. Mr —, who had formerly been so polite to us. There was also —, who loudly remonstrated with me for having been so fastidious as to relinquish the rooms I had taken in the Grosse Haus, and now pointed out others in a whitewashed cottage, chiefly built of wood, just vacated by an English physician; and truly a curious little abode it was. Still, there was a rurality here which could not be found on a third flat in a comparatively large house: so far from having to climb, one step would conduct me from the road into my little sitting-room, and another would lead to my little dormitory. These rooms were about eight or nine feet square, with small casement windows. Two other apartments were to be found by mounting a sort of ladder in an inner passage conducting to a large half-darkened landing, where I observed a bed in one corner, and in another piles of the brown bread eaten by the poorer classes. The inhabitants of these cottages are small farmers, but look like wretchedly-poor labourers. Many of them have added rooms and wooden balconies to their small dwellings in order to accommodate visitors; and they must, I think, make more by letting lodgings than by farming. The family huddle together in one or two rooms, and seem to live in a most miserable manner, being apparently both half-clothed and half-fed. The visitors give them little trouble, as they hire servants of their own, as well as furniture and utensils of all kinds. There were some advantages attending this domicile, such as the cows and manure being kept in the background, and so forth. But ere finally taking it, we accompanied a young Prussian to see some rooms of a very superior character, then occupied by a German of rank, who had resided in them for a considerable time. We saw at a glance that we could make ourselves



(in Grafenberg style) very comfortable in these; and it was resolved we should ruralise in the wooden cot until they should be at liberty. It is always necessary to advance a florin or so on concluding a bargain, otherwise these good people do not deem it necessary to remember the transaction should any better price be bidden. The lodgings on the hill are more expensive, we find, than those in the town; but neither are very ruinous. In Freiwaldau we pay three florins per week for the rooms merely; and for the cottage above three and a half, not including furniture, which we shall have to hire. When we obtain our grander ones, we shall have to pay more than double this for the summer season.

Some days have elapsed since this transaction, and you may now behold me safely—shall I say snugly?—enjoined in our new abode. The latter you would perhaps dispute, when I tell you that we are, for two reasons, compelled to sit with our door open. In the first place, our little casement of four small panes scarcely affords sufficient light; and in the next—there being but a partition between us and the cows—there are certain evidences of their vicinity which I need the pure mountain breeze to dispel. The weather, however, is fine and warm—so to sit with an open door is no punishment, especially when through it the eye can rest on green banks, hills, trees, &c. I do not in the least pity myself, I assure you; so I pray you bestow none upon me. I am rather felicitating myself on the happy change we have effected; but I must give you some account of our ménage. We had no time for making preparations, but, supplying ourselves with brooms and brushes, we followed our beds and furniture—and when arrived, found the former would not be useless articles: for the first care of one of our party was to brush down hundreds of huge spiders, with which the walls were absolutely darkened. This employment caused no little merriment; but as I was not allowed to take my share in the murderous work, I sped up the hill to pay a visit to our old *compagnons de voyage*. When I returned, a complete metamorphosis had been effected. The spiders had vanished; our mahogany drawers had taken the place of the deal ones; a small sofa and sundry cushioned chairs had been substituted for wooden ones; and, to crown all, our deal and well-inlaid table had been covered with a new crimson cloth, on which snow-white napkins were spread for the evening meal of milk and strawberries which now graced the board. When seated at our repast, we viewed, I assure you, our little precincts with as much pride and complacency as many a fine lady does her newly-furnished boudoir, fitted up with all the pomp of fashion. I find it really delightful to be able to wander out, book and stool in hand, in perfect freedom, without even the encumbrance of a bonnet; and I am perfectly charmed to be amidst fields and hills, instead of having to trudge with great fatigue to seek them, and to be able to raise my eyes to hill and sky rather than to walls and chimneys. Nature! sweet nature! she has charms inexpressible, and capable of producing almost mysterious effect on the spirits and being of her votaries! How often she can rouse from despondency, and create even gladness of heart, when all else fails to soothe! They who possess no susceptibility for the charms of nature are excluded from one of the greatest and purest enjoyments on this side heaven. . . . .

You say you are not surprised at my impatience to be on the hill; I hope, therefore, you will not be quite amazed at any *ecstasies*, now that

my object is accomplished. On the very first night I wandered long about under a bright moon and soft air, re-entering our cot only to court sleep in my new and not very inviting dormitory. Although my window was open all night, according to order, I could scarcely endure the mingled odour that saluted my olfactory nerves, arising from the contiguity of the cows, and (which was even worse) the peasant's *omnium gatherum*—a room containing all, and used for everything. I had, I assure you, to bear in mind all the advantages of my present sojourn as a *set-off* to this great nuisance; and doubtless habit will render it more bearable—if not, we must remember it is only for a very short time. I now enjoy my baths exceedingly—my first essay was from the tepid to the cold plunge, and back again to the tepid, which I found very pleasant. After my morning-bath, I walk for twenty minutes on the dewy grass or clover, as formerly bidden do, and I am sure this operation would excite your risibility. I have also set up a saw, and you might now see me sawing wood out of doors, as if I were working for my livelihood. What a curious contrast my employments form to yours! Though I must tell you that, rural as we are, we received some callers this morning of no mean station or requirements. We also have sundry *pop* visits from passers-by, our unclosed door seeming to invite a 'how d'ye do?' —, who is very kind and attentive to us, stood by our door for some time talking to us in praise of Priessnitz and his system. He is very enthusiastic (and what good can be effected without enthusiasm?), and thinks Priessnitz has made one of the greatest discoveries the world has ever known, because it will be the means of conferring more lasting services on mankind than almost any other. He also descanted on the character of Priessnitz, and declared him to be singularly disinterested—one instance of which he gave us, in his having refused to enrich himself at the expense of his poorer neighbours; as he might have done if he had consented to purchase land contiguous to his dwelling, for the purpose of enlarging it, as some of his friends advised. He remarked on this occasion, 'The people in Freiwaldau have gone to great expenses' in rendering their houses comfortable and commodious, and I will not rob them of the gains they have been anticipating.' 'Priessnitz's character,' added he, 'has always been free from reproach; no one has ever charged him with a vice, or even with a folly, and his patience and good-temper are singularly eminent: he will go through snow to his knees, though perhaps the party who sends for him has only a headache, or some trifling disorder, and he never complains; he also bears persecution admirably, and his attention and diligence are so great, that he never receives a letter, though even the postage be unpaid, without replying to it.' — farther informed us, that had not Priessnitz's father been blind, the world would have lost the blessing of his discovery, as the son would have been drawn for a soldier, from which he was exempted purely because he used to lead about this aged parent. . . .

## X.

From whence do you imagine I now write?—even from a capacious summer-house situated on a pretty hill, within five minutes' walk of our dwelling, called the *Eisenberg*, and where our milk and strawberries

are conveyed every fine morning by about eight o'clock. We also carry thither our books, desks, drawing-materials, &c. and pass an hour in it or on the banks around, and very much do I enjoy it! I have been spending so much time in sketching the establishment from hence, that my mid-day bath now awaits me, and I must for the present bid you adieu. . . . I have returned from paying my first diurnal visit to the *salle* or *saloon*—the great centre of reunion and social intercourse for invalids and strangers. Here — had kindly bespoken places for us; he also ushered us in, and placed us at a table set apart for occasional guests. There were four or five very long tables prepared for dinner, with oil-cases down the centre, as I before described to you. Understanding that there are now persons here from seven-and-twenty different states and nations (including, I presume, the various principalities in Germany), and that among them there are Russians, Poles, Americans, Hungarians, Bohemians, a Greek, and a modicum of French and Italians, I was prepared to see a motley crew; but the first appearance of the *Kurgasts* (at least the male part of them), to an eye accustomed only to behold men under all the restraints imposed by custom or fashion, is more comical than can be conceived. The pen can give a very faint idea of the grotesqueness, the exceeding oddity, of the aspect of those who have from whim or freak exaggerated the pleasant orders given at head-quarters for emancipation from unnecessary covering or unhealthy restraints! The countenances and complexion of the guests attest their diversity of origin and nation, *not* the variety of their costumes. That is *a la Grafenberg*, and is unique! It consists for the most part of a checked or striped linen jacket or frock, which (as the lightest possible clothing is recommended) is worn for at least three parts of the year by the thorough-going Grafenberger. The pantaloons are of some light material, and the genuine Grafenbergers have them merely tied round the waist with a cord and tassels—thus dispensing with those harness-like articles called braces. Freedom for the muscles and also for the lungs is Priesnitz's sensible injunction; cravats and stocks are therefore never seen to incommode the neck of the true disciple, and galling I should think it must be to resume such symbols of slavery! How ludicrous are some of the tyrant Fashion's requirements! Yet man seems even to exult in his bondage; and there is a species of rivalry as to who can prove his tortured neck to be the most thoroughly captive, and the least able to employ its functions spontaneously. I cannot, however, admire the poor cropped heads of the gentlemen. The closely-cut hair may be very convenient to the constant bather, but is certainly far from being ornamental. As to the beard, that grows or is cut according to fancy; and as I am rather an admirer of a well-trimmed beard, and think nature never intended that man should be so entirely shorn of it, I was not at all disposed to find fault with those whose taste or convenience allowed theirs to become somewhat luxuriant.

A beard of *demi-growth* (of an inch or two long) was decidedly *not* *squre*; and, coupled with a hatless head and exposed throat, gave sometimes the idea of an escape from Bedlam. Many are stockingless, but this is of course less visible with gentlemen than with ladies. As to the latter, there is at this season of the year no very striking peculiarity in their attire, excepting that the generality wear nature's own stockings only.

When seen out of doors, they would doubtless shock a Mussulman, for rarely either bonnets or caps wear they; and they certainly do not deem it necessary to conceal their features, or mountain bloom, by a veil! In winter, I understand, their costume is even more picturesque than that of the gentlemen, as they wear then *red Wellington's*, which are displayed to full advantage by the tying up of gowns and other habiliments. But now to the dinner. I left myself seated at the table expecting its appearance. The viands are raised by pulleys, in a recess adjoining the salle; and a dish or dishes being placed to each mess, the guests hand it, and help themselves. The appetite is so keen, that all this is done with no little eagerness and rapidity, and the enormous quantity consumed would surprise any one who did not know how all had laboured to earn their meal. This happened to be pork day; there were no vegetables but stewed prunes, and little hard balls made of flour, &c. and these composed the first course. For many years I had not ventured to touch pork, but Priessnitz and the cure enable one to do wonders; besides, necessity has no law, and the appetite was most vulgarly keen; so all was hazarded. Creed rice and prunes formed course the second.

Priessnitz did not enter until dinner was half over. He was in his ordinary gray coat, and came in with the most unpretending manner. I could not help mentally retracing his career, and wondering whether he himself ever did so. How astonished would he once have been could he have looked through the vista of years, and seen his present position! Who that had seen among the Silesian mountains a poor, barefooted peasant lad *cut his finger*, would have augured that *that* event was the germ of a discovery destined to be spread through the civilised world; that would transform a little insignificant hamlet into a place of resort for all nations, and lay the foundation of both fortune and renown for the youth himself? Yet such was the tiny event which first drew Priessnitz's attention to the curative powers of water!—*cold* water! Four years later, the same poor peasant again made use of his new-found remedy to cure himself of wounds and broken ribs incurred by a wagon passing over him. His fame soon extended through the little hamlet, and he was led gradually to try his powers of healing, first on the animals, and then on the peasantry around him, until at length his doings attracted the attention of the Faculty and the authorities in his neighbourhood, who persecuted him to the very utmost of their power, and drew upon him the inspection of government. After due inquiry, the Emperor of Austria granted him permission to have an establishment; and from that time to the present he has been gaining immense experience in treating diseases, and making farther discoveries, both in the application of cold water and in all the other natural means which his exceeding power of close observation have led him to adopt for the cure or amelioration of so many of the ills to which flesh is heir. His first *paying* patient was a curé at Freiwaldau, who had been a most strenuous opponent both of him and his cure; but being, after a dangerous illness, given up by the Faculty, he (after receiving the last consolations which his religion dictated to a person supposed to be in dying circumstances) sent, as a lingering hope, for the persecuted Priessnitz, and inquired of him if he thought he could do him any good. Priessnitz consented to try; and in a very short space of time the priest was enabled to resume his

duties, and did not fail to recant his former vituperations against Priessnitz and the cure as publicly as he had previously uttered them—namely, from the pulpit itself; and he has ever since remained his most grateful friend and staunch supporter. After the lapse of five-and-twenty years, he has returned to Griefenberg, to be again cured of some temporary ailment, and is attended by Priessnitz in our abode. But once more to the *salle*.

During dinner I observed glasses of milk being taken to some, eggs to another, and pudding of a different kind to others. What is called Priessnitz bread is very dark, and certainly cannot boast of its lightness. It has caraway seeds in it, and is not sour, like the brown bread of the country. I do not dislike it, and many are very fond of it. To some Priessnitz gives the recipe for making it ere they quit Griefenberg, it being in a measure medicinal. Most of the guests left the *salle* on dinner being ended. Priessnitz always remains in his place at the head of one of the tables, in order to give an opportunity for any one to consult him. We were introduced to a Danish lady, who spoke English very tolerably, and who was very chatty and agreeable. We have also seen the black gentleman from St Domingo of whom I had heard so much: by profession he is a teacher of dancing, and is a very first-rate performer and teacher in that department of science. He has been a perfect martyr to gout for seventeen years—seven of which have been spent in bed, or chiefly so. He is now so much better that he is the merriest of the merry, and can cut capers as in olden time. He sat at the head of our table. The whole scene was most amusing. On quitting the *salle*, we sat for some time on the broad terrace near the establishment, from which there is a very fine panoramic view—the brilliant day and exhilarating breezes tempting me to postpone for a while my intended chat with you.

## XI.

You still desire a minute account of all we hear, see, and do. I will therefore again beg you to bear in mind that, shut up as we are among these Silesian mountains, away from the great Babel and all its stirring events and excitements, there must be no small degree of monotony in our manner of life, and that little of what is termed incident can be expected. This premised, I will from time to time notice any feature in our *aquatic* existence that I think may convey either interest or information. We are of course become much better acquainted now with both people and things around us, and have acquired a much more home-feeling than we had. I especially enjoy those blessings that are here open to all—the sight of the magnificent sun as he rises and sets; the delicious air, so invigorating and exhilarating; the cold, sparkling streams, and the bold outline of the landscape, though that is somewhat too bounded, too hemmed in by mountains for my taste, and wants also variety in foliage—the fir-tree too much predominating. I long, therefore, sometimes to shift the scene, as they do when exhibiting panoramic views; but I fear I must plead guilty to the charge of possessing an inquietness of spirit. I soon acquired sufficient strength to reach the woods situated above the establishment, where I found walks cut in all directions, up hill and down

dale, leading to different fountains where the patients drink. Every now and then there are fine openings in these forests, displaying the hills and valleys around.

During my first ramble in the woods I encountered Dr —, who has been here some time under Priessnitz for his own health. He is not one of the enthusiastic admirers of either Priessnitz or the cure; but admits that much may be done by the use of cold water alone, and that the system, as now carried on here, shows astonishing application and perseverance in the discoverer. He conceives that it needs medical knowledge to carry it fully out; and yet confesses that no man possessing that advantage would have dared to put in practice the remedies which Priessnitz prescribes for gout, and which have proved to be so wonderfully efficacious. May this not be the case with other maladies also? Dr — regretted that the profession generally would not see the good there obviously is in the system; for though it is their duty to watch against empirics of every kind, yet it is but wise, fair, and philanthropic, to institute a candid and impartial inquiry into that which has been the means of benefiting thousands—curing some, and relieving others—to whom medicine had for years been administered unavailingly. Some of its supporters have done harm to the cause by professing to regard it as a cure for every disease—thus asserting what Priessnitz himself often practically denies, as he does not undertake to restore all who apply to him. The system is not, I think, generally fully understood. The chief agent in his cure is certainly water—cold or tepid water; but he limits himself not to this alone, and thus his system should, I think, rather be termed the ‘natural means-system.’ He exercises a much more extensive power over his patients than the mere use of water would give. He makes them break through all the deleterious habits of artificial life, and obliges them to adopt others of a perfectly opposite and beneficial character. He has philosophised on man in his various conditions in society, and his close and keen observations have led him to detect the chief cause of that deterioration from the sound and healthy state of nature which ultimately produces disorder and disease. And seeing that this arises most frequently from the prejudicial habits acquired from an over-refined and artificial state of society, he strikes at the root of the evil, and forces his patients back to a ruder state of existence—to simple and healthy habits. He notices how generally free from physical evil is the honest (if not over-tasked) peasant; and he makes his patients’ manner of life in a measure to resemble his: he orders them to live in fresh air, and obliges them to earn food and rest by labour of body—prescribing at certain periods (sufficiently far apart) nourishment of the most simple kind—depriving them at the same time of all hurtful and stimulating beverages. All obstacles to returning health being thus removed, and his patients placed in a condition to derive good from medicine, he administers this in portions suited to their diversified states and wants. This remedy, which is administered freely both externally and internally, is nature’s own medicine, pure and fresh from nature’s own spring, and is that blessed gift of heaven—*cold water!*

How amused you would have been had you accompanied me in a call I made early one morning on kind Mr —, in what I called their wigwam. Their dormitory is just capable of containing a bed; their sitting-room

is long and low, only dimly lighted by two or three casements of four small panes each. They had breakfasted, and were preparing for church—he being occupied at one end of the cabin-like room in shaving, and she at the other in braiding her long tresses. *Point de cérémonie* is here allowed, and so I was permitted to enter; and after chatting a while, we proceeded together to the church. In the evening of that day, as we were walking towards the establishment, we met Herr —, who hoped we were going to the ball. One of my companions said frankly—‘Not on a Sunday.’ ‘Oh,’ he replied, ‘I quite forgot the objection of you English to Sunday gaiety; we will have a dance some other day on purpose for you!’

We find to our no small satisfaction that Grafenberg can boast a small library of German, English, French, and Italian books—one of the *Kurgasts* being librarian. It is composed, as may be supposed, chiefly of works of amusement; but the subscription is not ruinous, being only one shilling a month. A deposit of five florins is made previously to taking out a book—this to be refunded on the borrower leaving the place, if the amount should not have been swallowed up by the subscriptions.

I longed much for a donkey to take me up some of the higher hills, and farther into the forests than I could walk; and I at last obtained the only one there was, which proved, however, so wretched an animal, that my first ride was my only one. We frequently regret the want of ponies and donkeys; but as walking is obliged to be the chief exercise, I suppose it would not answer any one to keep them, especially, too, on account of the general long continuance of snow on the ground, when they could have nothing to do. . . . . This morning was fine and warm, and I had for the first time the cold plunge without the tepid first; and at ten in the forenoon I took the douche for two minutes, and felt afterwards in a delicious glow. A fine dry day makes all the difference to a hydropathist who is not strong, the reaction after the baths being so much better. I hope soon to be able to have the douche before breakfast; having at present an abreibung, or dripping-sheet, followed by a cold sitz-bath, to take before dinner. The principal douches are situated in a little sheltered valley in the forest, and run into high wooden or stone buildings, which are open at the top. The water is always running, and falls perpendicularly from the height of eighteen or twenty feet, being generally a stream of three or four inches in diameter. The douche-rooms are always boarded, and there are dressing-rooms attached, where in winter, when the weather is very severe, a fire is allowed. The length of time for taking the douche varies much: some having it for one or two, others for five or ten minutes at a time; but the generality of persons seem to take it for about two and three minutes. I shall long remember how I enjoy the hours I spend in or near this Eisenberg summer-house whenever the weather and sun invite; and this I shall have more leisure to partake of when I can douche before breakfast.

## XII.

You complain of my not sending a regular bulletin, so I think I must despatch one to-day by this post; for the brighter the day the

more buoyant and hopeful are my feelings regarding renewed health and strength, and it is this morning supereminently charming. Sometimes there is here such a combination of delights, all of nature's own—the sky so deeply blue, the sun so glowing, the breeze so softly cool and delicious, that the *ensemble* makes mere existence seem bliss. These almost Italian days have lasted some little time, so that it has mattered little our having only small and inconvenient apartments; for we have left the cows to themselves, and have lived out of doors. During this time I have sedulously pursued the water-system, my regular *cure* having been this: I have risen at five, or rather I have been wrapped in my sheet at that hour, or somewhat earlier, for twenty minutes; when my maiden has unpacked me so far as to enable me to walk through the cottage, and along a wooden balcony to the plunge-bath; when bandaged and dressed I have usually taken my trudge barefooted on the dewy grass or clover-fields adjoining, taking of course a glass of water previously. Afterwards I have mounted the hill and walked in the woods, where I have encountered always numerous patients; and when I have drunk the remaining four glasses of water I have descended to the *douche* valley, where I have found my maiden and sheet in readiness. After three or four minutes' douching, I have hastened home, collected my books, desk, &c. and followed our mountain strawberries, &c. to the summer-house, of which we have seemed to take exclusive possession. There I have remained until eleven, when I have again walked, taking a glass of water previously, and having a dripping-sheet and sitz-bath, the latter for twenty minutes; then another glass and a walk, or half an hour's sawing, completed my forenoon labour. At one we dined. Do you think I earned my meal? And then came blessed rest again till nearly five, when another glass of water had to be swallowed, and a walk taken previously to being again packed, &c. as in the morning. Afterwards a glass of water, followed by a walk, ended the day's toil; and we returned to our rural supper of mountain strawberries, bread, cake, and milk, at seven. In the intervals of labour we often saw our acquaintances; and my companions frequently walked to *Freiwaldau*, and brought back letters and home news. So, usually, have passed the first three weeks of August, with of course some little variation; for instance, one evening we went to a concert, held in the *salle*, where we heard very tolerable music. These concerts (unless it be something quite extra) are held at one end of the large room where the supper-tables are laid, so that visitors pass close by the guests as they are engaged in finishing their evening meal, and this forms a strange medley of sights, quite *à la Gräfenberg*—that is, unique! I forgot to mention that I have had another aquatic duty to perform ere retiring to rest; for sleepless nights the doctor has prescribed a foot-bath for twenty minutes; the water is cold, and not above an inch in depth; the feet rubbed one on another, and to be got into a glow by *trotting* up and down the boarded room barefooted.

We have also been invited to our neighbour's, a young Prussian, who has shown us much kind attention; we previously assisting to arrange the rural repast, and contributing our quota to the pic-nic. There is a great variety of character here, and much to interest the observer of human nature. It is quite an epitome of the world: the same passions that foment the great mass are at work here also, only exercised on comparatively minor



points; but as people are off their guard, they are often more unmasked. A writer of romance, or a satirist of human nature, might here both find subjects for their pens. I have just encountered a young military man, who has been long here, and expresses great faith in the cure, and also in Priessnitz's discretion and penetration. He says his disciples only are ridiculous, as they frequently carry things to an extreme which Priessnitz is far from favouring. You must not imagine there are no grumblers here, for there are many; but I have observed they are generally those who will not exert themselves to obey orders which are in some way irksome to them; and so, as might be expected, they derive little or no benefit, and perhaps also receive small attention from Priessnitz, as he quickly discriminates between those who have strength of purpose to go through difficulties, and those who have either little faith or no resolution; and he has been often heard to remark, 'It is useless to give orders to such a one, for I see at a glance he will not obey, or he will not persevere.' He says the English generally are hard-working patients, but are apt to overdo, both in the bathing and exercise. A life at Griefenberg seems an entirely selfish existence—one is during the whole day engaged in ministering to self; whereas, had we a thorough knowledge of German, it might be possible to be of some use to the poor deluded peasantry, who seem wrapped up in ignorance and superstition. I have often longed to converse with both them and my own maiden. . . . I have not been so well since writing the above, and have been ordered the *schwitzen*, or blanket-packing. This is a very unpleasant process. I had to remain in a state of purgatory nearly four hours, when I was refreshed with a plunge-bath. It caused a feeling of great weakness, and Priessnitz desired me to *douche* in the course of an hour or two after it. I am now better.

There has been a grand lottery held in the *salle* for the benefit of the Poles. It was to have taken place in booths on the terrace had the weather permitted, which would have been far more pleasant. The Princess S—, Lady Lichfield, and Countess J—, and others, presided at the different stalls. The crowd was great, and the heat oppressive; so we were glad to make our escape in the early part of the proceedings. On Sunday last, sacrament was administered in our little church in rather a rustic style: a cloth being spread over a little deal-table, and a few spoonful of wine being brought in in a little bottle; two clergymen were present, and about fourteen of the congregation remained to partake of the ordinance. My companions have been to *Freiwalddau* to witness the nuptials of the *maitre d'hôtel*. The bride was young, and rather pretty; but she wore not the chaplet of white roses allotted to those alone whose characters are without reproach. Hers was a green wreath. This custom must, I should think, be found useful, as it is considered a great disgrace to wear other than the white wreath—the evidence of purity.

*To be concluded in next Paper.*

## LIFE AT GRÆFENBERG.

BY A CONVALESCENT.

### XII.

WE have now changed our abode for comparatively commodious and comfortable quarters just vacated by Count ——. We have now an excellent sitting-room with four windows, and a large balcony where we can take our meals when weather permits, and where I can both walk and *sauc* on very bad days. We are now very *upish*, I assure you; we consider our style of living to be somewhat *grand*, and we even attempt the *elegant*, having a *deal show-table* spread out with books and ornaments of various kinds, and adorned, moreover, with a moss-plate crowned with beautiful wild flowers! But better than this, we need no longer sit with an open door on cold wet days; and there stands in the corner of our room a comfortable piece of furniture which seems to say, ‘When shivering, apply to me!’ But ere we dare light this stove we must apply to Priessnitz for permission to do so. We have been to one of the four large fairs annually held in Freiwaldau—no unimportant events to the people here. The bath-servants have all, on these occasions, a half-holiday granted to them, and many of the guests amuse themselves by attending them also. We walked for some time in the platz in the midst of the booths, watching flocks of country people in their holiday garbs: all kinds of goods were offered for sale suitable to the season.

We have now been here precisely two months, and I am congratulated on having a very fierce attack of what is here technically termed *umschlag*; before it appeared the *umschlag* or bandage had for weeks been quite pink. It came first on the right side, in the form of a ring, which daily increased, other rings forming until the whole body under the *umschlag* was covered. The irritation both by night and by day has been extreme, and could only be soothed by constantly rewetting the bandage. This state is quite common here, and usually precedes the crisis, of the nature of which all say my *umschlag* partakes, it being unusually severe. The *umschlag* has been succeeded by boils, and all have congratulated me on my misery, and I fear you will be hard-hearted enough to do so too! We have now a German master, but I find that study does not

suit me at all: and I am told that Priessnitz deems exercise of the brain incompatible with the cure; and in many cases absolutely forbids it, as being extremely dangerous. He is, on the contrary, extremely favourable to music, dancing, and all innocent recreations, though preferring in summer that all amusements should be carried on out of doors. Anything that leads to gambling he dislikes on every ground. Smoking, I understand, was once forbidden entirely; but the Germans being such inveterate worshippers of the 'fragrant weed,' Priessnitz was obliged to yield so far as to wink at it. He, however, never sets the example—a cigar being never seen between his lips. In the saloon smoking is of course strictly prohibited.

You know the horror the French usually entertain for cold water; we have an instance of this in one of the two Frenchmen now here. This gentleman shrinks from the bandage as from some poisonous application, and actually retains his glass of water in his hands at each spring, in order to moderate its temperature! I am sending you a sheet of scraps written at odd-and-end times, which *affront* you will, I hope, lay to the score of my amphibious mode of life.

## XIV.

During these last few weeks of August the weather has been glorious, enabling us to breakfast in our balcony instead of in the summer-house, from which we are now too far removed.

Our greater vicinity to the woods has facilitated my douching in them before my morning meal, and has really seemed to bestow new life upon me. Often have I felt quite tired and inert on reaching the bath, but it has acted like a glass of champagne in giving a buoyancy to my feelings, which enabled me to run rather than walk all the way home. Our balcony is the scene of various occupations—sawing, sketching, studying German, promenading, receiving visits, &c. We cannot, however, expect this state of things to last very long. Autumn is approaching, with her retreating sun and shortened days. 'Let us enjoy while we may!' is our motto; and I can assure you we do so.

All tell me I must not attempt to leave the place in my present state of crisis, and say it would be extremely dangerous to do so. An anecdote has been related to me of a lady who, when in full crisis, wanted to go to Vienna. Priessnitz told her that it would be at the risk of her life, and begged her to get her business transacted by a friend. On her replying that this was impossible, and go she must, he urged her to carry on the cure at home. In a short time she returned in a dying state (as was visible to all who saw her), and die she did. It was then discovered that the important business which called her away was *the replacing of a false tooth!* She was a fine-looking woman, and her vanity cost her her life.

Few indeed, when they come to Gräfenberg, can form any calculation as to how long they may have to remain. We call it 'the trap;' I wish, however, I may never be caught in one in which I may feel more restive. At present I bear my imprisonment very philosophically; for which piece of quiescent wisdom you know I was never very famous when confined in

a four-poster. You would, however, pity me if you were to see me sometimes almost maddened by the extreme irritation of the *umschlag*; but here it is like sea-sickness, and excites rather amusement than commiseration: indeed complaint elicits only congratulation. . . . .

We have had a grand gala here in honour of the arrival of the Archduke Franz Carl, heir-apparent to the Austrian empire. He was received with much ceremony by the authorities and visitors, and lodged at the *burgö-meister's*, whose house had been prepared for his reception. Triumphal arches were erected, very prettily decorated with fir and flowers. The exterior of all the houses in the Platz being ornamented according to the varied tastes of their owners, some appeared to be erections of moss, studded with dahlias, so completely covered were they; while others had festoons composed of the staple commodity of the place for all kinds of decorations—the fir, interspersed with dahlias, rosettes of various colours, &c. It had a very gay effect. The visit was presumed to be to Priessnitz, and he headed the little selection of representatives of different countries who assembled to pay their respects to this scion of royalty. Priessnitz had a most flattering reception, the archduke taking his hand and saying, ‘It is happy for mankind that there exists a Priessnitz!’ Those who witnessed this very interesting meeting asserted that Priessnitz maintained his native dignity of demeanour, though evidently accompanied with those pleased feelings to which such approbation would naturally give rise. In the evening both *Freiwalddau* and *Gräfenberg* were brilliantly illuminated, and lights were also placed at intervals along the road between the two places. Priessnitz gave a grand ball on this occasion, at which the archduke and suite were present; and I am told by those who were there (for I was most unfortunately prevented from going), that it was a very interesting scene. Indeed it must have been so, and unique also—a little court held in the heart of the Silesian mountains in an hospital, and that hospital headed and conducted by a self-taught rustic. Mrs Priessnitz too, is said to have acted her part admirably, and with as much ease as if she had been all her life accustomed to courts and the presence of royalty. She is a pretty-looking, simple-mannered, little woman, with abundance of good sense, and possessing (even more than the generality of her countrywomen) the useful merit of excelling in housewifery. The family of Priessnitz was there—all girls, the eldest being a pretty-looking and accomplished young lady of seventeen.\* The younger are brought up at an estate Priessnitz has purchased at *Johannisberg* (about twenty English miles from *Gräfenberg*), under a matronly French governess. But to return to the ball. Among the *élite* was the Grand Duchess of Hanault Cöthen, who introduced to his royal highness all whom she deemed worthy of the honour. When all were assembled, the archduke, looking round, asked, ‘Where are the patients?’ ‘All you behold are patients,’ was the reply, which elicited from him the remark that it was a most pleasant mode of regaining health, and that he should not desire a better. The *salle* had been most tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the whole scene was gay as well as interesting.

The following morning (Sunday) I encountered the archduke, accom-

\* Since married to a wealthy Hungarian.

panied by Priessnitz and suite in the woods—his royal highness having come from Freiwaldau on purpose to inspect the different baths, and the douches in particular. He was dressed in regimentals, and was not at all a striking person in appearance—rather plain and ordinary than otherwise. One of the patients (a Swiss minister) met the duke when, with shoes in hand, he was going through his morning penance, and this afforded no small amusement to all parties. In the address presented by the different representatives to the archduke it stated, 'that it was reserved for the soil of Austria to give birth to the immortal author of a system which can already rank amongst the number of the sciences;' and then again, 'we do not know which to admire most—the rare genius of this gifted man, or the firmness and modesty which characterise him.' Would not his highness think Priessnitz possessed most admiring patients?

With all the air and exercise I get I cannot procure good sleep at night; so, in addition to the foot-bath before retiring to rest, my legs are to be bandaged from the ankles to the knees; but this is better than taking laudanum or henbane, for neither of these poisons ever gave me sleep, and should this new prescription not do so either, it will at least do no harm.

We have been to a concert given in honour of Priessnitz's birthday, and were altogether gratified. The horn was exquisitely played, and a young countess who sang had a fine voice. The scene again amused us vastly, all is so very unlike anything one sees elsewhere. Grafenberg and the colony were illuminated on the occasion.

A few days since it was so cold we begged to be allowed to have our stove heated, but were, however, advised not to do so. Now, the sun's power is again intense, though October has commenced. In a few days we may possibly have snow, so uncertain is the climate. Shall we not become hardy mountaineers?

We have now on Sundays two services which we may attend—one in Freiwaldau, and one in the colony. The latter is in French, and conducted by a pious and most eloquent minister, and being within easy reach, I usually attend. We consider ourselves exceedingly fortunate.

Priessnitz has received a silver temperance medal from Father Mathew, with which he is much gratified. The advocate of temperance says he looks upon the inventor of the water-system as if he were an old and much-loved friend.

I have just been reading Sir Bulwer Lytton's letter on the water-cure. He advocates it most powerfully, and seems to be himself a striking example of its good effects. It appears to be the remedy of all others for a case like his, there being for a time a complete overthrow of those habits which are prejudicial to the health and strength of both mind and body, while others are acquired which are equally beneficial to both. Instead of intense and exciting literary occupation, the mind is allowed relaxation and very gentle employment, while the body, in exchange for too much rest, gets an ample supply of healthy out-door exercise. We may suppose, too, that late hours and hot rooms are exchanged for early hours and abundance of pure air; and if the exciting beverages of wine, tea, or coffee, have been taken, the strengthening and not stimulating draught from nature's spring is substituted. The poor, ill-used, over-strained mind is blessed with rest, and all the muscles that have been weakened by inaction are again brought into

healthful and active play. At the same time a process is pursued which rectifies any specific disorder, and, discreetly applied, usually either alleviates or removes it. Without the latter, I can from experience affirm that alteration in habits, change of scene, and strictest regimen are all unavailable: where real ailment exists there must also be employed the medical agency of water. I have heard many make the same assertion, and only a few days since a gentleman was relating to me how he had for years tried all that travelling, regular habits, and strictest regimen could do—all without effect. The disease was carried with him, and only kept somewhat at bay—an enemy always closing the door to comfort, yet not powerful enough to destroy him. This state had endured for years; he heard of Graefenberg, was persuaded to try it, spent one or two years here, and left it a different man. You should have heard him describe his present happy sensations as contrasted with all the oppression and depression he had for so many years experienced. How charming must be the feeling of renewed life and even youth! But few persevere long enough: though their sufferings may have lasted for the space of ten long years, they are impatient if they are not entirely dismissed in as many months. This is unreasonable.

When I am sawing I sometimes think of Elihu Burritt, the transatlantic blacksmith; and I feel sure were he to mount the hill with me at six in the morning, and witness the energy with which groups of gentlemen are chopping wood, he would be quite delighted. There I see them hatless, capless, with all burdensome restraints of dress removed, and throat and chest laid bare to drink in the morning breeze. As seen thus they would not be taken by a novice in the cure for men who had hitherto been accustomed to lead lives of ease and refinement, and to belong to the class whose privilege it is to say, 'Do this!' or 'Do that!' But Elihu Burritt would say, 'Labour is honourable!' And he carried out this feeling; for when a college life, with every facility for study, was offered to him, he declined it in favour of his own mode of life, which he conceived to be most conducive to health of both mind and body, and continued his eight hours of labour at his anvil. The literary man might easily impose on himself many manual occupations either in or out-door; and if these were preceded by a dripping-sheet, his frame would not so speedily rebel to avenge the injuries inflicted both on it and on the poor overtasked brain.

I am ashamed to see how long I have had this on hand. I began it ere August closed, and now October is here; but of our *howabouts* you will often have heard, which consoles me. We have had, on the whole, most glorious weather; slight frosts are now commencing; but the sun is sometimes so powerful as to enable me to sit out of doors basking in his beams. Some of the moonlight nights have been superb—so clear and bright. We have not, however, been so highly favoured as not to have our allowance of both cold and wet days.

I am just returned from a very pleasant breakfast at Herr —, where met Dr —, a most intelligent and very agreeable man, who pleased me

by conceding that our Silesian Esculapius is an astonishing person, and that he has seen much good effected by his system; nevertheless he has, he says, witnessed failures also. Are there none under any other system?—some even under his favourite homœopathy, I should suppose. He tells me, by the by, that in Vienna, at the time of the cholera, there was an hospital on both the homœopathic and allopathic principle—two-thirds of the patients being saved in the former, and two-thirds dying in the latter; and that after this the Austrian government countenanced homœopathy, although it had before regarded it with jealous eyes. Dr — has kindly acted as interpreter for me with Priessnitz, and he says he never finds Priessnitz unreasonable in his orders, although some of the patients are so in executing them, by doing more than they are bidden. In very unfavourable weather, or when feeling not so well, I am a little to relax the cure; and for sleepless nights, to persevere with foot-baths and leg-bandages. By the way, I have heard of a singular remedy prescribed for a gentleman who could not sleep. He was ordered to be put in a half *leintuch* from nine P.M. to twelve (that is, he was to be enveloped up to his waist, having his arms out.) At twelve he was, if awake, to unwrap himself, and merely to bandage himself till two, when his ludadeiner was to re-envelop him till four—and then again; and in this way he obtained the desired blessing.

I more and more lament my ignorance of German, and feel that I have not half the chance of being cured I should have had could I have conversed freely and unreservedly with Priessnitz. I can now ask a few questions, and can understand his simple replies; but more than this I as yet cannot do, for he speaks with great rapidity in a low tone, and without emphasis; so that many who have been some time here find it difficult to enter into anything like conversation with him. I should, moreover, have liked to elicit his opinions on any other subject to which his observation could have been applied, as they say he often makes exceedingly shrewd remarks.

And then, again, from not speaking German, it is not always easy to obtain correct information regarding illnesses and treatment; and a case has just occurred, in which I should have wished to have had particulars that I could have depended upon. A poor Jew is dead—the first death among the patients since we arrived. I understand he came to be cured of violent headaches, and that this was effected in about the space of six weeks, when he wished to go; but Priessnitz advised him to stay a while, and ascertain if there was not something to come out. He was correct here, for his body was soon covered with a hundred boils. One arm suffered most—mortification ensued, and he died.

I have just been paying a visit to a very agreeable old gentleman, who suffers much from rheumatic gout. His faith and perseverance are astonishing; he tells me he has sometimes water poured a hundred times over his body when in the tepid-bath.

We have had singular varieties in the weather; one fog—dense too—just to remind us of England and November. Then came a bright sunny day, though frosty: this was succeeded by one wet and mild, which was followed by one so warm and sunny, that I could sit out of doors; and four days before there had been snow on the ground. Just now we have it cold, but beautifully clear. The distant hills look magnificent, their outline being so

sharply defined. Of the beauty and brilliancy of the moon and planets last night I can give you no idea. Never had I the good fortune before to witness such a November!

I sadly want a tongue to scold with; for after all the hard work I have to get through in the day, the good people in our farmhouse awake me at half-past two with their thrashing. I have been compelled to remonstrate through Herr —, and I hope the nuisance will at least abate, and that I may be allowed oblivion until four or five. When I do walk in a morning, it is often by the light of the moon and stars. A lady who was here two winters, and who had to use a plunge-bath, common to all the patients, in her house, accustomed herself to rise at three o'clock, and took her walk, lantern in hand.

Priessnitz has been consulted as to my stay here, and he has given it as his opinion that I must remain until spring. Indeed, it is now rather late in the season to set off from hence; so I must brave what you will consider the horrors of a winter among the mountains. For myself I do not fear it, and hope it may be the means of great invigoration. Of my feelings as to home friends I dare not speak here. . . . . For their comfort tell them, when pitying me, that I hear the winters here are often delightful—cold but dry; snow peppering but not wetting; and the night often as light and clear as day. We will keep an account of the weather and temperature for your benefit.

You say that — talks of paying Graefenberg a visit, and wishes previously to be provided with very particular directions as to route, expenses, &c. I will therefore give him the result of my own and others' experience in as few words as possible. And first, as to route:—The best and most expeditious is that from Hamburg to Dresden. When there, two ways are open to the traveller—that by Breslau (selected unfortunately by ourselves, the particulars of which you can give from my former letters); or that by Prague, which I much regretted not having taken, I should certainly recommend our friend to select, especially on the score of the lovely scenery up the Elbe to within twenty miles of Prague. From the latter place there is again a railway as far as Hohenstadt, from which place to Freiwaldau the journey is performed by private conveyance, taking from about seven to eight hours in summer, and two or three more in winter, when the carriage is ordinarily placed on a sledge. Judging from our expenses, one person might perform the journey in a straight-forward course for ten or twelve pounds. When arrived, you ask whether — should aim at being in the establishment; and if not, whether he should seek for apartments in Freiwaldau or on the hill. I have generally heard the establishment recommended for a single gentleman; but if our friend should be accompanied by wife or daughter, he had better select lodgings elsewhere. I should, on many grounds, advise his choosing the hill, where the air and water must be better, and where I have observed the cure may be carried on more vigorously. There is also less temptation to accept evening invitations, which, in leading to hot rooms and later hours, must in no small measure interfere with the cure.

The rate of living here for a single gentleman cannot exceed 28s. or 30s. per week, including all expenses.

Lodgings are dearer on the hill than in Freiwaldau. The best rooms



on the hill are from about two to three florins a week—that is, from 4s. to 6s.; and one apartment, with a screen, is sufficient for one person.

Dinner may be ordered either from the *salle* or from the hotel, and is brought as far as the colony either by one's own servant or by a peasant for about 8d. a week. If procured from the former, it is not pleasant to make any complaints; but from the hotel, some little selection of dishes may be made.

The milk is generally excellent, and can be purchased at any cottage on the hill, or readily procured in the town: it is also reasonable in price. The bread is good, and of every variety—there being the English white and brown, or the brown of the country, besides that made at the establishment. There is, therefore, little occasion to cook at home, although for a family residing in Freiwaldau it is said to be most economical to do so.

A bath-attendant, who acts also as servant, is well paid at two florins per week—having also the remainder of the dinner sent, of which there is always an abundance. Beds and sheets have to be hired; and there are several places in Freiwaldau where these things as well as furniture are let out; and —— should consult as to this the *maître d'hôtel*, who is a very obliging person, and speaks English. In winter a supply of wood has to be purchased for the stove; but this the lady saws, and the gentleman chops.

—— has doubtless heard complaints as to the length of time the water-system takes to effect a cure. In some cases it does do so; and more faith and greater perseverance are necessary than unfortunately are often exhibited; and this is one cause of failure, and in those, too, who have perhaps been fruitlessly pursuing some other remedy for years. Tell him from me that he need only bring with him about a fifth part of the patience he has shewn during his ten years of suffering and application to many physicians; and if at the end of that time he is not restored to the world, his friends, and himself a new man, or has not, *at the very least*, received every encouragement to persevere in his new course, he will not, at all events, have rendered his condition worse than before; unless, indeed, some unforeseen casualty arise, which might of course happen under any treatment. I do not want to raise unreasonable expectations regarding the water-system in any case, for that would only be injuring a cause I wish to serve; I would not tell him that all Priessnitz's patients are cured, for Heaven has allowed no panacea for the ills of humanity; nor would I say that none leaves this or other establishments dissatisfied with the doctor or the system. Some are incurable by this or any known system; some complaints admit only of alleviation; and some require a self-denial the patient has not strength of mind to exercise—all which are sources of dissatisfaction: beside which Priessnitz is fallible, and so are other water-doctors. Are the disciples of allopathy, or homœopathy, or any other ~~water~~ infallible? I only wish hydropathy to be candidly examined, and allowed to do all the good of which it is capable. Till this be done, the water-system will not be available to the many. It can only be so to those who have leisure or sufficient wealth to reside for the requisite time in or near an establishment. Nor will there be (till it be more generally adopted by medical men and the community in general) a fair trial given of its

powers in acute disorders—such as inflammations, fevers, &c.—for which, when properly applied, it is the very *speediest* as well as *safest* remedy known.

I wish hydropathic hospitals for the poor could be instituted, situated in healthy situations near large towns: they might be the means of great relief to those whose unhealthy employment had induced sufferings of either a chronic or acute nature. Do not, when offering these opinions to our friend, allow him to consider me so illiberal as to say that medicine in the hands of a skilful physician never did, and never can do good, and that the use of water should in *all* cases supersede its use, whatever be the situation of a patient, or whatever be his malady; and above all, do not permit him to think that even my poor pen would throw a slight on the science of surgery, which has now been brought to so high a state of perfection, and which has so long been a blessing to millions—but I *do* wish hydropathy were more frequently the accompaniment to it.

## XVI.

Having now arrived at the last week in December, we are enabled to form some estimate of what is to be endured in the form of cold while passing through this season, usually deemed so formidable; and I can assure you, I only wish Providence may decree me no harder fate than that of spending a winter at Græfenberg—on the hill I mean, and not sheltered, coward-like, in the valley, or in the town of Freiwaldau, the resort of the many.

The winters are generally very severe, but so far the present, I understand, has been a particularly mild one—the thermometer not having fallen lower than seven or eight degrees (Reaumur) below zero; doubtless, however, we shall have a much greater degree of cold than this to bear during the ensuing month. I, for one, shall desire it; much preferring, for a continuance, the dry, hard, glittering snow to the alternate storms and thaws with which we have hitherto been honoured. Of the beauty of the forests, when the trees are laden with snow, and the underwood in thousands of fantastic forms is incrustated with its icy covering, reflecting every hue of the rainbow, I can give you no idea—it must be seen to be understood. It is not only the day that is adorned with scenes of beauty, the nights also have been superb. The moon and stars, set off by a sky of the deepest blue, have shone with a lustre before unseen by me; and I have often proceeded on my early morning walk under their light, admiring first the firmament as it thus shone forth in surpassing loveliness, and then its reflection on the snow, on which countless stars seemed to be actually dancing. Can you wonder, dear D——, at my enjoying such scenes? And should not you do so too? And would they not in your estimation also counterbalance all the petty roughings and deprivations one has to meet with here? Let not those, however, who are devoid of faith in the cure, and of all enthusiasm in the beauties and varieties of nature, come to Græfenberg, for disappointment would inevitably be the result. Hardships of various kinds would, in the estimation of such, outweigh everything else; a feeling of dissatisfaction would counteract much of the good that might otherwise have

been gained; Priessnitz would be but half obeyed; and the place and system would be evil spoken of. Fortunately for such, and for those who wish not to go so far from home, there is a choice of establishments in our own country—from that first formed under Dr Wilson at Malvern in Worcestershire, to the splendid one lately constructed in Yorkshire, situated among the beauties of Wharfedale; and I should advise your recommending our friend—to inquire all particulars regarding these, rather than bring his large stock of refinement and fastidiousness here, especially as he possesses a heavy purse, and can afford to give the requisite time in one of the more expensive establishments in England.

There is ample provision made here for meeting the severity of winter, both in the arrangement of the houses, and in the manner of dress of the people—the former being furnished with double windows, air-tight doors, and warm stoves; and the latter then indulging themselves with warm stockings and shoes, thick woollen coats or jackets, and sometimes with fur-caps. Priessnitz, however, as you know, recommends his patients to clothe themselves as lightly as possible—in proof of which I must tell you that now, with the thermometer below zero, a delicate-looking young German wears only his linen jacket and trousers, thin stockings, and no waistcoat or cravat, his head being covered by a light Leghorn straw-hat; and yet he is here to be cured of rheumatism! In heavy rain he throws on a cloak, but never to protect himself from cold. There is a preparation for all kinds of weather—red or black water-proof boots, à la Wellington for wet; and felted boots, with soles made of rope, for slippery roads. Beside these we have Alpine or ice-spurs—these are very nice things, having three sharp points under the heel, which, fixing into the ice, render walking down slippery descents comparatively easy and safe; we have also walking-sticks pointed with iron. As I wear only thin stockings, I have set up a pair of peasant's slippers for the house, for you will remember we have not honoured ourselves with rugs or carpets; and the stoves not being low enough to warm the floor, some extra warmth is needed: these slippers are huge affairs, and give some supposition of their owners having had a visit of gout, being made of listing, and lined for an inch deep with *tow*.

We have become acquainted with two nieces of Marshal Blucher—the elder of whom encouraged me to persevere, telling me she had come here two years since in so sad a state of health, that all said she had come to die. There appeared for some time to be an aggravation of her complaints; but at length a turn took place, and she grew gradually better, until, at the conclusion of the second year, she became perfectly restored to health, and she tells me that she now sleeps, eats, and walks well; and though one of her numerous complaints was a serious stomach disorder, she can now digest anything, and is staying merely for her sister's sake, who is under Priessnitz for a spinal attack; but who is already so much better as to be able to walk twice in a day to Freiwaldau.

About the middle of this month we were one day in a complete fix—the ~~snow~~ had drifted, and even where this was not the case, was about a yard deep; we tried to walk in all directions, but were foiled, and I began to think we might be *snowed-up*, as so many of our friends had predicted. We represented to the people of the house, that if the path leading to the high-road could not be cleared for us we should be forced to take refuge in the

town: this had the desired effect, and we were soon liberated by our landlord's clearing away the snow—which he did by chaining several logs of wood together, a horse dragging them along. We still sank above our high boots, but that was a *bagatelle*. The next morning I could scarcely see to trudge out to the establishment, and had to feel my way with the aid of my stick. When there, I found three gentlemen walking hastily one after another along the only little trodden path, and which was before the house-well. Another guest was busy shovelling away the snow, in order to clear a path towards the woods. It was a curious scene by dusk-light. We go down in sledges now to Freiwaldau—the French service, in which we so much delight, being held there. Sledging on a bright day, free from wind, is really very exhilarating; and large parties are here often formed for considerable distances over the hills, attended sometimes by a band, the sledges being adorned with flags, &c.

In the beginning of this month the death of an old gentleman of sixty occurred, which threw a gloom over us all, he being a favourite with many, and his departure being extremely sudden—he died of inflammation of the lungs. We heard from several persons that he had douched too long, and also that he had allowed the douche to fall on his stomach—a thing most strictly forbidden; however this *may* be, he took cold, and for the first day of his illness neglected to take the prescribed cure, which made the matter worse. As is often the case, wherever these sad events occur, there were those who said, 'had he done this or that, he might have been saved.' He was gouty and asthmatical. Two deaths in so short a space of time is a very unusual occurrence here, and have affected us correspondingly. In all probability no other may happen should we remain six or even twelve months longer: and I now proceed to a very different subject.

## XVII.

On the 24th (Christmas eve) a dinner was given in the *salle* at five o'clock, consisting of soups, by way of variety, fish, and all kinds of light puddings, tarts, &c. to which the favourite pastime, a lottery, succeeded. The band played during the repast, and transparencies were placed to divide the room: when these were removed a pretty fairy-like scene was presented to view. At the extremity of the *salle* a fir-tree was brilliantly lighted up, and hung round with *joys, jeux jeux*, &c.; branches of the same interspersed with tastily-arranged pillars, composed of white and crimson drapery, were illuminated also; and in the foreground were placed tables, on which were some prettily-turned book-shelves, bearing all the various elegancies intended for the lottery. The seats were occupied by ladies, crowds of gentlemen standing behind. The freaks dame fortune played were amusing enough; bestowing sometimes babies' caps, or some piece of female gear, on a grave, long-bearded Russian; and then again showing her caprice by throwing into a fair lady's hand a gentleman's cravat. This freak she played on me, and I became the possessor of a handsome satin stock, as if in revenge for all my vituperations against them. Priessnitz was there with his family, and appeared to enjoy the scene. The blazing tree, with all its accessories, fell to the lot of a little

boy, who looked as if he thought dame fortune had treated him very kindly. After spending a pleasant evening, we trudged home through the snow by the light of a lantern.

How little had I dreamed that I should pass Christmas-day among the Silesian mountains—a thousand miles from home and its ties! The morning was glorious, and the forests inexpressibly beautiful. At half-past eight we ascended the hill again to Herr ———'s, where we had been invited to breakfast, to meet a small party, among whom was Miss Priessnitz. After our repast we were ushered into an adjoining room, where was the *Christ baume*—a fir-tree lighted with tapers, to which were appended gilded apples, gingerbread, &c. A kind of lottery then took place, but in reality a distribution of presents; a little *anden kas* for each, with a more costly one for Miss Priessnitz, who was evidently to be considered the queen of the morning, and fully esteeming herself as such. To *reign* seems pleasing to human nature—be it over an empire, an isolated hamlet, or, to draw the bounds within a still narrower limit, even over one poor human heart! We returned too late for morning service in Freiwaldau, so we decided to sledge down to the French service at three, where we heard a most animated and affecting discourse.

We had previously been invited to take our Christmas dinner with ——— and ———, where we met a very agreeable party. We had a real Christmas-day dinner, served up too *à l'Anglais*: turkey, a joint of roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pies gracing the feast. How surprised would our friends in England have been to see us so engaged! As soon as we were rejoined in the drawing-room by the gentlemen (who assuredly had not sat over *wine*), we united in a merry game, and all exerted themselves to add their quota to the general hilarity. At eleven we set off in a sledge, accompanied by ———; and bright and beautiful was the night—the cold little signifying to our well-muffled forms. We were in our *boces* by twelve—and so ended a Christmas-day which I shall ever remember with pleasure, and which will probably be unlike any other I may have to pass. ———, our companion, by the way, had been at Griefenberg three years, and spoke in high terms of Priessnitz, acknowledging him to be a genius, and praising, among other qualities, his almost unequalled equanimity of temper. . . . Since writing the above I have felt not so well, and have been ordered for two days to eat no meat, and to take little food of any kind; the douche I am to omit for a few days, and take other processes in its place. I am especially to rub the right side and stomach well with water, and to change frequently my *umschlag*. Last night we had a feast in our rural abode, and what dish, think you, graced the board of our host? You will scarcely believe me when I tell you it was a *roasted cat*! Many of these animals, I find, are kept and fattened for the purpose. It shocks our prejudices; and yet I have often wondered why these animals should swarm on the earth for no other purpose than to be flung into the nearest pond, in order to be got rid of before they have even seen the light of day. Our maiden considered herself above partaking of this repast; but I understand it is really rather a delicate dish, and one an epicure need not disdain. We could not but be aware there was an unusually savoury dish preparing for the evening meal, and I have rather regretted that I did not, for curiosity's sake, request to taste it. Do I shock you?

## XVIII.

Many of the patients who have been long here, say that it is common to experience a touch of whatever ailments one has ever been at all subject to. This, though disagreeable, is perhaps well, as lessons in the cure are thus taken that may hereafter prove useful. I have had a complete *bouleversement* in the system for a fortnight, and old complaints have come thundering at the door, and demanding admittance; I have, however, done my best, with Priessnitz's aid, to frighten them away, and I hope they will at least assail me more gently if they visit me again. My kind young friend, Miss —, made my moan to Priessnitz, who ordered a change in my afternoon treatment, advising, instead of the leintuch and plunge, that I should have two *abreibungen* for five minutes each, with an interval of ten minutes between, when air-baths and exercise were to be taken. These were to be succeeded by a foot-bath, with the width of the thumb of water, for one hour; the legs to be rubbed all the time with water; and when the rubber was tired, I was ordered to relieve her by perambulating the room barefooted. I have thus been obliged to decline joining in two sledging parties, which has been rather mortifying; but I ventured to accept Madame —'s invitation to supper on the hill. I had become accustomed to the Graefenberg style of visiting, or I should have been even more amused than I was with the *ensemble* of the evening. The going by the light of a lantern, and groping with its aid through dark passages, and up wide, dirty stairs till we reached Madame —'s apartment, serving the purpose of both bedroom and sitting-room, was quite *à la Graefenberg*. A large screen concealed the sleeping-box, &c. We found the company all assembled, and the feast already spread, consisting of milk-cakes, bread of all kinds, a light kind of pudding, and potatoes in their skins; and all save myself seemed disposed to do ample justice to the good things laid before us. After supper games of various kinds, some German and some English, occupied us till the Graefenberg hour of departure arrived.

On feeling better in health, I resolved to invite a few of our friends to breakfast. But much had previously to be done that does not ordinarily engage attention on such an occasion. For instance, our stock of cutlery, crockery, china, and glass, would not extend beyond the supply of our own wants; so these articles had to be borrowed or hired. As to a Graefenberg breakfast itself, nothing can be so charmingly simple. Chocolate, milk, and water, the beverages; and the viands, bread to suit all tastes—of both brown, white, sour, and sweet. Then they have the art here of making the prettiest and nicest pastry possible, in the form of large but light cakes, and elegant little nameless dishes, that may go under the denomination of puddings, tarts, or cakes, and to these are always added various conserves; and this forms a Graefenberg breakfast for state occasions. I have not, however, mentioned the *sour* milk which is often ordered by Priessnitz: it is thick like custard, and many persons become very fond of it. On the previous evening we were all very busy adorning our room and preparing our table. The next morning dawned upon us gloriously—fine, bright, and bracing; and at a quarter past eight arrived our friend Priessnitz, accompanied by his stanch admirer —; and I then longed for a

common language—a few short sentences (spoken with hesitation too) was all I could muster; and I had to place in his vicinity those who could converse with him. We sat down altogether, a party of fifteen, Priessnitz of course being at my right hand. I should really have enjoyed our little party could I have freely conversed in German. As it was, I must confess I sat on thorns, fearing there was an undue proportion of English spoken. I am told it was a pleasant breakfast; if so, *tout mieux*.

On the following evening we had a party of Germans to supper, after which we had various games, and we flattered ourselves all went off more than passably. This gaiety was succeeded by our accepting an invitation to a dance and supper given by Priessnitz to his guests. The heat was great, and I felt that neither mentally nor physically does dissipation suit me, so do not intend to repeat it very frequently. . . . Last Sunday we had weather like spring; now the cold is intense, and the thermometer was, I am told, this morning at 13 degrees below zero (Reaumur.) I could with difficulty hold my glass at the spring, and a drop of water was frozen instantly on my cloak. I douched three minutes, though the douche-room resembled an ice-cavern! It is the most exhilarating kind of cold I ever felt! A degree or two extra is useful in the water-system, provided the air be dry. . . .

## XIX.

It is now some days since I wrote the above, and I have again been battling with ailment; but Priessnitz assures me it will all pass away in spring, if not before. He has for a time diminished my cure, and limited me to nine glasses of water daily: he presses me to keep my rooms cool, and to wear light clothing. I had invited Madame — to breakfast, requesting her to interpret for me; so you see I have always some kind assistant at hand.

We have again had an English service, and the sacrament administered to a large number. It seemed quite strange to our ears again to have the litany read. I wish I could write our French sermons from memory, that I might give you some idea of — —'s eloquence—his prayers, too, are beautiful. After service I joined a lady who has been here nearly two years, and who has much confidence in the system, which she evidenced a few days since by sending for Priessnitz to her little boy, who was then suffering from croup. She told me that when at Genoa he had been almost killed by the severe remedies used to restore him from a similar attack, but that here the disease was subdued in a very short time, and by very gentle treatment. She came herself to Grafenberg in a deplorable state of health, being unable to walk, or, I believe, even to sit up. She now appears to be quite well. . . .

Priessnitz has given his patients quite a grand ball in his saloon, with a nice supper after it. It was a lovely night for the occasion, and a very considerable number assembled, few liking to decline an invitation given in person by their doctor. It was a *bal costumé*, and a very gay scene indeed. The dancers had been practising a quadrille taught them by the happy M. —, to whom I formerly alluded; and this gave a great addi-

tional interest to the whole affair, as it was quite exhilarating to see his black merry face while superintending and prompting, and he seemingly rejoiced to be himself again. It was a very pretty though somewhat complex dance, and admirably adapted to the room; as ere its conclusion all proceeded in couples on the light fantastic toe to the end of the long saloon and back, and thus shewed off their costumes to great advantage. The national dance of Poland gave also much satisfaction, and is a very animated affair. Some of the costumes were excellent, especially that of an Indian warrior, copied from the life by a young patient from the United States. There was the English sailor, the smuggler, the Spanish lady, the Swiss peasant, &c. We regretted that the whole of the saloon, so noble in height and length, could not have been devoted to the purpose, and the supper given in another room, for the crush was too great in the upper part of it to allow the dancing to be seen to advantage. But Priesnitz must have felt confidence in himself and his system to have built this one room, splendid as it is. The following day we braved snow and wind to dine with our new friends the Rev. ——— and family, and found them, as usual, all kindness and hospitality. . . .

On the 15th of this month of February the thermometer was 7 degrees Reaumur below zero, and on the 22d it was so bright and warm that the day seemed to be the harbinger of spring. How climate and weather affect the mind and spirits! Query— is it well to be at the mercy of what is purely external, over which one never can have any sort of control? Yet am I not at all disposed to quarrel with this susceptibility to the influences of nature, for it has conferred on me some of the happiest moments I have known. . . .

I have had to go through a process which I think will not excite your envy. For eight days my favourite douche was withheld, and at eleven A.M. and five P.M. I was ordered a sitz-bath of an hour's duration, while the back and stomach were to be rubbed with water for five minutes each quarter of the hour. I was moreover told to drink water industriously, and to take my dinner perfectly cold—its having to travel a mile ere it could be placed on the table did not render it sufficiently icy, even at this season, so it was to be kept from one day to the other. I have a fellow-sufferer, who has three of these eminently disagreeable baths per day, and was not allowed to take other food for a week than sour milk and black bread!

Do not think we are too gay if I tell you we have been to a large evening party in Freiwaldau, consisting of persons from different countries, who varied the entertainment with music, conversation, &c. We sat down to a really elegant Græfenberg supper. . . .

I have had a seizure of great oppression and tightness of breathing, attended with cough, for which I was ordered three or four *abreibungen*; but they not relieving, a leintuch, to be followed by a tepid-bath, 14 degrees of Reaumur for the first ten minutes; then cold water added from time to time for a quarter of an hour. During the whole time I was to be rubbed alternately on the back and stomach, sitting for the former, and lying down in the water for the latter. This I endured three times in one day. I was terribly cold ere I could leave the baths, and I began to think these half hours would never end. This discipline really required



no little resolution; but I was repaid; for it was most serviceable, and surely better than a dose of calomel, &c.

We have just had a call from an English physician, who says he blesses God that he came to Gräfenberg, the cure having done such wonders for him. He has, I hear, written a letter of thanks to Priessnitz. In the course of his little visit he gave us an instance of the advantage of employing *fair words*—which, by the by, all say Englishmen are not in general fond of doing. When travelling in the back settlements of America, at a distance from any town, an innkeeper refused him admittance (not liking to have a *Britisher*), saying he had no room. 'What!' said the gentleman, 'have you not a fireside? One who has rolled himself in the sands of Arabia, to keep himself warm, can surely find a corner to sit in!' He was on this admitted, and so won afterwards on the innkeeper by his stories and adventures, that he at length gave up to him his own bed.

When Priessnitz dismissed this patient as cured, he advised him to take no animal food, saying, 'Men stronger than either you or I never touch meat.' He advised him, moreover, to seek some little change of air, and go to the hill. He added, 'You are now perfectly well, and may leave off all processes; but you have that about you which may cost you your life: you have too much rich blood in your veins.' After coming to the mountains, he in the course of a day or two lost half a pint of blood from the nose. Such an occurrence Priessnitz had anticipated, and he predicted a return, which took place, and relieved him much. This was better than losing blood by the lancet. Was it not?

## XX.

Here spring, with all her charms and budding promises, has already appeared, and endued us with fresh life and spirits. We are beginning to seek afresh our friends the wild-flowers; and the sun is occasionally so warm, that even parasols are in requisition. We were surprised to find, on the opening of the month, that it is quite the custom here to make *April fools!* The family of Priessnitz did this on rather a wholesale scale. They invited a party to breakfast, and apparently a rich and elegant repast graced the board; but wo betide those who, with true Gräfenberg vivacity, seized the viands that seemed so tempting! for the coffee was well *salted*, and the cakes were plentifully streaked with pebbles, &c. When all had tried and tasted, and had thus shown themselves to be dupes, then the worse than Barmecide feast was removed, and replaced by another which the most fastidious taste could not but approve. We that evening took our supper at Madame ——'s on the hill. The conversation turned principally on the cure. She has been here before, when a son received great benefit; ~~now~~ she has brought an invalid daughter. She told me she perceived a **great** alteration in Priessnitz's mode of proceeding with his patients. Formerly, he sweated them very liberally (pray do not abuse this jockey-like phrase, for I assure you it is quite technical), and scarcely ever employed the *abreibung*; stockings, too, she said, had only lately been discarded. A gentleman there told her that were there any less tedious remedy, he would adopt it in preference to the water-cure; 'but medicine,' he added,

'has failed, and what can I and others so situated do?—there is no other mode of cure.' He mentioned one gentleman whom Priessnitz refused to undertake : but said he might treat himself a little if he chose. He did so; and his improvement was such as to encourage Priessnitz to take him in hand, and in eight months he quitted Graefenberg another being. I heard many regretting that the sweating process had been so greatly discontinued, as it frequently hastened the cure; the patients, however, had in many instances abused this remedy, and by continuing longer in the blanket, or taking it more frequently than Priessnitz ordered, had reduced themselves to a state of great debility, and thus caused him unnecessary anxiety. While hearing of several really splendid cures, some few failures were mentioned; but all encouraged *me* to persevere; and Madame ———'s faith is unshaken—and well it may be so, for she is taking home her daughter in health and strength.

Some have said that, like many other doctors, Priessnitz pays most attention to the rich and great. I must, on the contrary, give my testimony to the very reverse of this, and tell you how much pleased I have been with his prompt care of our maiden, who returned last Sunday morning from church exceedingly unwell. I found she was very feverish, and that her tongue was bad, &c.; so I sent for Priessnitz, who happened to be passing up the high road on horseback to his dinner. He came immediately, and stayed twenty minutes, giving her three abreibungen, and air-baths between each, and leaving her in a cold sitz with the window open. She was too ill to walk after these operations, and she was told to lie down with one covering thrown over her. In the afternoon she was ordered to repeat the cure: she did so, and was able to walk after it, and was so much better as to be able to wait upon us as usual. In this instance Priessnitz asked to see the tongue; and instead of counting the pulse, he felt the forehead. I was charmed to see how quickly the poor girl was relieved. She would certainly have been sent to bed, and would have had much to have undergone under the medicine system. For a day or two she continued to have a bath and rubbing. . . .

You say our friend ——— complains that in his parish there is among the rich and educated a sad want of energy in doing good: he should, I think, seek for an introduction to a lady I have just heard of in a sister country, whose character and life have interested me not a little, and who is really in certain ways a pattern to her own sex. She is blessed with excellent health, and is unmarried, and so devotes her whole powers to benefit her less fortunate fellow-creatures within her personal reach: she is not only a most constant and active superintendent of schools (which alone, one should think, would afford ample employment for one individual), but being a convert to hydropathy, she has a number of poor patients whom she treats by its aid. she has also, I hear, been mesmerising some (at this you will perhaps smile), and declares a tooth has just been extracted in her presence without the slightest consciousness on the part of the sufferer. She deserves no praise, she maintains, in giving away her little all, as she has more pleasure in doing so than she would have in spending it on dress, or in other ways. You will say her faith is extensive when I add that she is a believer in phrenology, and says she ought to receive no commendation for certain points of character, should she act merely according to her conforma-

tion: for instance, if she is devoid of the bump of self-esteem, she disclaims all merit in not being vain; and so on. She is on principle never one moment idle, filling up her leisure moments with working for charities, and carrying on an extensive correspondence: while thus exerting her moral and intellectual powers, she is careful not to waste either her bodily or mental gifts, and carefully avoids late hours, and all that might injure them. Now, however you may differ from this philanthropist in some of her opinions, yet you will, I think, give her credit for excellent intentions: she goes about trying to do good mentally and physically to those within the sphere of her influence, and this sort of activity would just suit —, as, while she attended to the part she thus allotted to herself, he would do all in his power to watch over (what is of still more importance) the spiritual state of his people. Ask him from me if such a person would not be very useful to him? . . . . .

## XXI.

I think I have not yet mentioned to you one of the most striking and interesting cases of cure which our own eyes have witnessed: it is that of an engaging little girl of nine years of age, who was brought here two years ago for a white swelling in her knee, which had baffled the skill of some of the first medical men in her own country. Her young and interesting mamma was almost at the point of despair at seeing the increase of disease and decrease of strength in her child, when she happened to hear the zealous advocate of the water-cure (Captain Claridge) lecture on the subject; and she was so struck by his arguments, and the facts he related, that she resolved, as a last resource, to set off with her little charge, and commit her to the care of Priessnitz. It was fortunate for her that Priessnitz should be the man of feeling, discernment, and delicacy which he really is, for he immediately felt great interest in both mother and daughter, and became the kind friend as well as the medical adviser. It has taken nearly two years to reduce the swelling, which has been effected by producing in it powerful crises—the child's general health being in the meantime greatly improved and invigorated. She has gone through a most powerful process—doubling usually twice a day; to do which she used to hop along on crutches. When Priessnitz was convinced that the complaint was entirely subdued, he advised her to be taken to the celebrated surgeon Drefenbach of Berlin, who had been the inventor of the very operation he wished her to undergo. No less than seven cuts were made under the knee, in order to liberate that joint, which had become immovably bent; irons were shortly put on to stretch the leg, and keep it straight; and when she returned to Gräfenberg, she was enabled to place her foot on the ground, and walk without assistance, though slightly lame. Her health has suffered from the operation and the confinement she experienced at Berlin; but it is expected she will speedily regather her strength now she has returned to the hills and the cure. Her interesting parent is much attached to Priessnitz, and, as you may suppose, is deeply grateful too. Her courage and self-denial in quitting her country and friends to sojourn alone among strangers are thus in a fair way of being rewarded. Woman is proverbially weak—yet what strength she can shew on emergencies!

## LIFE AT GRÄFENBERG.

Easter Sunday was bright and beautiful, as if it wished to rejoice over the event we were about to commemorate. We have now another English clergyman, who administered the sacrament to us in a very devout and impressive way. We have given another mountain breakfast, but were not favoured by the weather as before, having a most unusual visitor in the form of a dense fog. We had also on the same evening a small party of Germans to supper, so you see we are no anchorites in our mountain dwelling. I have just become acquainted with the Gräfenberg cure for bronchitis, and it reminds me of the reasoning of many regarding the water-cure. It is allowed that it may do very well in those cases where great delicacy does not exist, but would certainly be the death of all who have any tendencies to affections of the throat or chest. The patient who has undergone the treatment would once herself doubtless so have reasoned, as for six years she had wintered at Hastings (notwithstanding its having been often both wearisome and inconvenient so to do), because it was believed her very existence depended upon it; and after this it was deemed equally essential for her to pass the severe months for five successive years in Italy; yet this winter has not only been spent in the severe climate of Silesia, but she has actually been far better in health than during all those years when she was scarcely permitted to breathe the common atmosphere. The cure she has had to undergo for an attack of inflammation in the bronchial passages would formerly have astonished her, although to the inexperienced in remedies, it might be less terrific than her accustomed applications of leeches, blisters, &c. When seized at Freiwaldau she was very ill, and had much fever—and this I know from a physician who was with her; so much so, that Priessnitz deemed it necessary to see her three times in the course of one day. But now for the remedy prescribed. She was ordered to have a leintuch, and tepid shallow-bath after it—the latter for the space of one hour and a half at a time. It was to be about 65 or 66 degrees of Fahrenheit, and made colder by degrees: water was to be continually poured over her head and chest, and she had three people to rub her. There was she to be kept until quite cold; and she told me herself that her teeth absolutely chattered with the intensity of the cold she had to endure. She was speedily rewarded for her obedience to orders, and she has never since had an attack, and is highly delighted and most grateful: so is her husband, who is a patient also. I have heard from a physician of the remedy given him for violent palpitation of the heart. Priessnitz was sent for, who immediately ordered a cold foot-bath; a friend who was present demurred, and remonstrated, as some medical men had warned him never to put his feet in cold water. Priessnitz held to his advice, and ordered the water to be brought in, and then asked the patient whether he liked to use it or not. He instantly arose and put his feet in the bath, which had of course only the ordinary depth of water; and Priessnitz was so gratified by his compliance, that he crossed the room and kissed his hand. He was soon much relieved: umschlags were placed round the body, and over the region of the heart. When he had a similar seizure at Geneva, twenty-two ounces of blood had been abstracted, which had so reduced him that a dropsical affection ensued in his legs. He also is eminently satisfied.

I send our friend — a playful *invite* to the water-cure and to the

mountains, which, if he receive kindly, I may perhaps follow by a more serious appeal :—

AN INVITATION TO THE MOUNTAINS.—*April.*

Come, where the gentle breezes blow,  
Come, where the sparkling waters flow,  
Come, where fair Hebe's roses glow,  
Come to the Mountains !

Quit now old Physic's dull domain,  
Cut Father Prejudice in twain,  
Throw from around you Error's chain,  
And freedom gain !

Haste ye ! for Nature's smiles are gay,  
Soon will she deck her brows with May,  
While listening to the skylarks lay,  
Haste thee ! away !

Her tender arms around sho 'll fling,  
Her hand no bitter draught will bring,  
But wine that sparkles at her spring,  
She 'll offer free.

A pupil by her lessons taught,  
Who with her wisdom fully fraught,  
Has mighty wonders with her wrought,  
Haste here to see !

Water's the weapon that *he* wields,  
*His* sick-room but the open fields,  
Where Death his prey oft struggling yields  
To health's strong sway !

"No pill nor lotion e'er has *he*,  
From blister, leeches, both set free ;  
Here only need you patient be  
Till Water heal.

The Plunge, the Sitz, the Douche, the Sheet,  
Sole terrors of this pure retreat,  
Which soon may place you on your feet,  
With joy to leap.

If fell disease too sturdily prove,  
And from his throne refuse to move,  
Still will not Nature fail to soothe  
Her votaries' pain.

Contrast you now ! In bed to lie,  
Or to the Mountains quick to fly,  
And there a Priessnitz's skill to try,  
With Nature by.

Haste, then, where freshest breezes blow,  
Come, where the sparkling waters flow,  
Come, where fair Hebe's roses glow,  
Come to the Mountains !—Come !

## XXII.

In reply to your last kind and considerate letter, I will candidly tell you that it is my wish to remain here as long as Priessnitz shall consider it necessary to do so; and I have been strengthened in this desire by a conversation with the mamma of the young lady mentioned in my last, who says that, from long experience, it is her conviction that the patients of Priessnitz should, if possible, stay the full time he prescribes, and that if they do not, they will infallibly repent. I met at this lady's cottage the gentleman whose case I also alluded to in my letter, who descanted largely on the astonishing penetration evinced by our mountain doctor, as well as on his many other excellent qualities. He told us he himself had come with palpitation at the heart, determination of blood to the head, and pain in his side, and had not strength to walk above half a mile. His sight, he declares, has been so much improved, that he can now see without spectacles. I remarked he would feel regret at leaving Graefenberg. 'Oh, indeed I shall; and I shall have many pleasant associations with a place where I have been disencumbered of so many obstructions of the wheel of life.' I praised his improved looks. 'Ah, had you known me years ago, you would now see a great falling off! You should have seen me in the Peninsular war, when I used to sleep on ploughed fields, perhaps under torrents of rain, and eat flesh merely seethed under the horse's saddle, in order to take off a little of the rawness! Ah, then I was strong indeed!' He entertained us for some time, describing one of the most interesting battles of the Peninsular war, and which is well told, he says, by Napier.

I have just heard an anecdote which I will relate, to shew how some of the false reports regarding Priessnitz get abroad. A German gentleman told us he had been requested to interpret for an Englishman, who, having no less than thirty-six boils, felt very ravenous, and was anxious Priessnitz should allow him to gratify his appetite, which previously he had been forbidden to do. 'You may appease your hunger, but be moderate,' was the reply; which our countryman declared to all his companions was permission to stuff himself as much as he liked.

I have gone through a great variety of processes for different ailments, and Priessnitz says my disorders are *tief*; that is, deep-seated---obstinate. After bathing, walking, and douching in a morning, I was ordered a five-minute sitz before breakfast, with much rubbing. This was to relieve the spine. At another time long sitz-baths were prescribed, with rubbing for eight days, and the douche to be omitted. After this I was told to take a quarter of an hour's sitz, with five minutes' rubbing; then to walk for a quarter of an hour about the room, and again another quarter of an hour's sitz. Priessnitz also desired me to sit down, and taking two logs of wood or dumb-bells, to exercise my arms and back by raising them up and down from the floor. I am also to throw the dumb-bells over my head, and to exercise my arms in all directions.

We had some days in April so fine and warm, that I could sit or lie down out of doors for an hour together; and now, on the 1st of May, we

have a white world—the trees in the woods being bent under the weight of snow, and quite superb. A gay breakfast had been arranged to take place on the Koppe, a high hill near the establishment, on which is a summer-house. A band had been engaged, and so forth; but this weather of course forbids it. It will also interfere with the Vienna gaieties—this being the day for all to exhibit their carriage and selves on the Prada. Some of the patients are gone there by way of a little variety, and this is sometimes approved of and sanctioned by Priessnitz.

I have lately become acquainted with a German lady, who told me the history of her child's restoration by the water-cure; also of her arrival here, and of all the horror she had felt at her accommodations and prospects. At the household misery I was barbarous enough to laugh, having myself gone through it, and being now on this score very callous, as she too will soon learn to be. In the account of her child's recovery I was much interested. He had been, it seems, subject to croop, for which he had been constantly leeches, &c.; and at length was confined in a room with twenty degrees of heat (Reaumur) for four months (and this, too, in summer), till he became quite a skeleton. In despair she turned her attention to the water-cure, begging; a lady with whom she had previously had no acquaintance (but who she knew had been for a long time at Graefenberg) to explain the process to her. In the course of a few days, after taking the water-cure under this lady's direction, he was able, though the weather was bad at the time, to be led into the garden, a very ghost in appearance. Four months' diligent perseverance in these measures brought him greatly round, and restored the spine, which had become slightly curved. He still, however, needed further invigoration, and therefore she brought him here. Her other children also go through a treatment. At home, I understand, she is surrounded by all kinds of comforts and luxuries, forming a contrast to her abode here, though she is favoured with one of the best cottages in the colony. I was amused when she told me she thought it quite impossible her children and herself could go out of doors to the bath, and that she had complained to Priessnitz of the draughts. Priessnitz assured her a draught was *good*: if there was anything amiss in the system, it brought it out; if not, it could do no harm.

I understand Priessnitz has advised our landlord, who is building a lodging-house, not to erect a large one, but one that will hereafter serve the purpose of a farmhouse; for he said—'I am mortal!' This advice has been the subject of some discussion; and some are of opinion that Priessnitz has not been wise in giving it, as Graefenberg, it is thought, would always command visitors—food being cheap, and all being ready-made and convenient for the cure, climate appropriate, &c.; and soon, too, when the railways now in progress are completed, it will become very accessible.

My maiden has been giving me an account of a very singular process a gentleman in Freiwaldau is now going through. He is ordered to have an *abreibung* the very first thing on awaking; then is put into a leintuch for a quarter of an hour; then another *abreibung*; and so on alternately; after which he walks, and ends by bathing in the river, to which he has always been accustomed, and which he begs to continue.

We have called upon an agreeable English lady just arrived, who, though no novice in the water-cure, is exceedingly amused with all she sees here.

As yet, she declares she must have tea à l'Anglais; and so, by dint of much inquiry as to how to supply herself with the needful apparatus and means of making it, she has bought a spirit-lamp to boil her water, and borrowed a tea-pot. But we tell her she will speedily accustom herself to take sweet or sour milk, like hundreds of others, who at home protest against either, and say it would make them ill. She has a room in the *ci-devant* barn, and is alone, without understanding one word of German. She needs, therefore, all the independence of character and elasticity of spirits with which she seems blessed.

We have now an English service in one of the most rural cottages in the colony, conducted by the Hon. and Rev. — : the pretty sitting-room is nicely arranged to accommodate the congregation, a high table and desk covered with cloaks serving as pulpit. Four interesting sons form the choir—one playing on the piano. We took supper at M—— the evening after attending this service, and met one of our clergymen, whom we found very intelligent and gentlemanly. It is quite amusing to witness the heartiness of the appetites of all the cure-guests! and I hear of astonishing exploits in this way performed in the *salle*. I hope you will soon be contaminated when you arrive, or you will be shocked at our voracity. . . .

A gentleman who came here merely on a visit, and to thank Priessnitz for a cure performed a year since, was seized with gastric fever, apparently the result of cold taken before he arrived. He became seriously ill, and Priessnitz ordered him three *leintuchs* (envelops) for a quarter of an hour each, and a tepid-bath after them for another quarter of an hour, with many folds of wet linen on his chest. Priessnitz came himself to see him enveloped, as in his case he wished the sheet to be quite loose. He had to undergo a very severe cure, and became very feeble, having a sad cough also. He had the requisite faith, was most obedient and persevering, and was restored to health. I almost feared at one time he would have sunk under his attack. When he was suffering, I encountered a friend of his, who told me that when in India he had a violent fever, when no less than forty grains of calomel were administered in the course of twenty-four hours. He was left, as supposed, in a dying state; but though he did survive, he was very long in recovering from the effects of this direful remedy, and attributes to it a skin disease from which he is now suffering. He had a fever here a twelvemonth since, when he was put into a leintuch for ten, then twelve, and then twenty minutes; and had a tepid-bath for a quarter of an hour after them: being too ill, he was put to bed, and so recovered without the aid of calomel, of which he has a horror. The time of year, the strength of the patient, and other circumstances, seem to make a difference with regard to the after-treatment—the going to bed or walking out.

While on this subject, I will tell you I met a lady before breakfast a few mornings since looking very ill; and I found she was in what is called the *crisis*, and this has taken the form of fever. She has no less than six envelops of a quarter of an hour each—one hour and three-quarters of a tepid-bath afterwards; she then walks, and has three *abreibungen* on her return before breakfast. She has also one or two *sitz-baths* of three hours.



I have endured much from toothache, after trying all the remedies Priessnitz could prescribe without avail. He advised me to have the enemy extracted. I rode down in our covered cart to Freiwaldau, and finding the priest (who is the best tooth-drawer) from home, I went to another; but when I was introduced to the man, and beheld his clumsy instrument, both together struck me with terror; courage failed, and my tooth and I returned together. My continued pain excited much sympathy, and it was proposed that I should set off for Neisse (about twenty-seven English miles), where I should find a good dentist. One of my companions and my maiden accompanied me; and after hard jolting, we arrived just in time to have the enemy removed before the arrival of one of our mountain thunder-storms. We remained all night. Imagine me without stockings in a garrison town of 2000 soldiers! How unwillingly shall I resume them!

It is June, and heat is now excessive; and it is said for want of rain the corn is in jeopardy. It is charming to be in the way of breezes! I live now entirely out of doors—our morning repast being spread in our balcony, where we read, draw, &c. unless the heat force us to re-enter our domicile. I must break off rather abruptly, which pray excuse; and believe me, as ever, yours, &c. &c.

## XXIII.

I long for you now to mount the hills with me during these delicious mornings. To-day I rose up at four, and was soon after treading the green moss as high as the Priessnitz Quelle, where the water is very cold and pure, and the air most invigorating. A little beyond this, an opening in the wood gives a superb view of the surrounding hills and extensive valleys. I shall ever remember with pleasure the springy, delightful feeling I had when gathering wild-flowers and strawberries on this height. When on my way to the douche, I encountered our new acquaintance — —, who opened fully on a subject lately much discussed here, and which has caused no slight feeling of irritation among the enthusiastic advocates of Priessnitz and hydropathy. This is a mode of cure (if cure it can be called) carried out at Lindaviesä, a village about two English miles distant from Grafenberg, by a man of the name of Schrott, a contemporary and schoolfellow of Priessnitz. I have from time to time since I came here heard him mentioned; but lately there has been a kind of panic among those patients of Priessnitz who have been discontented with the results of the water-cure, and a spirit of rivalry has thus been engendered, which has placed the two modes of cure in such juxtaposition, that it has been difficult to close one's ears to the various discussions that have in consequence taken place—tiresome, as I must confess, they have frequently been. From what I have hitherto heard of Schrott's system, I have been inclined to bestow upon it no small measure of ridicule—so opposed did it seem to me to be to all the plainest dictates of common sense: but remembering that this is just the view many once took (and others still take) of the water-system itself, and wishing not to rank among those who decide before they hear, I determined to inquire at

length into all that could be urged in its favour. Madame de Staël, I recollect, speaks somewhere strongly on the subject of *prejudging*—though she had certainly little intention of applying her invectives to modes of cure for physical evils invented by two Silesian peasants. She was rather roving in imagination among the fields of literature and philosophy. She says, ‘Les opinions qui diffèrent de l’esprit dominant, quel qu’il soit, scandalisent toujours le vulgaire: l’étude et l’examen peuvent seuls donner cette libéralité de jugement, sans laquelle il est impossible d’acquiescer des lumières nouvelles, ou de conserver même celle qu’on a; car on se soumet à de certaines idées reçues, non comme à des vérités, mais comme au pouvoir; et c’est ainsi que la raison humaine s’habitue à la servitude, dans le champ même de la littérature et de la philosophie’—or, we may add, in the fields of medical or other sciences. But where am I wandering?—far away from the woods where I was walking, and from my companion W——: but now to return.

W—— says he is a liberal man in all his views, covering only truth; and therefore, though a very warm advocate of the water-cure, he is not so wedded to it as to deem it a panacea for all the evils of humanity, or to suppose that no other cure can be found to equal its efficacy. He then proceeded to tell me he had heard of some wonderful cures performed by Schrott; and having one day an opportunity of being introduced to him, he took advantage of the circumstance to say to him, that though a friend of Priesnitz, and a patient under the water-system, he still desired to do justice to a mode of cure, the good effects of which were so obvious. Upon this Schrott opened out, and explained his mode of acting, which, so far as I could understand it, is this:—He makes the stomach the great engine of cure, by drawing the evil first there, and then making that organ expel it, which he does by denying water or any liquid to the patient, and allowing him to partake only of dry *scnelus* (little dry rolls.) At first the patient can perhaps manage to swallow four or five of these in the course of the days but after three or four days the dryness of the mouth becomes so great, that in general only one or two can be taken. The severity of the process depends on the patient’s strength. The thirst experienced is dreadful, and the tongue sometimes becomes quite black, which is called a *crisis*. The body (not the limbs) is enveloped at night, or rather about midnight, in four wet sheets or wraps, loosely put on, with abundance of dry over-covering. Thus moisture is conveyed to the body; and the patients say it is the greatest possible relief to have these wet folds applied, as it appeases their intense thirst. When extremely exhausted, a little hot wine is administered; indeed this is usually allowed about the fourth day. The cures, as given by W——, were all but incredible (perhaps you will erase the *all but*.) There was first the restoration of two madmen—one of six, the other of nine years’ standing; another patient was cured of fungus on the nose, and a swelling on the knee; a woman in childbed was cured of mortification, &c. W——, says Schrott, can set legs well, and perform other surgical operations, though only self-taught. There is now a Russian prince at Lindavies, who is eminently satisfied with his amendment, and who declares he will proclaim Schrott’s merits in his country. Now what is to be thought of all this? First, I want to know if these facts be correct. I have no power to contradict them, and I feel as little capacity for fully crediting them. It seems,

indeed, a strange mode of curing diseases; and, unlike the water-cure, it puts no remedy into one's own hands to be self-applied, teaches no good habits, and therefore is no prevention of disorders. Nor can I see how it can strengthen when disease is banished. It might, indeed, be of infinite service to the gourmand, who would not be disposed to kill himself with repletion with no daintier fare than dry semelus; but, tired as I am of this subject, I think I deserve some commendation for having had the patience to write to you so fully upon it. Think you so? or might I have spared my pains? This may perhaps be the last letter I shall have to address to you before I leave Silesia, as I hope you will now resolve to come speedily and form your own opinion of the people and things that have been my subjects. When you shall have taken time to judge for yourself, I think you will agree with me, that the water-system is not the mere thing of a day, but that thousands yet unborn will grant (as many do now) that, under a kind Providence, they will owe renewed power and restored happiness to the genius and perseverance of a Silesian peasant.

You will see, too, that though Priessnitz is now an independent man as to property, yet he is still as much interested as ever in perfecting his system and rendering it efficacious; and you will hear from those who are now visiting his establishment, after the lapse of years, how clearly they perceive a considerable difference in his modes of treatment. Why may not others endued with knowledge and discernment follow his example? A system like this, which has been built up by degrees, must surely be susceptible of still farther improvement, either from Priessnitz himself or others.

I am not afraid of your thinking I have drawn too flattering a portrait of the hero of Gräfenberg, for I would not assert that he is infallible in judgment or perfect in character; but I would say that, from all I have heard or witnessed, I believe him to possess more than ordinary superiority in both—and this persuasion has caused my frequent expressions of regret that my knowledge of German should not have been either so ready or so extensive as to enable me freely to converse with him without the aid of an interpreter.

You will perceive too, I think, that both friends and foes have been the means of injuring the system in the estimation of those who have not had an opportunity of forming their own judgment; the former by declaring it could never fail, and the latter by perhaps giving it too hasty a trial, or receiving impressions against it from grumblers—who, by the way, are often those who would be as ill satisfied with the prescriptions of the ordinary practitioner, and who, after trying doctor after doctor, would end by abusing them all.

A first-rate medical writer of the present day alludes to the ingenious modes in which Priessnitz has modified his applications of water, having, he says, his stimulant, his sedative, his tonic, his reducing agent, his purgative, his astrigent, his febrifuge, his counter-irritant, and so forth. Now if this be so, as it undoubtedly is, can all these various modes of treatment be understood in a few days? And yet many medical men have come here, stayed a week, and then fancied they understood the system, and have gone home either to practise or to ridicule it. Is this fair?

In the hope of seeing you shortly, I shall lay down my pen, especially

as with this you will be receiving various details from others of our party, and so I might, by writing more, send you a 'twice-told tale.'

## XXIV.

As you no longer receive communications from me through our mutual friend D——, I am expected. I hear, to write direct to you. You will have had letters from D—— and his party *en route*, and will not, therefore, I hope, have felt much anxiety on their account; still, it will doubtless gratify you to know that they reached us yesterday in health and safety. They arrived several days earlier than we had expected, and so gave us a most joyful surprise when in the act of entertaining a small number of our acquaintances in our balcony. We were busy partaking of our evening repast, when my companions heard well-known and much-loved voices inquiring for our domicile. I will leave you to picture the greeting: suffice it to say, our friends had too much kind consideration to prolong their visit, and we were soon immersed in the pleasing cares of providing accommodations, &c. for the new and dear arrivals. Various duties, indeed, awaited us; for where were four beds to be provided for our guests? To Freiwaldau we had to send; so it was very late ere the weary travellers could betake themselves to repose. Not unpleasantly, however, was an hour or two employed in chatting. D—— brought with him English ideas and wants, and called out for tea! We were laughing at the request, when our kind friend the Rev. ———, who had been joining in our repast, flew to his cottage, and sent a small supply of the article, which he happened to have in his travelling-bag; so the stove was lighted, and water heated in an earthenware vessel—the tea being made in a jug, as a substitute for a teapot. You may suppose that a second edition of the decoction was not required, and that this morning our delicious milk had the preference. You will be pleased to hear that all praise my improved looks, and wonder how I can have acquired a pair of arms as robust and vulgar as those of a milkmaid. We all felt we had very much to be grateful for, and retired to rest last night, thanking a kind Providence for a reunion under circumstances so favourable and so hopeful.

Greatly to our mortification, this morning proved less fine than it has long been; for much had we wished that Græfenberg should be seen by our friends to the greatest possible advantage. D—— would immediately become a disciple of the system, and not only took the cure, but doffed stockings, waistcoat, and all the removable obstacles, to the obtaining the delicious and unceremonious fanning of the pure mountain breezes of June. I introduced him to my enjoyable morning walks in the woods, while mounting higher and higher from *quelle* to *quelle*; but he grew ambitious, and soon ascended far higher than I had ever had the power to do. Of course he was speedily introduced to the monarch of the place, and regretted on that occasion, as I had done on many others, that there is no universal language.

We all walked down in the afternoon to the fair in Freiwaldau, where H—— and others lost their purses, thanks to some light-fingered gentry. . . . As I find that H—— had written a few lines to say all are well

and safe, I deferred despatching this, and can now continue the history of our proceedings as time and opportunity may permit. . . . Various have been our doings since I penned the above. The late arrivals have been introduced to our favourite walks, as well as to dinners, concerts, and dances in the saloon. We have, moreover, had many little parties in our balcony, and joined in pic-nics, &c. so that you may feel quite sure time has not moved onwards with leaden wings; indeed almost unheeded have flown the hours—

‘ For who to sober measurement  
Time’s happy swiftness brings,  
When birds of Paradise have lent  
Their plumage for its wings ! ’

A decision was, however, come to by Priessnitz, which for a time a little damped the joy and ardour of some of our party. It was, that I ought to remain until the autumn. This sentence was afterwards commuted to that of carrying on the cure for three months after my return to England. . . . On the last day of June we had one of the most delightful days as to outward charms I almost ever remember. Existence was bliss; everything was enjoyed—baths, walks, and, above all, a rural repast on the Eisenberg, to which we had been invited by M. and M<sup>me</sup> ——. A table was spread near the summer-house, with all that was tempting in the way of mountain strawberries, milk, fruit, cakes, tarts, &c. We were a large party; and after our al-fresco supper, we all joined in merry games until ten o’clock, when the stars lighted us home. You will laugh when I tell you that in this German party Blindman’s-buff and Cat-and-mouse were among our games. How little, dear R—, could your friend once have looked forward to a position like this!—joining in games with the young and gay, among the Silesian mountains a thousand miles from home! In my days of languishing and despair, a vision of the future like this would have seemed too bright for me—in too strong contrast to the then dark present. If, again, in this changing scene, I should be plunged in wretchedness, I must remember this transition, and let patience and hope be my motto. . . .

Ah, lackaday! I have now a sad mishap to relate to you. We had fixed to give our friends and acquaintances a farewell party; all were invited for the first evening in July, and on the morning of that day H—and I had accidentally made an addition to the guests, which we felt sure would add greatly to the pleasure of all, and which we kept a profound secret, much enjoying the idea of the agreeable surprise we had prepared. All that puzzled us was, how to find seats for so many as we had asked, to say nothing of all the additional etceteras in the way of china and glass. Meantime all hands were busily decorating our balcony with festoons, composed of fir, &c. But, alas! we could not send an embassy to the winds and clouds, nor could we solicit his majesty the sun to shine on our project. No all was overturned by the unforeseen chance of a mountain storm. The wind blew, and the rain descended in torrents, cruelly thus crushing the *château en Espagne* which we with so much brilliancy had been raising. There was nothing to be done but a hasty removal of our preparations from out to in doors, and to limit our table-accommodation for the reception only of those guests who were within easy reach of us.

Our diminished party all played the amiable and the agreeable, and we endeavoured to defy the weather without by much cheerfulness within. So concluded what is destined to be, I presume, our last little reunion in our Grafenberg cottage. Heigh ho!

D—— and the rest of the party have been excursionizing, and want me to accompany them as far as possible in a wagon. I declined, fearing the fatigue, and also wishing to take some sketches. One of these I will send you—the subject being the cottage in which our English service is now conducted by the Hon. and Rev. ———, with which I have many pleasing associations. It is rather a picturesque abode. Not so the habitation of our Swiss minister, which is a large square house, forming no subject for the pencil. All connected with him must therefore be engraven on the mind and heart, which, when not of adamant itself, must have been deeply impressed with his most eloquent discourses. It has been a subject of congratulation with us that we have, on this important point, been so highly favoured. We went in our covered cart a few days since to dine with our kind hospitable friends the M——s. Knowing the trouble so many visitors would occasion, I felt ashamed to go in a body; but no denial would be taken. Everything on table was exceedingly nice, notwithstanding all difficulties. Madame told me that previous to marriage she had had no idea of the art of cooking; but that, for some little time during her residence in France, having but one room to serve the purpose of kitchen, parlour, and bedroom, and having herself all to do, she was compelled to acquire knowledge of that kind, and had even learned to skin a hare, &c.: yet her education had prepared her for a life of refinement. The useful has not, however, spoilt her for the agreeable; and her manners are as easy, and her countenance as beaming and kind, as if she had undergone no hardships, and had spent her life in a drawing-room.

I have had rather a serious alarm since writing the above. A few mornings ago I had taken my walk, douched and so forth as usual, and had sat down to breakfast, when I discovered I had not power in my right arm to raise the glass jug of milk from the table! It had become heavy, and almost powerless; at the same time, although the day was overpoweringly hot, I was very chilly. It was thought advisable instantly to apply to Priessnitz; and so, as he had gone down to Freiwaldau, we followed in our covered wagon, and meeting him in the Platz, told our grievance. He ordered me to return, and have five or six abreilungs with air leather between, and to exercise my arm with a stick in every possible way. At the end of an hour, if not better, to repeat the abreilungs, and to continue them so long as the evil lasted. He attributed the affection mainly to the stomach, which disturbed the circulation. There were also other causes at work he thought. It did not alarm him at all, and he said I need not on that account defer my journey. . . . .

We have had a grand gala here in honour of Priessnitz, who has had a gold medal presented to him by the governor of Silesia, and sent by the emperor for the purpose. It is the second order of merit—order the first having a gold chain appended to it. The court-house had been decorated for the occasion, and at the conclusion of the ceremony all attended high-mass. That the young as well as the old should unite in doing honour to the Hero of Water, it had been arranged that a juvenile procession, to the

number of eighteen, should be in readiness to present to Priessnitz, on his return to his home, a large basket of the choicest flowers, which had been procured at no small cost from a distance of some miles—repeating at the same time some complimentary verses penned for the occasion. These young people, and all who wished to be spectators of the scene, assembled in Priessnitz's private room; and when he entered the adjoining saloon, the door between these apartments was thrown open, and the procession advanced—two little girls, crowned with flowers, presenting the gift. It was really a pretty and gratifying sight, and Priessnitz seemed both pleased and affected. It is said, however, that he hates *scenes*, and shrinks from exhibitions and notoriety. At night a grand ball was given by our doctor and all his patients. The grand saloon was decorated with much taste, and was on this occasion wholly given up to the festivity—supper being prepared for the cure guests in a room below. Crowds collected, and gay was the scene, and unlike, I should imagine, in most of its features, any other assembly of people in any part of the habitable world. The gold medal graced Priessnitz's coat, and numerous were the congratulations offered to him. Madame Priessnitz looked exceedingly happy, and doubtless had more unmixed enjoyment from the whole affair than he on whom all smiles were bestowed. It was our last evening, and this rendered me somewhat melancholy, especially as I had to bid farewell to many kind friends whom I might never more see.

I had a parting plunge and a good-by walk on the following morning, which was very lovely. I also went to pay a pathetic adieu to the pretty Eisenberg and its summer-house, associated with so many pleasant hours, and then offered up a prayer for the future, and thanks for the past. I wondered whether I should ever be permitted to see Gräfenberg again; and if so, under what circumstances: but speculation is vain. May a kind Providence guide, and all will be well!

I have now been rather more than a twelvemonth here; and what a happy change has been wrought! May I shew my gratitude by greater devotion to that Being who has dealt thus mercifully and bountifully with me!

Priessnitz called to say adieu, and to desire to hear from me; and I walked up to his house to take leave of his wife, whom I found busy in her kitchen like a good housewife, looking neat and nice as usual. We parted excellent friends. After our early dinner came a large circle of friends to say farewell, and to render us all the little services in their power. Their kindness was quite touching, and increased that tender regard and affectionate feeling which will ever be associated in my heart's memory with all that is connected with the once insignificant but now far-famed hamlet of Gräfenberg.

## XXV.

We started from Gräfenberg about four o'clock in the afternoon, en route for Vienna. For some hours we drove through bold mountainous scenery, which was more to my taste than the more monotonous though much-vaunted *Bergstrasse* between Heidelberg and Frankfort. About

seven we stopped at a most uninteresting-looking small town, where we partook of bread and milk, and where we overtook our luggage, which had preceded us in one of the curious little wagons of the country. You say you wish me not merely to name our route, but to mention time and cost. I must therefore add, that we paid for our roomy coach ten florins (about £1); five florins for our wagon, and three to the driver. We arrived at Hohenstadt at half-past one, and were speedily seated in the train for Vienna. Being very much overcome by heat and fatigue, we all slept at intervals during the night. When we awoke, it was to scenery of a very opposite character to that presented to us the previous day. All was perfectly flat, and very uninteresting, and parched, moreover, by heat and want of rain. About noon we arrived, and had to encounter more than the usual bustle at the terminus. Regarding the customhouse we had little trouble. This indulgence arose from our having merely arrived from Graefenberg, which created no suspicion of our having smuggled goods, *tobac*, &c.

On account of the greater airiness of its situation, we resolved to take up our quarters at the Goldenes Lamm, in the suburbs of Vienna; and should you come, I advise you to follow our example. We were at first, however, grievously disappointed, as we had to put up with close back-rooms. Airy and front ones were to reward patience; so this, notwithstanding the heat, we endeavoured to exercise; and I was strengthened in this matter by a cold embrace from an *abreibung*, more reviving and exhilarating, after a twenty-hours' journey, than a bumper of champagne. There is no *table-d'hôte* here, so we have to order our dinner *à la carte*, which is far less agreeable. I believe the only *table-d'hôte* to be found in the city is that at the Stadt London, a hotel situated in a confined street in the heart of the town. We had the troublesome business of seeking tailors, milliners, &c.; but when this was dismissed, we drove to the Prater, which you know is the Hyde Park of Vienna, and is nearly four English miles in length, being situated between arms of the Danube, and having noble avenues—the one most frequented leading to coffeehouses, the circus, panorama, &c. This is so broad, that eight carriages can go abreast. The great day in the year for visiting the Prater is the 1st of May, when people vie with each other in the splendour of their equipages; and it is said that frequently no less than twenty thousand persons collect together on these occasions, and that nowhere, with the exception of our own metropolis, is there such a crowd, or so much splendour to be seen, and that to move faster than at a hearse-like pace is at those times impossible. When we drove along it was almost deserted, and so it presented to our eyes a mournful aspect enough; for long, straight, broad roads need especially the animating presence of bipeds and equipages to give them any degree of interest. On Sundays and holidays, we are told, an immense concourse resort to the Prater, erecting their booths and huts on the green behind the coffeehouses.

When we returned to our lamm, more cheerful and very airy rooms awaited our acceptance at the front of the house, and glad we felt we had selected the suburbs for our residence. These encompass the city, and even surpass it in extent. Between them and the city walls is the *Glacis*, a wide open space, intersected by roads and walks, forming originally part



of the fortifications. The capital itself is still surrounded by high walls, on which are public promenades, affording a charming view of the city and surrounding country.

Our first aim on the following morning was to procure a *valet de place*; an aid as much needed for those whose time is limited, or who do not speak fluently the language of the country, as it is in Paris. We were fortunate enough to obtain a very intelligent person in this capacity, who had been in England some time, and who spoke English well. We employed the morning in seeing something of the general aspect of the city, visiting different shops, &c. 'Vienna and its suburbs have been compared to a spider's web, as the streets all tend to one point in the centre, near the cathedral of St Stephens, and radiate from thence to the Bastion and its suburbs as far as their outer line. The walls are washed on one side by a small arm of the Danube, which rejoins the main stream a little below the city. On the south side Vienna is separated from the suburbs by a lazy, dirty stream called Wien, which gives the name to the capital.'

I delighted in walking on the bastions; so pure the air, and so commanding are the views of the city and country around. Twice did these ramparts form the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks; but now, instead of being surmounted by cannon, they have become the resort of all classes, furnishing a promenade that few cities can boast. Within the walls the streets are narrow, and flanked by very high buildings, which are commonly large, and divided, like the Scotch houses, into flats, where different families reside. The old town contains the palaces and abodes of the nobility, and many of these are enormous erections. The shops do not assist in setting off the city, for though well stocked and capacious within, they make little show without. Squares with statues and fountains abound, among the principal of which are the Joseph Platz, where is the colossal equestrian statue of the Emperor Joseph II.; the square called the Neu Markt, where is a fountain, with four figures, meant to represent the four principal rivers of Austria pouring their waters into the Danube; and the Graben, where stands a column in honour of the Trinity.

All dine early at Vienna: we followed the example, and, by the recommendation of our guide, at the casino, which we found a remarkably quiet, and also, which was then of inestimable value, a tolerably cool place. After dinner we contrived, fatigued as we were, to visit the cathedral of St Stephens, the Belvedere Picture Gallery, the Volks Garten, and several other of the 'sights' of Vienna. Another night, and another hurried drive through the town, and to-morrow will behold us once more *en route* for Old England.

# THE BLACK GONDOLA.

## A VENETIAN TALE.

### I.—THE DUNGEON.

**W**HATEVER philosophers of a quaint and fault-finding school may urge, civilisation is, after all, the great blessing of modern times. There are minds which are capable of regretting the past, with its splendours, its miseries, its darkness, its depravity, its wretchedness, its famines, its inquisitions, tyrannies, injustices, and all the tissue of horrors which belong to an ignorant and barbarous age. But every well-regulated and reflective mind must prefer what is to what was. One of the great triumphs of modern civilisation consists in the amelioration of prisons and prison discipline, to say nothing of the substitution of justice for arbitrary power. Prisons are no longer the horrible living tombs which they once were, even within the memory of living men. In this, as in all things, we see the progress of enlightenment and knowledge—which is civilisation. In the middle ages, and even until a very recent date, and still in some semi-barbarous countries, to be cooped up in a dungeon was to be subjected to unheard-of tortures. The frightful cells of the Bastile, of Spanish and Italian state and monkish prisons, of German castles, form the standing materials for writers to horrify and astound. Thanks, however, to the pen and the voice—those two mighty weapons of our day, which are gradually taking the place of pike and musket—mankind has decided almost everywhere on scouting these infernal inventions of wicked and morbid minds. Wars of conquest and glory, instruments of torture, dungeons of Chillon and the Bastile, are going out with stage-coaches and duels, and will soon be altogether matters of history. Society now confines a man—not to be revenged on him, not to serve personal resentments, not to crush his mind and cripple his body, but to guard against his recommitting crime, to save and restore him to himself. In the less-civilised parts of Europe, and in many parts generally considered civilised, abuses still exist, but not to the extent which prevailed a few years ago.

The gloomy government of the republic of Venice, with its Council of Ten, its Inquisition, and its terrible system of despotism, it will be readily understood was never behind-hand in setting examples of undue and even

cruel severity. Its whole history is replete with horrors, as is, indeed, the history of all countries during the period that matter prevails over mind, and ignorance and superstition have sway. It is not a few bright emanations of genius which can exempt a people from that charge. On the contrary, Italy was never more generally benighted and dark than when a few stars, such as Ariosto, Dante, &c. shone in the firmament. Not that the people had not a kind of civilisation, but it was one of a very false and unsatisfactory character, arising chiefly from that total absence of freedom of thought and speech which characterises countries lying under the sway and influence of a powerful priesthood.

In a low, damp, and gloomy dungeon of the state-prison at Venice, in one of those horrible under-ground, or rather under-water habitations, which served as the dwellings of such as were confined by the Ten, from policy, jealousy, or hate, reclined upon a miserable bed a young man of handsome though pallid features, musing sadly as he lay. His dress had been elegant and fashionable when he was first confined, but it was now much worn, and in all probability was no longer of the day. His hair, beard, and moustache, were all of a most luxurious growth, which made him seem far older than he really was, he being in reality several years under thirty. He had a lamp beside his bed, and a huge book was near at hand, upon which, however, he cast not his eyes, which pierced beyond the living tomb wherein he lay. The object on which these dreaming eyes rested was a splendid palace that adorned the neighbourhood of the prison, and within it, in a room where, surrounded by every splendour and luxury which immense wealth can give, reclined a young lady of great beauty, pensive in air, dark and Oriental in feature—a true child of beautiful Venice. She might not be there now; she might be dead, far away, married! A year makes sad havoc with hearts and hands, and woman is, the poet saith, a mutable thing. But to the young man she appeared even as she did when last he saw her, when, awakening from her reverie, she caught sight of her lover dragged away by rude and savage menials, who heeded not his struggles nor her cries.

And he had lain a whole year in this miserable dungeon, without trial, without accusation, without hearing from or knowing of the world, with no other companion save a splendid illuminated manuscript, which he had carried to his beloved as a present, and which, in the hurry of the arrest, had scarcely been noticed. It is true he had a talkative and droll jailer; but to the prisoner a jailer is like a chain in a stone wall, and it was long before Count Leonardo Montecali could reconcile himself to making a companion of him. But man cannot live alone, and commune for ever with those thoughts which consume the springs of life more surely than all the muscular efforts in the world. Mario was a chatty fellow, and tried all he could to draw his prisoner into conversation. He succeeded, but in a way totally unexpected. Leonardo had for some weeks attentively watched the countenance of his jailer, and obtained a perfect insight into his character. He came, therefore, to a strange and wild determination, which can only be explained by the long suffering he had endured, and which had in all probability slightly affected his clearness of intellect.

'Mario,' said he suddenly one day, raising himself on his elbow, and

looking fixedly at the pages of his manuscript, 'I have only about three weeks more to stay here; nay, I am mistaken, it is, I see, three months.'

'Holy mother of Heaven! what means my lord?' cried the jailer, considerably alarmed.

'My good Mario, you are an honest fellow, and I will not deceive you. It is not my intention to live in retirement much longer. If I have done so thus long, it has been out of pure good-nature. You are not perhaps aware that I studied the great science of astrology under the divine Maestro Cartini, and that I was even initiated by him into the mysteries of other arts a little more diabolical? Well, these arts inform me that my time of captivity is drawing towards a close.'

'I am most happy to hear it, my lord,' said honest Mario.

'Hum! But I fancy, my good fellow, you make a slight mistake. I shall not leave this with the consent of the Ten, but against it!'

'Then you shall never leave this, my lord,' replied Mario emphatically, and yet with considerable uneasiness.

'But it must be, my good fellow. I have examined everything in my mind, and I see that my presence will be absolutely required at home within a short space of time, and I must go. Not that I am not perfectly happy here. How could I be otherwise? I am lodged, and fed, and I have the pleasure of your society, honest Mario. But business, you know'—

'My lord, if you love me, you will not go. It is as much as my place is worth, to say nothing of my life, which they would take without mercy.'

'I am very sorry,' continued Count Leonardo; 'very sorry, upon my word. But I can't help it; I really must go.'

'No, my lord; think of a poor devil like me, torn to pieces without mercy for letting you escape. But you shall not escape: I will go and denounce your intention at once.'

'Then,' said the count coldly, rising and folding his book, 'I must go at once.'

'Forgive me, my lord,' cried the unhappy jailer, falling on his knees; 'I was mad with fright, and knew not what I said. I will be silent as the grave; I will not let one indiscreet word pass my lips. Only stay in prison, and Mario will be your obedient humble slave. You shall have everything, my lord, but liberty.'

'For your sake,' said Leonardo gravely, and yet scarcely able to refrain from a hearty burst of laughter, 'I will adjourn—mark you—adjourn my resolution for the present. But go your round; and when you return, bring me pens, ink, and paper, and I will draw your horoscope. Let me have, too, some better wine than that you generally bring me. Here is the money.'

Mario gratefully took the small golden piece, bowed low, and went out, perfectly convinced that the noble Count Leonardo Montecali only remained in the sombre dungeon of a Venetian prison out of pure condescension and good-nature. Nor must we be surprised at the credulity of the ignorant turnkey. It was more than two hundred years back, and how long is it since the reformed world burnt old women for witches? In Italy the belief in magic was at that time almost universal. Astrologers, necromancers, alchymists, were feared and respected; and even the most highly-educated and cultivated minds fell into the vulgar error of

believing in a science which upsets every received idea relative to mind and matter. With the common people, the votaries of the black art were devoutly credited; and if they opened their pockets to the divinist and fortune-teller, they bowed lowly and humbly to the higher professors of magic. The supernatural has indeed such intense charms for our finite minds, that such credulity is scarcely surprising; and the wonder is not, perhaps, that so much superstition of this sort exists, but that it is not more widely spread.

## II.—THE LETTER.

Once alone, Count Leonardo Montecali indulged in a hearty though silent burst of laughter, the first he had indulged in since his incarceration in the dungeons of Venice. The terror of Mario had been so abject, his belief so sincere, that the young man, a bold and audacious thinker, could scarcely credit the success of his own scheme. When he at first conceived it, it was as much with a view to amuse his solitude as anything else; but it had taken effect so rapidly and surprisingly, that he almost began to conceive a hope that it might be made subservient to more important designs. Liberty, that first and most-valued of men's aspirations, was the leading thought of his mind. Two wild passions, more nearly akin, however, than any others, flamed within his breast—love and hate. He was warmly, sincerely, and devotedly attached to a young girl of high rank, and enormous wealth, the niece of one of the Council of Ten, and he was beloved in return. He had for rival Stephen Dandolo, son of one of the most powerful and able men of the day; and it was this rival who had had him imprisoned on some futile charge in the dreadful Pozzi. Leonardo was too much a child of his age to allow revenge to sleep within him. This passion, which is powerful in most men of energetic mind, is peculiarly so in the heart of an Italian. The young man longed for liberty as much perhaps in the hope of meeting his rival face to face, as to be able again to see Angelina Avarenza.

Mario bore about him a bunch of keys. It had often struck the count that a strong and determined man like himself might easily overcome the resistance of his jailer, gag him, take his keys, and try at least what could then be done. But he had reflected that a cry from Mario would bring assistance, while in any case their difference in height and size would render impossible any attempt at disguise. But now all the hopes of the young count revived. He determined to make an effort towards his liberty that very night, and to make Mario an accomplice. Mario had the sole charge of the range of cells, the Pozzi, in which Leonardo was confined, and could with ease spend an hour with a prisoner. It is true that jailers seldom sacrifice their time in so unprofitable a way; but Mario was an original.

In about two hours he returned, bringing with him the count's supper and a bottle of wine, which he placed before the young man.

'And the paper?' said Leonardo, severely determined to keep up his influence on the other's mind.

'Ah, my dear lord, I have got it, but it will cost me my place, I am

sure. I dared not ask for it, as I should have been suspected; I therefore tore a leaf from the registry of my accounts—I could do no more; I then took a pen and an inkhorn. Here they are, my lord.’

‘Thanks,’ replied Leonardo. ‘But first let me eat my supper: I feel hungry to-night. What hour is it?’

‘Six o’clock, Signor Count.’

‘Put thy lantern down, then, on the table. Good! Now uncork that bottle, my good fellow, and we will take some refreshment, as needful to the body of us necromancers as to any others. Ah! the wine is better, in truth, than the last. I see that thou art a judge, my worthy Mario. Excellent! ‘Tis Greek wine of the isles.’

‘Ay, my lord,’ said Mario, much pleased at the other’s satisfaction, which rendered it probable that he might sigh less for liberty.

The count ate and drank in silence. He kept his eyes almost constantly fixed on Mario, but his mind was far away. He was thinking of a pair of deep dark eyes, of a head of clustering curls, of rosy lips and blooming cheeks, and of a low, sweet voice, that had more than once said, ‘I love you, Leo!’ But these thoughts brought him back rapidly to the present.

‘Excellent! Well, friend Mario, I have supped like a prince. The wine was good, the bread excellent, and the cheese capital. That bunch of grapes, too, was a rich treat for a poor prisoner. But trim thy lantern, friend Mario, and let me try thy pens, ink, and paper.’

Mario hastened to obey with all the docility of a well-paid menial.

‘Good! and now be silent as the grave,’ continued Leonardo solemnly.

Mario sat down upon a stone bench, and gazed upon the count with some anxiety. Nor was he very much reassured by his examination. The handsome face of the young man seemed lit up by an unearthly fire. His eyes flashed, his pale face flushed, his lips moved convulsively, and a keen eye might have seen that he was wholly absorbed by some master passion. In truth he was thinking of her he loved, and of him he hated, and the hope of perhaps seeing them both soon excited him wondrously.

‘Mario,’ said he suddenly, ‘I cannot draw your horoscope to-night. You must give me the precise instant of your birth. Then I will confer with a disciple of my old friend Castini, and he shall consult the stars for me.’

‘Thank you, my lord.’

‘How often dost go out into the town?’

‘Every Monday, my lord.’

‘And to-day is’—

‘Sunday, count.’

‘Good! Be silent still a moment.’

And the count seized the pen, and wrote a few hurried lines—at all events he seemed to write only a few lines, so quickly did his pen fly, but his paper was nearly full. He then folded the letter, tied it with a piece of silk from his doublet, and directed it in a plain and clear hand.

‘Dost know the Avarenza Palace?’

‘Ay, my lord, ‘tis close at hand.’

‘Dost know one Agatha?’

‘I did, my lord, know such a duenna about a year ago, but I have not seen her since.’

‘Ah!’ said the count, turning pale, and with difficulty suppressing a

groan. 'But no matter; thou knowest the Avarenza Palace, and thou knowest Agatha by sight?'

'Certainly, my lord.'

'She was once the servant of the great Castini.'

'Of the necromancer?'

'Exactly.'

'Good, my lord.'

'To-morrow, when thou goest forth, thou wilt go to the Avarenza Palace?'

'I will, my lord.'

'Thou wilt ask for the good Agatha?'

'I understand, count.'

'And when thou seest her—alone, mark you—you will give her this letter?'

'Impossible, Signor Count,' said Mario suddenly.

'Impossible—villain!'

'Impossible, my lord count; ay, impossible: if you have me tormented by all the fiends at your command, I could not do it.'

'And wherefore?'

'Because, to carry out a letter for a prisoner, is in Venice punished with death.'

'But you will conceal it.'

'I shall be searched, Signor Count, and brought back to occupy the next dungeon to you, to go out next day under the Bridge of Sighs.'

'You refuse me, then, caitiff?' cried the count solemnly.

'I am sorry for it, count, but I cannot risk my life.'

'Then I must go myself,' observed the other with quiet composure.

'Nay, my dear lord, have mercy upon a poor devil! What have I done, holy mother of God! to be thus tempted and tried? If you go, my lord, I shall be put in a sack and drowned; if I carry your letter, I shall be punished with death, all the same.'

'You decidedly refuse?' said Leonardo rising.

'Again I say, pity a poor unfortunate turnkey. Signor Montecali, ask me for books, and I will smuggle them in; ask me for anything you will; but to carry a letter—impossible!'

'Mario, this can go on no longer. We must put an end to this trifling. We are wasting valuable time. Will you take this letter?—speak!'

'I cannot, my lord; I dare not.'

'Then,' cried Leonardo, advancing upon him with a menacing air, 'I must!'

The count had no time to say more. Mario fell senseless upon the floor of the dungeon, uttering a yell of anguish and despair; while Leonardo himself could scarcely stand. A fearful explosion, awful, inexplicable, like ten thousand claps of thunder, burst through the air; the cell shook, the walls seemed about to crumble around them, and then all was silent as the grave. The count, astounded, stood still an instant; but instinct told him that the moment was too opportune to be lost. Mario still lay senseless. He unfastened the bunch of keys from his girdle, using that to tie his legs firmly; he then took his cap and cloak, and the turnkey's dagger, and seizing the lantern, opened the door, and went out.

## III.—THE GONDOLA.

He found himself in a long, low, humid passage, upon which opened the doors of numerous cells. But he looked not at these: he hurried on towards the end of the gallery—the dagger in one hand, and the lantern in the other. All was silent as the grave. He shuddered as he went along that cold, damp passage; but his heart next instant beat tumultuously with the hope of liberty. How he had escaped from his cell he knew not: he only supposed that the same awful explosion which had so terrified Mario, and astounded himself, would occupy the attention of the keepers of the prison, and give him time for action. He soon reached the end of the gallery, but it had no exit: only a heavy iron door lay before him. He examined all his keys, and found one to fit it exactly. He opened the door: it pushed hard against him; and he fell deluged by water. Starting to his feet, he found himself in darkness, his lantern having gone out; and from the open door in rushed a stream of water. The count knew not what to do or think. The door opened upon the canal, it was clear, but below water-mark, and the gallery was flooding in every part. It was obvious that he had not the secret of opening that iron door properly.

‘What is to be done?’ cried he. ‘I shall be drowned like a rat. I shall have left my prison but to die a mean and ignoble death. Better go back and ask Mario to explain the secret of this matter.’

At this instant something dark and movable appeared through the open door. The count put forth his hand.

‘The prow of a gondola!’ he cried joyfully. ‘Then am I saved!’

To rest his foot on a stone step, and scramble into the boat, was but the work of a moment; and then Count Leonardo paused to reflect. A huge blaze of light in the distance, and a roar like that of a volcano, drew his attention. The awful report which Mario had taken for the manifestation of the necromancer’s power was now fully explained. The arsenal was in flames; and it was the blowing up of the powder-magazine which doubtless had served the count so opportunely. All Venice seemed in an uproar. Gondolas were moving in all directions. It was a time of confusion and alarm, and most admirably suited for an escape. The fugitive examined his gondola. He shuddered. He recognised the dismal and fatal boat which was so often used to make away with the secret victims of the sombre policy which ruled in that despotic city. He knew it by the little flag at its stern, and by a peculiar lantern. This might serve him well, and yet just now it might betray him. He therefore carefully removed the flag, and made no attempt to light the lantern. He felt, however, about in the boat, and found an oar: with this he impelled his dark and gloomy gondola along, seeking a canal that led him past the Avanzo Palace.

‘Thoughts of hope—those thoughts which, when the heart has not been hardened by constant disappointment, are almost ever young—came tumultuously to the count’s bosom. It is the fashion for philosophers of a certain continental school, very much in vogue in society, to paint man as possessed of little feeling or sensibility after the first flush of youth; these narrow-minded persons paint, it is true, from nature, but from nature



distorted. This philosophy is specially that of the popular romancists of France and Germany, who see before them only the men of the pleasure-seeking world, who, making a business of reckless enjoyment, have no freshness of heart after the first moment of juvenile joy with which they enter upon life. But fortunately it is not so. There are hearts, and many too, which remain for ever young, because they have not worn themselves out by rapid and unceasing emotions—because they have not made it their daily occupation to deceive and be deceived—hearts which enjoy the world readily, because they see much good in it, and always look with beaming eyes to the future—that terror of the hardened man of the world.

Leonardo Montecali was one of the happy ones of this world. He was rich; he had been a fortunate soldier, and had returned to Venice with glory, after serving in the Cyprus war. And then he loved, for the first time seriously; and after the usual delays, doubts, and difficulties, which are strowed upon the path of the tender passion, to give it more zest and force, he was beloved in return. The fair object of his affection was an orphan heiress, of great beauty, and vast wealth. Numerous, indeed, were her suitors; but so decided was she in her refusals, that Stephen Dandolo and Leonardo Montecali alone persisted. The first was powerful through his father, who was devoted to his son even to folly, and who, although energetic enough to others, knew no will but that of his spoiled, imperious, and haughty child. Angelina had been amused and interested by the fiery passion and impatient love of Stephen; but she was deeply moved by the respectful addresses of Count Leonardo. It would have been difficult for some time to have decided which of the two she preferred; for, like most women, she kept her secret as long as she could, and only revealed it when she saw the passionate young soldier almost inclined to yield the battle-field to his more audacious rival.

'You come to bid me adieu?' the young girl said, as the count stood before her cap in hand. 'And why, Signor Montecali?'

'Signora!—you cannot but be aware that I am the most humble and devoted of your servants. But I am a man, lady, of strong and powerful feelings; and it is clear to me that you prefer my rival, Stephen Dandolo. All I can do, then, lady, is say farewell, and seek to forget'—

'Leonardo,' said the young girl in a low tone, 'what makes you think that I prefer Stephen?'

'Angelina!' replied the count; and, according to the fashion of the hour, the lover was the next instant at her feet, whence he moved not until he had received from the lips of Angelina a confirmation of his dearest wishes. The next day Leonardo was a very proud and happy man, and Stephen Dandolo vowed in his heart to be revenged. This was not difficult. His father was powerful, the government despotic, and a pretended charge relative to the Cyprus war was easily got up. Leonardo was arrested, imprisoned, and then conveniently forgotten except by a few: but these few said nothing, for in Venice the air was not wholesome for murmurers.

But Leonardo was now free, and his thoughts dwelt with intense satisfaction on the fact, and with hope on the idea of Angelina Avarenza, his attached and doubtless faithful mistress. His plans were settled. It was perfectly useless for him to seek justice in Venice against a powerful faction; he would then realise his property secretly, collect together all

## THE BLACK GONDOLA.

he could, and fly with his beloved to the court of France, where he could enjoy at all events liberty and consideration. While dwelling complacently, yet somewhat sadly, on these plans, he reached the water-gate of the Avarenza Palace.

### IV.—THE AVARENZA PALACE.

It was a splendid and princely residence. Steps led down to the water, and on these stood numerous servants and boatmen, watching curiously the ravages made by the flames. Several boats lay at the foot of the steps; and amongst them Leonardo, without being noticed, fastened his own; then wrapping his cloak around him, and drawing his hat over his eyes, he prepared for action. His heart beat wildly; for there, in a balcony overlooking the canal, stood one whom, despite the gloom of that dark night, illumined only by the vast conflagration, he recognised as Angelina Avarenza. Beside her was her old attendant Agatha. They were gazing at the burning arsenal, and Leonardo could even hear the low, sweet, melancholy tones of his beloved mistress.

He stood silent and thoughtful on the steps of the palace. Most of the servants knew his face and voice, and it was necessary that his presence in that palace should be wholly unknown. When his flight was discovered, it would readily be supposed that he would bend his steps thither, and it was necessary that he should not be seen. He observed with satisfaction that the principal entrance was open; that, drawn to the edge of the water by curiosity, all the servants and boatmen were occupied in watching the one great object of attention. He drew quietly and cautiously back into the gloom, and with a muttered prayer for success, glided up along the columns of the colonnade, and entered the house, the stairs and rooms of which were familiar to him.

Not a soul watched in the antechamber. The women were apparently on the terraced roof of the house; and Leonardo, who knew the way well, moved rapidly up the gorgeous staircase, crossed several magnificent rooms, and stood within a few yards of Angelina. His heart beat tumultuously: he was half dizzy: the dazzling light that filled the vast chamber made him close his eyes. But he listened, for he heard her voice—a voice which he had heard only in his dreams for a whole year.

‘Holy Virgin, what a blaze! How it rises to the sky! How bright and glorious!’ exclaimed Agatha, who seemed half-alarmed at the sight.

‘It makes me more sad than ever when I look at it, Agatha,’ said Angelina in a soft, quiet way, that spoke of deep and strong-rooted sorrow.

‘Why, lady?’

‘Because it is bright and gorgeous now. It rises with awful splendour to the skies; but presently it will be all dark and dead. ’Tis like the dreams of our youth—all sunshine and warmth; then night and gloom.’

‘Still that one thought, lady! Always the count’—

‘Always the count, Agatha: now and for ever! Mine is no weak and vacillating heart: it knows no change. They have murdered him! No matter; he is ever here: ever—ever! I ask not to die. I seek not to

do so. I wait. When the hour shall come, it will always find me ready. There is still one joy in life, and that is memory. They cannot kill that, Agatha! And thanks to its magic power, nurse, he always lives for me, and always will! He is ever present—brave, gentle, loving, tender! Oh, Agatha, I would not have not loved him for all the riches of the world! For I tell you, nurse, to love a good, and generous, and lofty mind, is something glorious in itself! He was all this; and I am proud to be his widow, as I should have been proud to be his wife!

'My Angelina—my angel—my adored!' was all that Leonardo could mutter behind her, in low, choked accents.

'Heard you not his voice?' said Angelina sadly. 'It was there. I often hear it!'

'I heard nothing, my lady. I am deaf every day.'

'I heard it: it was but a whisper of memory, floating in the night air to my eager ears: it came like the sighing of the wind in the trees—like the murmur of the splashing waves; but it was there!'

'Nay, Angelina, it is I who speak!' cried the young count, overwhelmed with joy.

Angelina turned, saw behind her the well-known form and features, and fell senseless in his arms.

The count and the astounded and bewildered nurse, who looked with a strange expression at Leonardo, soon brought the lovely but pale and thoughtful beauty to her senses.

'My Leonardo!' she said, as she opened her eyes.

'My Angelina!' replied the young man, whose ecstasy at finding his mistress so fond and faithful can be far more easily imagined than described. Without being misanthropical, we may urge that fidelity to the dead is sufficiently remarkable to be noticed even in woman, the best, truest, and most holy thing in creation.

'They told me that you were dead,' said the beautiful girl, whose head was reclining on her lover's breast, still half doubtful of his existence, and glad to feel his arm as well as see his face.

'Nay, dearest, I was a fast prisoner in the dungeons of Venice; but thanks be to fortune, that smiles upon true love, I am once more free. I did not, could not expect such rare devotion as yours!'

'But you, Leonardo—had you changed, had you forgotten me? I will answer for you, since here you are. How pale and wan you look! You have suffered much, my Leonardo!—'

'But I suffer no longer now, my beloved, and I am happy!' And he added, after a short pause: 'Look you, Angelina; it seems to me that for those who love, the world is a different thing from what it is to others. Since I loved you, the sun seems brighter, the day more glorious, night more radiant, life more excellent, than it was before! There was music in flowers, in rippling waters, in the trees of your garden, when we used to wander together. Well, in my dungeon-cell I was never wholly alone, never entirely despondent. 'Tis something—'tis everything—to know that somewhere there is a being who thinks kindly of us—at all events who thinks of us. I knew you thought of me: I was certain of it: I felt it! Then I was never alone!'

'And I, though I thought you dead, never gave way wholly to despair.

You existed for me. The heart has a life of its own—a secret, mystic life, which gives body and being to things that are not: and you existed ever in my heart!

‘Dearest Angelina!’—

‘But you were worthy of a woman’s devotion; and I am proud, my Leonardo! A woman never really loves twice. One of her affections is always a hollow one. Well, had I looked around, and loved again, I must have owned to my weak heart that this passion I felt so proud of was a mere caprice, and I could not do that.’

‘Generous girl!’

‘Men think,’ continued Angelina with a sweet and happy smile, ‘that they love. They do sometimes, but rarely with sincerity, devotion, and an unchanging, unswerving heart. When such a man is found, ’tis indeed a jewel for a woman to prize with all her soul! But we, Leonardo, we live on love! As children, as girls, as mothers, woman loves always. It is our province, our existence, our all in all. While you feel ambition, love of glory, of fame, we still only love! You have divided feelings, we have not. We have, too, an ardent desire for fame, and for reputation, and for successful ambition; but then ’tis for our husbands, our children, and ’tis still love!’

Leonardo gazed in ecstasy on the beautiful speaker, who poured out her soul to him with all the fervour and ardour of her Italian nature, as the bird exhales its song, scarcely knowing what it does.

Agatha listened to all this in mute astonishment. Her hands were clasped, her eyes almost started out of her head. She kept aloof, listening, but scarcely hearing—astounded, petrified. At last, recovering her senses by slow degrees, she suddenly advanced towards her mistress.

‘My lady, madame, marchesa, princess, you forget!’—

‘Forget what?’ said Angelina quietly.

‘My lady asks me what! Then she is mad!’—

Angelina started to her feet—pale and trembling.

‘Leonardo,’ said she wildly, holding out her hands, as if to keep him off—‘go—leave me—fly this accursed house! My God! my God! my brain was turned! I had forgotten!’

‘Angelina, my love, my adored!’—began the wondering Leonardo.

‘Hush!’ said Angelina softly, while her hands held back her thick curls from off her brow, and she seemed wavering in intellect—‘hush: he might hear you, and it would be very wrong!’

‘Who?’

‘My husband! Did I not tell you that I was married?’ said Angelina with a look and a tone that made Leonardo fear for her senses. ‘Ha, ha, ha! Yes! I, the faithful woman—I, Angelina, who have spoken to you of my undying love—yes, I am married! I had forgotten!’

‘Explain yourself, dearest!’ exclaimed the pale and agitated young man. ‘What means this sudden change?’

Angelina fell once more upon his shoulder, but this time to weep scalding tears of sorrow. Leonardo, though chilled to the soul, knew that tears are the overplus of the bursting heart, and always give relief. He waited.

## V.—THE EXPLANATION.

A long and sombre pause ensued. The nurse stood looking at them with a sorrowful eye. Leonardo, bewildered, astounded, knew not what to think; while Angelina continued to sit, without speaking a word. Her heart seemed ready to burst.

'But speak, my beloved!' at last said Leonardo.

'I will speak,' replied Angelina, raising her head, and moving gently away from him. She was calmer now. She had recovered somewhat of her self-possession.

'Angelina,' then continued the young count, 'will you explain your words?'

'I will explain them—I must explain them. Sit you down, nurse. You who know all, may well hear it over again.'

The nurse seated herself. Leonardo, pale and anxious, gazed eagerly on the beautiful face of the young woman.

'Leonardo,' said she with an effort to speak calmly, 'as this is perhaps the last time we may meet for years, if it be not the last time we may ever meet, let us be frank and sincere.'

'Angelina, have you not always found me so?'

'I have. Then answer me. You love me?'

'With all my heart and soul.'

'Well,' replied Angelina gravely, while a ray of satisfaction she could not control passed across her face, 'and I love you—I have no reason for hiding it—as much as I ever loved you.'

'Thanks!—thanks!' cried Leonardo passionately.

'You owe me no thanks. It is stronger than myself. But, loving me, you put faith in my word, and believe me?'

'As I would an angel from heaven,' added the young count warmly.

'Then hear me, and judge me gently. Be not too hard upon my feeble woman's nature. Be compassionate and just, for I have need of it.'

The lover looked his reply.

'You recollect the last time you saw me?'

'Perfectly. It was in this room.'

'It was. You were coming to see me. Our wedding was to take place in a week. You were used to spend your evenings with me. Well, that night a band of ruffians, collected together by Stephen Dandolo, rushed into this house, seized you, beat and bound my servants, and bore you away, they said, to the island where Stephen has a castle.'

'But I was taken by the satellites of the Arogaderi to the dungeons of Venice.'

'Yes! but I knew not that. I fell ill with terror and grief, my Leonardo, and my head became weak as my body, and I too readily believed all that was told me. Well, then, when they came and said that you were dead, I at once believed them. I doubted them not. Stephen himself dared, with your murder on his head, to renew his pretensions. I spurned him with horror.'

'Ah!' said Leonardo.

'I spurned him with horror, and yet I feared him. I knew his reckless-

ness; I had had good proof of it; and I lived in trembling doubt. He was rich, he was powerful, he was protected by men in high places, and his father was Doge by that time.'

'His father Doge!' cried Leonardo.

'Ay, his father was Doge. All these things combined, made me live in constant dread. I knew that I was in the power of St Mark: that my wealth, my rank, my name, were all considered of importance by them, and that the awful government of our unhappy country regarded me as an instrument.'

'I listen to you with charmed ears, my Angelina; but all this I have long known.'

'No matter; let me repeat it, even if it be but to excuse myself.'

'Speak on.'

'Rumours reached my ears that the Council had taken my case in hand, and that my marriage was being debated. Stephen Dandolo had friends amongst those in power, and aspired openly to possess me. But there was hesitation. The patricians had no inclination, it seems, to strengthen the power and influence of the Doge's family.'

'Go on.'

'Still Stephen Dandolo was persevering, for he was overwhelmed by debt. Every art he could put in practice was used to bring over the rulers above him to acquiesce in his wishes, and I learned at last that he had very nearly gained the day.'

'Well?'

'I was in despair. I knew the awful nature of the tribunals before which my case was being tried, and I trembled. I was a weak, broken-hearted, and despairing girl, and I felt convinced that resistance on my part would be useless. I could have killed myself, Leonardo, but I shrunk with horror from such a crime. And then, my Leonardo, I could still not be quite sure that you were dead.' And she looked at him with a smile of melancholy satisfaction.

'But what did you?' cried the count, frenzied with impatience.'

'I had a noble friend,' replied the young girl, 'the venerable and mighty Prince of Papoli. To him I went. I knew he was of the Ten, a just and good man. I went to him. I fell on my knees, and I told him all. He listened to me calmly and kindly, and when I had ended, raised me up, and with a sweet smile, answered me: "My position," he said, "is such, that I cannot speak to you many things which otherwise I might. You know, Angelina, that I am, by my office, bound to secrecy in all things, and I cannot betray the secrets of St Mark and the republic. But, my poor girl, your objection to marriage appears to be general. If I save you from Stephen Dandolo, the senate will find you another husband." I replied that I asked but leave to end my days in a convent. "You are too rich and noble," he said, shaking his head; "I see but one way of letting you escape from what you dread so much."'

'And what was that?' exclaimed Leonardo anxiously and tremulously.

'Listen: "My daughter," he continued, "what the rulers of the republic chiefly ask is, that your estates and wealth shall not fall into the hands of foreigners. Let them be assured of that, and I have little doubt they will not care about giving you to Stephen."

"Well, my father?" said I.

"I see no other feasible plan but marrying you myself." I looked at him wild with astonishment.

"Ah!" said Leonardo with a look which spoke volumes.

He then explained all: he said that, old enough to be my grandfather, he had no wish or desire for a wife, but to save me from what I seemed to hate so much, he would ask my hand, have the ceremony performed, and then I should be free from all persecution. I accepted with humble gratitude.

"And you did right!" exclaimed Leonardo, overwhelmed by this proof of her devoted love.

"Listen still. The prince spoke gravely to me. He bade me remember that his was a great and spotless name; that, once his wife, though but in name, he left his honour in my keeping. "Angelina," he said, "I am old, and know human nature. Your passionate remembrance of this noble youth will pass away, as all things pass away in this world. Then, seeing yourself the child, as it were, of a husband with one foot in the grave, the heart, which is a thing not commanded at will, may speak, and you may love again."—

"But he was wrong, was he not, my Angelina?" said the count.

He was indeed; but to continue: "You must, however, recollect," he added, "that as long as I live you are my wife; and your Italian heart must be steeled against the tender and seductive passion."

"And what answered you?"

"That never, so long as he lived, would I ever listen to words of love from any man," replied Angelina in a low but firm and resolved tone.

"And you married him?" asked Leonardo wildly, for he began to understand.

"I married him. His colleagues eagerly accorded what he asked. They knew him to be a devoted patriot, and were quite sure that in his hands my wealth would be safe."

"Angelina, then the dream of my life is over! The hopes that have made even my prison bright and sunny are gone; and you, for whom I have lived, for whom I have escaped, are lost to me!"

"Alas!" was all the agitated girl could reply, bowing her beautiful head, and fixing her eyes upon the ground.

## VI.—THE TEMPTER.

Leonardo remained for some time in deep and painful silence, his handsome features convulsed by emotion. The young man loved sincerely, devotedly, with all the fire and energy of his Italian nature, and to him life without Angelina was a void. Wrapped up, then, in this one feeling, at that critical moment of despair and grief every consideration save his passion vanished. He saw but two things—his affection, and the obstacle. He did not reason—he felt. This accounts for his resolution and words.

"Angelina," he said with forced calmness, while the hollow and choked tones of his voice told all he really suffered, "I have heard, and I fully understand. You have acted generously—nobly. To save yourself from

being unfaithful to my memory, and from being forced to become the wife of my hated rival, you have contracted a pretended marriage with the Prince di Papoli.'

'I was married in this room, before discreet witnesses, the prince not desiring to make too public an act which looked like a whim of senility.'

'True, you have been married: still, this marriage is but a mockery. Here I am, my Angelina, the man whom you loved before you entered on this mad contract. You love me still: you have said it in my hearing—you have said it to me. Well, I love you as much as ever—more. What more can we ask?—what more can we desire? We have been long affianced—we have long loved—and there stands between us—what? A ceremony which declares you to be the wife of an old man on the verge of the grave!'

'What mean you, Leonardo? I may not listen,' said Angelina in a tone of heartfelt grief.

'You may, and you must!' cried the count, with a voice full of exasperation, and seizing her hand. 'Let us treat this union as null and void; let us fly to France; let us be married there; and for ever abandon Venice, where all is hollow, false, and fearful. I have riches beyond the republic's reach enough for us both. Let us then fly!'

'Impossible!' said Angelina, looking on the young man with a smile of intense love and profound pity.

'Say not it is impossible. We cannot be happy apart! We love! The Prince di Papoli but gave you the shelter of his name, because you both supposed me dead. But here I am; strong in my prior rights—strong in my deep affection—strong in your love: and I say unto you, by all your hopes of the future, by the memory of all your sacred promises to me, come, my beloved one; I am your husband in the eyes of God; for to me have you often sworn that no other should ever call you wife. Well, I, your real and only husband, adjure you to hearken to me.'

'Another, Leonardo, has received my vows before God, and near his altar,' sadly and sorrowfully replied the young girl.

'And I, have I not received your vows?' cried Leonardo warmly. 'I am not eloquent, or learned, but I can feel. My heart—my instinct tells me, that the only real marriage in the eyes of Heaven is that sentiment which fills our bosoms, and that which persons of congenial hearts and souls exchange, with no witness save God and their own consciences. This marriage exists between us. We love—we have sworn never to cease to love—never to love another. We are then married. It is true the world and the church have not sanctioned our union—a sanction which is doubtless necessary and sacred—but our contract exists still, and no mortal power can annihilate it.'

'And no mortal power ever will, husband of my love!' replied Angelina passionately.

'Then fly with me. The prince himself, when he knows all, will approve of what you do. A divorce will easily be obtained; and then free, our lives will pass in happiness too great almost to be credited.'

'It is a beautiful and tempting dream, my Leonardo, but it can never be.'

'What mean you? Speak!'

'I am the Princess di Papoli,' replied Angelina gravely; 'the spouse of a noble and great man, who, to serve me, braves the enmity of the Doge, of



his son, of many of his colleagues: who, to serve me, braves more—the scorn and ridicule of the world, freely showered upon a man of eighty who weds a girl of one-fourth his age. But he hesitated not. All he asked me was, that, once his wife, once the Princess di Papoli, I should recollect the glorious name I bore, and cherish it as he had cherished it. I found the name spotless—stainless! How would it be if the Princess di Papoli fled clandestinely with Count Leonardo Montecali?’

‘You love me not, Angelina!’ cried the count, who had no other reply to give.

‘I do love you! But there are in me two beings, Leonardo: the young girl who, caught by the handsome mien and noble heart of Count Montecali, gives up and preserves for him her whole soul—who loves him with all the force of her maiden heart—who looks back with ecstasy to those happy days when neither doubt nor dread stood between us; the young girl who sees you still noble, generous, good, and valiant; the young girl who, having once had courage to let fall the fatal word, which gives our poor hearts up to the man whose fate is ours—who, having once said in the pride and joy of her young affections, “I love you,” hesitates not to say that her feelings are unchanged. When we women once love a worthy object, we love well, and for ever. So it is with me’—

‘But you torture my soul, Angelina.’

‘Nay, I but speak frankly, to soften the seeming harshness of what I must add; and now it is no longer the young girl who speaks, but the Princess di Papoli. Signor Count, I am the wife of one of the noblest and most generous of men—a high and mighty prince, who deigned to save me from worse than death. He is old, venerable, and feeble. The more reason that I should watch with jealous care the jewel which he has confided to my care—his unsullied honour. It must not even be suspected. Peculiar circumstances, our past relations, your sudden and happy return from supposed death, alone excuse all that has already passed. But no more of this. The singular object of my marriage perhaps will not justify what I may add, but it will palliate it. We are young, Signor Count, and we love. If—mind you, I cannot bring my heart to hope it—I should ever be a widow—a circumstance which the great age of my noble husband renders only too probable—then, if you be unchanged, you will find me so.’

‘This is your resolve?’

‘It is, count. Our feelings and our past confidences render it unfit that we should meet. I am overwhelmed with joy to find you are yet alive. But now we must part—to meet no more. Attempt not to change my resolution. I excuse all you have said, on the ground of your deep affection; but should you persist in asking me to forget my duty and my gratitude, I should be forced to think less well of you.’

‘Noble, generous, high-minded woman,’ cried Leonardo, vanquished, ‘you are right! What I asked of you was mad—was wrong—was ungrateful.’

‘My Leonardo, now I know you. You would have been pleased at first had I yielded; but reflection would have made you respect me less, and then you would have loved me less.’

‘Adieu, then,’ said the count in a low husky tone. ‘Adieu, until you

are free! You are right! As the wife of another, I could not bear to see you!

'Be comforted, my Leonardo, for we are doing right, and that is much. that must be our consolation and our reward. But where go you?'

'To France, to return only when you send me this ring;' and the count took a plain gold circle off his finger.

'Adieu!' cried Angelina, whose strength both of mind and body was failing her. 'Adieu!'

She held out her pure white forehead to him, but, quick as thought, the young noble caught her in his arms, and imprinted a passionate kiss upon her lips.

'Pardon me, my life, my soul! It was my first—it may be my last!' And he hurriedly turned to go.

## VII.—THE PRINCE.

'The last!' said a grave and cold voice, proceeding from one who stood upon the threshold of the door.

Angelina and the count started back, and stood beside each other, astounded and alarmed.

'The last!' cried a second time the venerable and severe Prince di Papoli, advancing towards them. When he came close beside them, he folded his arms, and gazed upon them with a strange and peculiar expression of countenance.

'Is this young man your brother,' said he, 'that I see him bold enough to salute your lips?'

'Tis the Count Leonardo Montecali,' replied Angelina, who was as yet under the influence of feelings easily comprehended, but who spoke with all the energy of innocence.

'Count Leonardo Montecali, I can scarcely welcome you to my poor house, for I am one of the guardians of the public weal, and have to ask how you, a prisoner in the republic's dungeon but a few hours back, are here free in the palace of my wife, the Princess di Papoli?'

'You knew, then, that I was a prisoner?' said the Count Leonardo haughtily, looking at the same time with a meaning and reproachful expression of countenance towards Angelina.

'I did.'

'And you allowed me believe him dead?' cried Angelina, scarcely able to credit her senses.

'It was my duty, as one of the rulers of Venice,' replied the old man gravely, 'to betray none of its secrets.'

'My God!' said Leonardo, again turning towards Angelina with deep reproach in his look and tone. 'Do you understand now? Are you satisfied?'

'I know not what to think. I still must believe that the prince acted for the best,' replied Angelina, who could not bring herself to credit avarice and duplicity in one so venerable, and who bore so noble a reputation.

'Thank you, Angelina,' said the prince; 'but no matter under what circumstances, recollect that you are my wife, and that the presence of a

cavalier, who was publicly known to be, previous to your marriage with me, your suitor, is wholly unfitting.'

'I was about to retire that instant,' exclaimed Leonardo eagerly. 'The Lady Angelina did not receive me. The same good fortune which enabled me to escape, enabled me to enter this house. Prince, you are aware why this lady consented to unite herself to you? But when I came here, I swear I thought to find her free. I am free to confess, use the knowledge as you will, prince, that I proposed to Angelina—to the princess—to fly with me; she refused, and we were parting for ever when your highness entered.'

'I am willing to believe you, young man,' replied the prince with a gratified smile. 'But I have other business with you. The boat in which you came hither awaits you below, to restore you to your prison. But I wish, before you go, to ask you a few questions;' and the old man sat down.

'I am ready to answer, prince,' said Leonardo quietly. He had only left his prison for the sake of Angelina, and he cared little indeed for how long he was taken back to it.

Angelina clasped her hands together in despair. She almost regretted her refusal to fly.

'On what charge were you arrested?' asked the prince.

'I knew not.'

'You knew not?'

'I repeat that I am wholly ignorant of the circumstances which led to my arrest,' said Leonardo.

'You have no suspicion that some act of yours may have justified your imprisonment?'

'I have no suspicion, for I know that the jealousy of Stephen Dandolo was the sole cause.'

'Young man, I am willing and anxious to believe you; but there are strong facts against you. Come, look into your inmost heart. Recollect that little is hidden from the vigilance of St Mark. Question your own conscience, count, and see if no act of yours, which you think buried in the recesses of your brain, could explain the conduct of the government towards you.'

'On my soul, and by my salvation, I never did act or deed which could by any possibility have offended the government!' said the young man in a tone of solemn earnestness scarcely to be mistaken.

'Strange, and, if true, horrible!' cried the prince.

'I have spoken the truth.'

'Count, I will candidly say that I believe you. I hope the Council of Three may be as confiding.'

'Thank you, prince,' said Leonardo coldly. He put no faith on the belief or good wishes of the prince.

'Thank you, thank you,' cried Angelina warmly.

'I was very wrong,' observed the old man, shaking his head. 'Very wrong, as an old man of eighty always is when he takes a young wife.'

'You did right,' cried Leonardo energetically, 'for Angelina was worthy of the trust. But what I do not understand is, that, knowing me to be alive, you should have wedded her.'

## THE BLACK GONDOLA.

'Young man, I believed you guilty,' replied Di Papoli gravely; 'and I listened to the prayer of the child of my best friend.'

'Guilty of what, prince?'

'I may not say: that is the secret of the state. Jacopo!'

An officer of the police, in his uniform, advanced into the room, and bowed respectfully.

'I wait the commands of his excellency.'

'I am in haste, Jacopo, and precede you in my departure. I confide this prisoner to you. Let him be taken at once before the Council of Three.'

The prince, after bowing his venerable head to all present, went out.

'I knew how it would be,' cried the duenna, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly.

'Angelina, was I not right? And when the prince could betray you so unmercifully as to wed you, knowing me to be alive, ought you to have been more tender with him?'

'If the prince has done wrong, I should not imitate him, Leonardo,' said Angelina mournfully.

'Count,' said the officer of police, advancing, 'you are a prisoner of the state, and must follow me.'

'I know it,' replied Leonardo; and, with a look of admiration and despair fixed upon the beautiful girl who was now lost to him for ever, he slowly followed the officer.

In the next room were six armed agents. He was placed in the midst, hurried rapidly down the stairs to the water-gate, where waited for him the Black Gondola, which, as gloomy as a starless night, without ornament of any kind, with the curtains of its awning as black as its hull, was a fit instrument to be used by the sombre and despotic city, which had dignified its tyranny with the name of republic, and which, perhaps, while the most singular of governments, was the worst.

The officer and his men went under the awning with their prisoner. The gondoliers, without a word, and at a simple sign from the chief, pushed off, and the hearse-like machine began to glide back towards the prison which Leonardo had three hours before left so full of hope, and where, he doubted not, at all events, one man would welcome his return. To say the truth, the count was very anxious about Mario.

## VIII.—ANGELINA.

'Agatha,' said the princess, as soon as the count had departed, 'you love me—do you not?'

'Oh, signora, why do you ask me such a question?' replied the woman who had nursed her at her bosom.

'Because I am going to ask much of you,' said Angelina in a tone of determination which astonished Agatha.

'Speak, my lady.'

'But you must have much courage, and almost blind confidence in me,' added Angelina.

'I have hitherto obeyed your simplest wish, dear lady. Speak—I am unchanged.'

'Agatha,' cried Angelina in a tone of decision not unminged with anguish, 'the count must be saved.'

'But what can we do?'

'Everything. It is I who ought to save him, for it is through me he is a prisoner: and it is I who will save him!'

'My dear lady, why speak you thus? You can do nothing. It is idle for women to struggle with the state.'

'Idle!' said Angelina. 'No!—it is not idle. What!—would you have me lie down calmly—would you have me glide away to my bed, and sleep, while my heart's husband is struggling for his life before his judges? I will not do it! What I refused to his persuasions, what I refused to his love, it would have been wrong to grant, for he was free, and in no immediate danger. But now, his life perhaps hangs upon a thread; and shall I, to whom he has been so faithful—shall I, when he has forgiven even my marriage—hesitate to take any step in his service? To save him from death or perpetual prison, I would die freely, nurse; and she who forms that determination can have no fear!'

'My lady, what mean you?' cried Agatha, clasping her hands in a paroxysm of new terror.

'I mean, Agatha, that no dread of idle tongues, no fear of blame, shall stay me in my holy purpose. It is my duty, as much as my wish, to save the count; and he must be saved!'

'But speak, lady—speak. How?'

'Go, fetch two mantles, hoods, and masks, and bid Alphonso prepare a gondola,' answered the princess.

'Merciful Heaven! whither go you?'

'To the palace of Stephen Dandolo,' said Angelina, forcing herself to appear calm.

'To the palace of Stephen Dandolo, the reprobate, the profligate!' cried Agatha.

'Even so. He is the accuser of Leonardo, and he alone can prove his innocence. I will humble myself before him; I will implore him, and he will take pity.'

'You, my lady, humble thyself before that bold, bad man! Do you know all the crimes of which he is accused? Do you know that no woman dare trust herself in his palace?'

'I care not, Agatha. I am strong in the purity of my heart, and in the holiness of my purpose. Seek not to stay me. My mind is irrevocably made up. Go instantly, and fetch the mantles and masks. No more words. I will!'

The terror-struck duenna moved away silently, scarcely knowing what she was doing, and Angelina remained alone.

The young and lovely princess threw herself on her knees, and, with all the fervour and faith of her Italian nature, prayed to her God that she might be able to save the man she loved. She prayed not for herself, nor for happiness, present or to come: she but asked that he might be spared, and might be free—free from shackles, free from the breath of suspicion. Having thus as it were cast the weight off her own shoulders, she rose more composed, and full of that exalted confidence which women often feel in the fortune of the man they love—at least

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those women who give, like Angelina, their whole soul to one absorbing passion.

'Hasten, Agatha,' she said as the duenna returned. 'There is no time to be lost.'

The worthy old soul obeyed with a groan, and quickly concealed both herself and her mistress under the mantle, hood, and mask. These assumed, they passed rapidly out of the splendid palace.

A gondola, with one gondolier, a discreet and favoured menial, awaited them. They seated themselves in the cabin, and started. Agatha gave a whispered order to Alphonso. He obeyed without a remark: a Venetian gondolier knows that his first duty is discretion.

Ten minutes brought them to the palace occupied by the son of the Doge. It was lit up; crowds of gondolas flitted mystically to and fro along the smooth waters; and sounds of mirth and music were heard from the flaring windows: it was clear that the young man was giving a festival to his friends. Angelina was thunderstruck.

'What is to be done?' asked Agatha in a voice expressive of the hope she felt that her young mistress would abandon the adventure.

'Go on,' replied Angelina hastily: 'the greater the danger of discovery, the more merit in daring.'

The gondola accordingly drew up at the steps, and Angelina and Agatha stepped out—the beautiful but trembling girl advancing, leaning on the arm of her alarmed servant. They reached the door. A confidential servant stood beside it.

'Paolo,' said Agatha, who knew him well, putting a purse at the same time into his hand, 'go tell your master that a young and beautiful lady wishes to have five minutes' conversation with him. But no delay!'

'Eccellenza, follow me,' replied Paolo, bowing low.

They speedily found themselves in a small apartment furnished with dazzling splendour; and in a few minutes more Stephen Dandolo appeared. He advanced with a smile and a bow.

'Beautiful incognita!' he exclaimed gallantly, 'I have left all my friends to come to you. Pray, in what can I serve you?'

Angelina unmasked.

'Angelina, Princess di Papoli!' cried the young man with an accent of unfeigned wonder, looking wildly around him. 'You here?'

'Yes, Stephen Dandolo, it is I,' replied Angelina quietly; 'and my object is to obtain a few minutes' undisturbed conversation with you.'

'Madam, my palace is at your command. Shall I send away my guests?'

'No, count. Agatha, retire to the next room.'

Agatha, with wonder and surprise in her heart, retired, and left them alone. Ten minutes passed—twenty—half an hour; and then Angelina came out, led by the hand by Stephen. Her eyes were swollen with tears; the young count was very pale. He waited until Agatha had replaced the mask and mantle, and then taking the hand of Angelina with profound respect, he led her away. But not secretly this time. She went, guided by him, through the suite of magnificent saloons, and parted from him only as she stepped into her gondola. The young count then respectfully kissed her hand, and returned to his guests.

## IX.—THE TRIBUNE.

Count Leonardo Montecali was deceived when he thought that his guards were taking him back to the gloomy prison near the Bridge of Sighs. They halted before a large and splendid palace. The gondola was checked, and the officer of police desired the count to follow him. The young man obeyed, and ascended once more the steps of a palace; the guards following close behind him. All gave way before the well-known uniform of one of the agents of the government, and the palace was entered without a word of questioning. A corridor was passed, then a long suite of apartments, and then the count was taken into a small side cabinet, rather dark and gloomy, where the officer left him under the charge of two agents, and went out to report his arrival.

Count Leonardo began seriously to reflect. The moment was a grave one. On his behaviour before his judges would perhaps hang his life; at all events his liberty. Despite the grief which had filled his soul at the discovery of the marriage of Angelina, he still wished to be free. With liberty, youth, and courage, he had everything to hope. The mind of Leonardo was not one of those which easily gives way to despair. He had been checked, but he did not consider himself beaten. It was in vain, however, that he racked his mind for answers to the charges which would be brought against him. He could not even form the remotest conception of what they might be. Himself a noble of rank and fortune, he had never, even in thought, acted against his country or his order. Under these circumstances it was useless, he felt, to puzzle himself farther with the mystery, and he therefore waited patiently.

'Enter!' said a loud voice from a door which opened suddenly, moving softly on its hinges.

'I am here,' replied Leonardo; and he obeyed the command of the unseen speaker.

He found himself in a vast and ill-lighted, though splendid apartment. Behind a table covered with papers sat three men closely masked, and wrapped in thick cloaks, that completely concealed the outline of their persons. At one end of the table sat a secretary also masked. There were no guards or attendants anywhere visible.

'Enter, Mario,' cried the secretary in a shrill and disguised voice.

Leonardo smiled, and turned round towards a door which suddenly opened beside him.

'The sorcerer!' cried the bewildered jailer, stepping back in unfeigned alarm.

'Himself, Mario,' said the count, 'and resigned to return to your good keeping. You see I did escape, as I threatened.'

'Ah, my lord, it was ungenerous of you! What a fright I was in! I am scarcely recovered yet, and cannot believe that you disappeared from before my eyes.'

'I will explain all when I return to my cell, good Mario,' said the count, still smiling; 'but there are gentlemen here who have claims upon us, and whose time we cannot intrude upon.'

'It is precisely in connection with your strange escape,' exclaimed the

secretary, at a sign from one of the judges, 'that we are at present about to examine you.'

'Speak. I am ready to answer,' said the count, turning towards the secretary, and bowing to the judges.

'This man has told a strange story in relation to your escape, Count Leonardo. We wish, for our own satisfaction, to hear if his tale be true.'

'I am sure honest Mario has told the truth as far as he knows it; and though my narrative will probably cause me to fall very much in that worthy man's opinion, I am desirous of explaining exactly how the affair happened.'

'The Council listens to you,' said the secretary, motioning to him to address the three masked figures.

Leonardo bowed, and in as few words as possible, leaving out only trifles which might have compromised Mario, told the whole history of his escape.

'Your story tallies exactly with that of Mario,' observed the secretary, 'and will in all probability save him from severe punishment. But,' examining the paper before him, 'how came you to escape in the gondola usually reserved for the secret service of the state?'

Count Leonardo told them the end of his story as frankly as he had told the beginning. The jailer heard him with stupid astonishment. He was almost too much surprised to be angry at the deception put upon him. The Council had looked at each other during the whole scene, as if they were taking advantage of their masks and cloaks to be greatly amused at the narrative of the count, which was told with a great deal of dry humour.

'Thank you, count, thank you,' cried Mario, breathing more freely when he had concluded; 'but I'm not half convinced yet. I can't see how any but a sorcerer could make such an escape.'

'You may retire,' said the secretary, nodding to the bewildered jailer, who, with a humble bow to the awful tribunal, and another addressed to the count, hastened with alacrity to obey, leaving Leonardo alone with his judges.

'Count Leonardo Montecali,' then said the secretary gravely, while the three assumed the solemn attitude of men about to try a question of life and death, 'this matter of little real moment being settled, we come to more serious business.'

'I am at the orders of their excellencies,' said the count quietly, 'though what of serious moment there can be between a young man like myself—whose life has been one of pleasure and of warlike duty—and the dread Council before which I stand, is more than I can imagine.'

'Your conscience is then perfectly at ease?' asked the questioner.

'Perfectly.'

'But, Count Leonardo Montecali, we have to bring against you a charge of treason against St Mark, of foul and base desertion of the interests of the republic.'

'Signor, you must be mistaken in the name. No such charge can seriously be brought against me,' replied the young man in a tone of haughty indignation.

'Speak calmly, young man,' said one of the judges; 'those who question have the right to do so, and the power to enforce their right.'



'I know it; but not all their right, nor all their power, can make of me aught save an innocent man, sacrificed by a base calumniator, to serve the purposes of his selfish passion.'

'You speak warmly, count; but you must submit to the usual course. We have questions to put, and those questions must be answered. When you have responded to all we have to say, we shall then be ready and willing to hear your defence.'

'I will be calm, excellencies; but a noble heart and a pure conscience cannot hear without indignation such charges.'

'We like your impulses, and regard them as of good omen,' said the same judge; 'but you will be pleased now to answer the questions of our secretary.'

#### X.—THE INTERROGATORY.

'Signor, your name and style?' said the secretary, preparing to write down the more positive answers of the prisoner.

'Count Leonardo Andrea del Carego Montecali,' said the prisoner with all the pride of a man whose name, in his own opinion, carried weight in its very sound.

'Your age?'

'Twenty-nine.'

'You have been a soldier?'

'Ever since the age of sixteen I have striven to serve the republic; and it may be permitted to me, in an exigency like the present, to add that my endeavours were not wholly unrewarded with distinction in the Cyprus war.'

'That is duly recorded in your favour. But now we come to the first crime imputed to you.'

'Ah!' was all the count uttered, while at the word 'crime' an angry flush covered his face.

'On the night of the 2d of March —, did not you, after the camp had retired to rest, and after the usual time for soldiers seeking sleep, wrapped in a cloak, and provided, by some unknown means, with the password, leave the camp in the direction of the enemy, and return as mysteriously some hours after?'

'I did,' said Leonardo firmly, after a moment's reflection.

The secretary raised his head with rapidity. Could his face have been seen, in all probability some such expression would have been noticed as crosses a man's countenance when he sees another rushing wilfully to destruction. The three judges whispered hurriedly amongst themselves.

'How obtained you the password?'

'From Stephen Dandolo,' said the count with a smile of contempt, as he noted the frown of his rival in all his misfortunes.

'Afterwards your rival in love?' asked a judge who had not yet spoken.

'One of my rivals,' replied the count coldly and bitterly, looking directly at the masked speaker.

'How came Stephen Dandolo on guard that night, to reveal to you the password?' continued the secretary.

'The Signor Stephen Dandolo knew the object I had in view; and being then my friend, revealed it to me.'

'And what was the object?'

'Reverend signors, surely you have not sufficiently forgotten the feelings of your youth, not to be aware with what object a young man usually makes such night expeditions!'

'You would insinuate, then, that instead of visiting the enemy's camp with a view to betraying the secrets of your country, you went to pay a visit to some fair lady?'

'Your highnesses have, with your usual far-sightedness, answered for me.'

'Were it necessary, could you bring forward the lady?'

'No!'

'Why not?'

'Because it was a mere caprice of the moment, and under no circumstances would I reveal the name.'

'Such are not the answers usually given to the Lion of St Mark,' said one of the judges severely.

'I am sorry for it, my worthy signors; but while I am fully prepared to tell all my own secrets, I cannot tell those of other people,' replied Count Leonardo calmly.

'Truth is our only object,' continued the secret inquisitor, 'and your explanation seems satisfactory. But we have graver matter yet.'

Leonardo bowed.

The secretary turned over some documents, and took up a sheet of paper, which looked like a letter that had been folded out, and thus kept for some time.

'Look, count, at that letter,' said the secretary, handing it to him across the table.

Leonardo took it, and read it carefully. He raised his head then with a strange smile. It seemed as if, in other circumstances, he would have had some difficulty in refraining from laughter.

'You have read the letter?' continued the secretary.

'I have read it.'

'By whom is it written?'

'I presume you have not been unable to decipher so plain a signature.'

'You acknowledge, then'——

'I declare it to be in my handwriting, and addressed to Stephen Dandolo about three years back.'

'At the date of the conspiracy of Paolo Liardo?'

'Ah! truly it was so.'

'Be pleased to read the letter aloud, and explain its meaning,' said the secretary.

'Most worthy signors,' said Count Leonardo, 'you must pardon me if I can scarcely maintain my gravity, but I cannot help it. Still, I will strive to be seemly in my behaviour, and to read it with all due solemnity. The letter is as follows:—"It gives me much pleasure to rank you amongst us. The injured, first of all, are the life and soul of conspiracies; and to overthrow this hated and secret power is a great and holy purpose. The venerable Doge himself is not worth troubling ourselves about; but it is, above all, against his constant adviser, and against the secret and

veiled Council of Three, that you and all other victims of iron despotism must be eager to take revenge. For myself, I conceive, that when they are unmasked, we shall be better able to judge what sort of punishment will become our dignity and their deserts. Until to-night, then, adieu."

And throwing down the letter, the young count covered his face with his handkerchief, his glistening eyes giving intimation that it was with very doubtful success he struggled against an inclination to laugh outright.

'When you have recovered yourself, Signor Count,' said the secretary somewhat harshly, 'you will perhaps recollect the presence in which you stand.'

'I stand in the presence of the secret and veiled Council of Three,' exclaimed the count, trying to disguise his merriment in an irreverent cough, which made the four strange personages who were examining him stare with astonishment.

'Count,' said the secretary, 'you presume too much. We wait the explanation of your letter and of your unseemly mirth.'

'Pardon me, excellencies, but the pranks of our youth cause sometimes joyous remembrances; and this, if I live, will always raise in my mind mirthful thoughts. I assure you, excellencies, that if you had not forgotten in more important occupations how to laugh, you would yourselves join me, when I relate the cause.'

'Speak on!'

'There lived, and I believe there still lives in Venice, for the misfortune of its youth, a certain Jew named Abraham, a money-lender, a usurer, who was in the habit of supplying our young spendthrifts with money when the paternal purse-strings were closed. This Jew had taken unfair and base advantage of the distresses of many, and one day it chanced that his numerous victims resolved on revenging themselves. I knew that Stephen Dandolo was one of those who had perhaps suffered more than any from his rapacity, and hence my desire to have him among the conspirators. At my request he freely joined us, and I wrote this letter to congratulate him. In the joyous thoughtlessness of youth, I very irreverently, I own, applied to the Jew the name of Doge, called his wife his "constant adviser," and designated his three pretty daughters "the secret and veiled Council of Three;" for which I humbly beg your lordships' pardon.'

The dreaded tribunal whispered; and then, after gazing at the speaking, and amused, and frank countenance of the young lord, there was a sound among them which the profane might have misinterpreted into that of repressed mirth.

'Per Bacco!' cried one of the three in a cracked but hilarious voice, 'I recollect the affair. The Jew Abraham was entrapped to thy house, young man, under pretence of lending thee money, and was only released from confinement after making amends for some of his rascalities by releasing certain of his most ill-used debtors.'

'And after sending for his three daughters, whom, finding them young, pretty, and innocent, we treated honourably, and sent back rejoicing,' said the count with a low bow.

A silence ensued, during which the three inquisitors recovered themselves a little, and then held council: it could be easily seen, however, that

they were under the influence of feelings not commonly allied to functions so terrible as theirs.

'Young man,' said one of them gravely, 'we are satisfied that you have spoken the truth. But there yet remains to be explained how this letter has been sent to us as a convincing proof of your guilt.'

At this instant an officer entered, and handed a paper to the secretary. The secretary at once transferred it to the Council.

## XI.—THE JUDGMENT.

The members of the tribunal spoke together for a few minutes in a low tone. Their voices were grave and solemn, and even full of indignation. They seemed slightly to differ in opinion, but at last one gave way, and they were again of the same mind.

'Let Stephen Dandolo enter!' said the secretary to the officer on a sign from the Council of Three.

Count Leonardo started with unfeigned astonishment, and all his joyous looks vanished. His malicious and revengeful rival had doubtless heard of his presence before his judges, and, alarmed at the prospect of his being able to explain away the absurd charges made against him, was come to reinforce them by his testimony, or to add to them others more serious perhaps, and less easily answered.

Stephen Dandolo entered. He was dressed still in the somewhat fantastic costume which he had put on to receive his guests. His mien was lofty and haughty, and he bowed proudly to the tribunal, and politely to his old friend.

'What is there of such pressing moment that you present yourself thus before us?' said one of the judges.

'My lords, I come on an errand of duty. I had reason to suspect that you were this night about to judge one who for a whole year has been unjustly detained in the prisons of Venice.'

Stephen Dandolo paused. He had come in breathless with haste.

'Who is it that talks so boldly of Venetian injustice in this presence?' interrupted one of the judges, while Leonardo started, still more astonished than before.

'The author of the injustice, mighty lords. I, Stephen Dandolo, declare, to my shame and sorrow, that I am the author of the misfortunes which have fallen upon the Count Leonardo Montecali.'

'Stephen,' cried the young count gravely, 'what had I done to deserve your hate, and what have I done now to call for this unasked-for testimony?'

'You were my rival in love. We both loved Angelina Avarenza. To my rage and despair, I saw that you were preferred—that the lady, while scorning my affection, paid yours back with interest. Fury and revenge filled my breast, and I swore that if she could not be mine, she should not be yours. I have kept my vow.'

'Fatally!' said Leonardo in a low tone.

'Fatally I have. But what is done is done. A year ago, my mind, boiling with hate and passion, I turned over in my secret thoughts the

best means of separating you. At first I meant to have you slain, but I could not bear the thought of hiring an assassin to kill the man I had once called friend. I therefore denounced you to St Mark as a traitor and conspirator. I had two very strong proofs against you--your midnight visit to a lady during the Cyprus war, and your imprudent letter about the Jew Abraham. I tore off the postscript, which bade me burn a document which looked so treasonable, and I enclosed it, with a formal denunciation, to the Arogaderi. The next day you were arrested under my own eyes in the Avarenza Palace.'

'And are you not ashamed, young man, you, a noble and a prince, son of the chief magistrate of Venice, to own to such infamy?' said a judge severely.

'I am ashamed of having done the act, not of owning it,' said Stephen with haughtiness.

'Your repentance is tardy, Count Dandolo,' observed one of the judges; 'but to what cause are we to ascribe your unexpected presence here?'

'To the interference of an angel,' said Stephen Dandolo warmly. 'But an hour since, the Lady Angelina, Princess di Papoli, veiled, and attended by a single servant, came to my palace.'

'Ah!' said one of the judges.

'Angelina!' cried Leonardo.

'Herself. She came, and asking to see me, pleaded with all the eloquence of a woman's heart the cause of the man she loved. What moved me most was her unhesitating confidence in his innocence. The more innocent she believed him, it is true the more guilty I became; but I reflected not on this. All I saw was a beautiful woman, who knew that the man she loved, and whom yet she could never call husband, was in danger, and forgot everything to try and save him. I saw her come boldly and unhesitatingly to the palace of a young man, his rival, on an errand of mercy and love. My lords, I have now spoken, and I trust to your justice and mercy.'

'Jacopo,' cried the secretary.

The officer entered, followed by several guards.

'Remove the prisoners,' said the other quietly, 'and see that they have no conference together.'

The two young men bowed proudly, and were taken both to the chamber previously occupied by Leonardo alone, and placed one at each end, their guards standing between them. The young Count Montecali was much overcome. The generous act of his beloved Angelina, which had enabled him to prove his innocence in the most effectual manner, moved him much; while the retraction, tardy as it was, of Stephen Dandolo seemed to him to call for deep gratitude. It was true his rival could not undo all the evil he had occasioned, but he certainly had done his best; and Leonardo pardoned him from his soul. An eloquent look explained these feelings to Stephen, who responded by a friendly and courteous bow; and then both withdrew into their own thoughts.

'Counts Leonardo and Stephen, the tribunal summons you to hear its decision,' exclaimed at the end of that time the officer Jacopo.

The two young men followed their guide once more, and were again in the presence of the Council of Three.

The secretary motioned them to take a seat, which they both did, auguring well from this auspicious beginning.

'Count Leonardo Montecali,' said one of the judges in a gentle and calm voice, 'the tribunal has to express its deep regret that, deceived by false appearances and lying reports, the government of Venice has been unjust towards a loyal and faithful subject. The tribunal declares you free, and divested of all suspicion. But the tribunal tempers mercy with justice, and condemns you to one year's imprisonment for your imprudent trifling with sacred names in your letter read before this presence; although, taking into consideration the infirmities of our nature, it considers you to have already paid this penalty.'

'Accept my warmest thanks, honourable lords!' exclaimed Leonardo.

'Be not so impatient, young man. The government of Venice is just: and if, under false impressions, it commits a despotic act, it knows how to repair its injuries nobly. The republic has under its tutelary guardianship a young lady of great beauty and wealth, and it permits you, as compensation for what you have suffered, to take to wife its dear ward, Angelina Avarenza.'

'Merciful God! what mean you?' cried Leonardo, unable to credit his senses.

'The tribunal has spoken very clearly, I think. Surely you can have no objection to this union?'

'My lords, it would be the fulfilment of the dearest desire of my life. But how is it possible—am I not in a dream?'

'Angelina Avarenza the wife of Leonardo!' cried Stephen, and his tone might have seemed to indicate a momentary repentance of his generosity.

'Do you desire to recall your evidence?' asked the judge severely, penetrating the feelings of the young man.

'No, my lords, no!' cried Stephen, shaking off the weakness of nature, and in a frank and earnest voice said: 'I am delighted, for they deserve to be happy. I am truly glad it is in your power, noble signors, to reward the affection of this faithful couple; but I understood the Lady Angelina to be the wife of the noble Prince di Papoli!'

'Well spoken, young man. The tribunal is pleased to hear these creditable sentiments in your mouth, and consents to pardon you the heinous crime of which you have been guilty. But be warned, Count Stephen! The Lion of St Mark is a dangerous animal to play with, and will not easily consent to be the tool of private vengeance.'

'My lords,' cried Leonardo passionately, 'speak once more. Do I hear aright? Is Angelina really to be my wife?'

'Young man, the tribunal has spoken, and what it has said must be. Now go. The officers will take you back to the Avarenza Palace; and, moreover, understand that it is the will of the state that the marriage take place this evening.'

'This evening!' cried Leonardo almost stupidly; and gazing at the Three, as if to read in their veiled faces the explanation of the mystery.

'I claim to be your bridesman, Leonardo!' exclaimed Stephen.

'And I accept you with all my heart,' said the Count Montecali; and they grasped each other's hand cordially.

'Well done, young men. This reconciliation is wise and noble. Now go. The tribunal has other matters of more moment to attend to than the resuscitation of friendship and the union of lovers.'

The late rivals and enemies went out arm in arm, and after the delay of about a quarter of an hour, were taken through the palace by the shirri, put on board the Black Gondola—the Black Gondola, as it was called *par excellence*, for all the gondolas of Venice are black—and taken to the Avarenza Palace.

## XII.—THE CATASTROPHE.

They found the palace still astir. There were servants about; and to a hurried question they replied that the Lady Angelina was alone. The visitors waited not to be announced, but went rapidly up stairs. All the doors of the long suite of apartments were open; and they heard voices within—the voice of Angelina speaking to Agatha.

'What boat was that which just stopped beneath my window?' said the young lady in a somewhat anxious tone.

'It is I,' cried Stephen Dandolo, pushing back Leonardo.

'Count Dandolo!' almost screamed Angelina, while she drew back in alarm.

'Lady Angelina, we have come to return your charming visit,' said Stephen with a smile; 'but, lest I should be rudely welcomed, I have brought a friend with me to back me.'

'A friend!—what friend?'

'I, my Angelina—my adored, my love, my wife!' cried Count Montecali, advancing.

'Leonardo!' shrieked Angelina; and overcome by the excessive emotions of the evening, she fell, half fainting, in his arms. She soon, however, recovered under the caresses of her ardent lover.

'Stephen,' said she, rising and holding out her hand, 'this is noble, this is generous; but why were you not thus a year ago?'

'Fair lady, I comprehend your reproach. You mean that, but for me, you could now be happy as the wife of the man you loved. But it is a husband I bring triumphantly in my train. The republic is a great tyrant, we know, but still we must all obey it; and St Mark has decided that you this evening wed the Count Leonardo. This is but a short shrift, 'tis true.'

'But what means all this?' said Angelina distractedly. 'You talk to me of marrying—you speak of Leonardo as my husband: know you not that I am already married—that I am a wife—and that my husband is one of the first nobles in the state?'

'I know it perfectly. But then the Lion of St Mark has spoken; and I, who have a blind confidence in the wisdom and power of the infallible government of Venice, firmly believe that you will this night marry my friend here.'

Sounds of many footsteps were now heard, and the Prince di Papoli appeared in the next apartment with a large party. He alone, however, crossed the threshold.

'Move not from his side, Angelina,' said he with a proud and happy smile. 'You have every right to lean upon his heart. The Count Stephen, if I heard him well, has told you what has been decided. You are condemned, this very evening, to wed Count Leonardo. What answer give you to the ambassador of Venice?'

'Most noble prince,' said Angelina in a sweet and distinct voice, 'I have always been an obedient daughter of the City of Lakes, and I am not disposed to be a rebel now. But how can it be, my lord? Am I not your wife?'

'No, Angelina, you are not my wife. Pardon the trick we played upon your inexperience and youth. No marriage ever took place between us. I knew the Count Leonardo to be alive, though my oaths allowed me not to tell you, and, wishing to serve you, I chose a middle path. I so contrived that a ceremony of betrothal passed for a marriage-ceremony in your eyes; and thus you are certainly my betrothed; but as we both, I believe, are equally willing to release each other, all is well.'

'Generous prince!' cried Angelina.

'Most noble and revered lord,' said Leonardo, 'how can I excuse my unjust suspicions?'

'Make this good child happy. The sweetest sight that can grace a parent's eyes is the picture of his daughter a well-mated and happy wife. I am to Angelina a parent. Be to her a good and noble husband, and I ask no more of you.'

'My lord, there are women in this world so gentle, so good, so angelic, that they cannot but meet good husbands. Who could be faithless, or indifferent, or neglectful, with an Angelina for a wife?'

'Flatterer!' said Angelina, whose tones, however, were those of a woman who believes implicitly the words of one she loves.

'Be happy, then, my children,' continued the prince; 'give me your hand, my Angelina; and come, the altar awaits you: the priests and witnesses are ready, and the chapel is lighted up. Come.'

Angelina put her hand in that of the aged prince, and followed by the whole party, went out. A concourse of friends, hastily collected, were in the next room. No one was surprised; for Angelina was a ward of the republic, and all guessed that there must be some reason for what was done.

The procession formed, the altar was reached, and the august and sacred ceremony begun. All looked with reflected pleasure on the happy faces of the bride and bridegroom. Their tone of happiness may have been a little grave, influenced by the early events of the evening, but it was real and unalloyed. There was on the countenance of Angelina an expression of confiding love, of almost infantine affection, which would have made her beautiful, independently of the mould of her features. Hers was one of those faces which beam with purity and innocence. She wore not a wedding costume, but the wedded heart was there; and when the ceremony was over, she turned towards Leonardo with an expression which said so plainly—'Are you happy now?' that he answered it.

'I am happy. Only six hours ago I was a poor caged bird. Now I have freedom, honour, love, and joy. Who ever had so much before of blessing showered on him in a single day?'



'My son,' said the prince gravely, 'continue to deserve your happiness, and happiness will remain with you. It is rarely, in this world, that felicity leaves us, except when scared away by the uproar of our vices and follies. Apart from evils common to our nature, you will generally find that we are happy according to our deserts. Nine-tenths of the evils of life we create ourselves. Strive to be happy, love one another, and all will be well. Ye have my blessing, my children.'

And the young married couple bowed humbly beneath his hands, and then, to the sound of gladsome music, all moved away to the superb collation which had been prepared by the orders of the careful prince.

## ANCIENT PHILOSOPHIC SECTS.

TO fix the date of the origin of philosophy would be a matter of extreme difficulty, if not absolutely impossible; for, in a general and loose acceptation of the word, it may be said to have originated with man's first exertion of his reasoning faculties. But if the meaning of the word is restricted to the systematic study of the universe and of the mind of man, its beginnings may be traced very clearly to the Chaldeans, the Gymnosophists, the Magi, and the Egyptian priests, who, in their several countries, were the first to reduce to order the various branches of learning which the science includes. Egypt is usually considered as the first seat of learning, and the spring whence the stream of philosophy poured eastward over Asia before passing into Greece; but notwithstanding the undoubted antiquity of the mechanical arts in that country, and the extraordinary proficiency of its priesthood in astrology and magic, it may be fairly questioned whether the study of the higher branches of philosophy did not commence in Babylonia or India, coevally with, if not anterior to, its rise on the banks of the Nile. The reluctance of the Egyptian priests to communicate their knowledge to others, the disparaging manner in which Plato speaks of their philosophy, and the priority assigned by Aristotle to the Chaldeans, are among the reasons which may be adduced in support of this opinion. Under the clear blue sky of the East the stellar and planetary bodies must, at a very early period, have attracted attention; and from the contemplation of the star-gemmed heavens the Chaldeans derived the exoteric aspect of their theology, as evidenced in the popular worship of the sun, moon, and stars. The knowledge they acquired from the observation of the celestial bodies was applied to the purposes of astrology, by means of which they maintained their influence over the people. Their esoteric philosophy, which they reserved to themselves, as usual among the priests of antiquity, taught that the universe was originally an inorganic mass of darkness and water; that the earth was formed, and light called into existence, by the fiat of a Supreme Being, of whose divine nature the mind of man was an emanation; and that by the providence of this Supreme Being the world was governed.

Great antiquity is likewise claimed by the Brahmins for the Indian philosophy, and their country was as much visited as Egypt by the philosophers of Greece, for the purpose of obtaining knowledge. The Gymnosophists were divided into several sects, of which the Brahmins concerned

themselves chiefly with religion. The Samanæans were a society formed of those who devoted their lives to the study of philosophy, abjured family and property, and were maintained at the public expense. The Hylobeans formed another sect, who lived entirely in forests, adopted a pure vegetable diet, and practised the severest abstinence. The system of the Gymnosophists may be thus summed up:—‘God is light, not such as is seen, like the sun or fire, but intelligence and reason; that principle through whose agency the mysteries of knowledge are understood by the wise. He is not comprehensible by vision, or by any other of the organs of sense; nor can He be conceived by means of devotion or virtuous practices. He is not space, nor air, nor light, nor atoms, nor soul, nor nature; He is above all these, and the cause of them all. His existence had no cause. In Him the whole world is absorbed; from Him it issues; He is entwined and interwoven with all creation. The human mind is of divine origin, and has a near relation to God. When it departs from the body, it returns to its Parent, who expects to receive back the soul which He has sent forth.’ But like all the old religions, Brahminism has a dual character; and this pantheistic system the Gymnosophists reserved to themselves. The multitude were supposed to be not sufficiently enlightened to understand it, and were allowed to offer adoration to the Ganges, a cow, a serpent, or any other natural object which they chose to consider as the representative of the divine nature. The Vedas provided, however, that these portions of the divine nature, spirit, or substance, should be worshipped, ‘not with the sacrifice of harmless animals, nor in temples, nor upon altars adorned with gold and gems, but with eyes lifted up to heaven, and with minds free from criminal passions.’ The most celebrated of the Indian philosophers of antiquity was Calanus, who is said, when he found the infirmities of age creeping upon him, to have voluntarily burned himself upon a funeral pile, exclaiming, as he ascended it, ‘Happy hour of departure from life, in which, after the body is burned, the soul shall go forth into light!’

The system of the Magi had probably in its infancy a considerable degree of resemblance to that of the Gymnosophists—the principle that God is light; that is, intelligence, being the root of both. But instead of allowing the multitude to worship the Divinity under any form which they chose—a practice which in India degenerated into a debasing and superstitious polytheism—the Magi introduced the worship of the sun as the symbol of light, that luminary being the object of reverence among the uninformed masses throughout the ancient world. Zoroaster, who lived in the time of Darius Hystaspes, introduced the worship of fire, which was kept continually burning on the altars of the Magian temples, and other innovations, both in doctrine and ceremonies. Fragments of his works are still extant, having been preserved by a remnant of his disciples who reside in the neighbourhood of Bombay, and are called Parsees. He travelled into India, was acquainted with astronomy and medicine, and after propagating his system with much success, is said to have been assassinated by Argaspis, king of East Scythia. The early Magi were careful to explain that they did not adore the sun, but the good principle of which it was the visible manifestation, and that intellectual light which it symbolised better than any other object; but this pure and simple system was fast degenerating into idolatry, when Zoroaster appeared as its reviver and reformer.

He introduced the worship of fire, in order that a symbol of the good principle might not be wanting at night, or when the sun was obscured; and forbade the worship of images under any pretence whatever. His great work, the 'Zend-avesta,' coincides so remarkably with the Hebrew Scriptures, as to have led to the supposition that he obtained a knowledge of the Jewish religion from Daniel, or some other of the Jewish captives at Babylon or Susa; but this is mere conjecture. The good principle is personified under the name of Ormuzd, and darkness, or the principle of evil, under that of Ahrimanes; and the story of the creation, and the fall of man from a state of innocence, closely resembles the account given by Moses in the book of Genesis.

The Egyptian philosophy did not differ essentially from that of the Chaldeans. Matter was held to have been in some form eternal; and before it became resolved into organic forms, it was supposed to have existed in chaos, and yet to have contained all the elements. An active intelligent principle was conceived to have been eternally united with this material chaotic mass, by the force of which the elements were separated, and the universe called into being. A constant tendency towards dissolution was supposed to be inherent in the universe—an idea which accords with the views advanced at the present day by some astronomers; and, in common with the nations of Eastern India, they believed in a succession of worlds, alternately destroyed and renewed. Their opinion concerning the human soul is variously represented by different writers, but it is universally agreed that they believed it to be immortal. Herodotus asserts that the Egyptian philosophers were the first to teach this doctrine; and Diodorus Siculus relates that, instead of lamenting the death of good men, they rejoiced at their removal to a better and brighter sphere of existence in the eternal invisible world. That they held the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, is evident from the customs of posthumous trial and prayers for the souls of the departed; but what their ideas of a future existence were, is not clear. Plutarch considered the Amenches of the Egyptians to be the same as the Hades of the Greeks; but Porphyry gives the following as the prayer offered at funerals in the name of the deceased:—'Thou sun, who rulest all things, and ye other powers, who give life to man, receive me, and grant me an abode among the immortal gods.' Herodotus, on the contrary, states that the soul, according to the Egyptian belief, passed into the body of some other animal, then brought forth; and that, after making the circuit of the bodies of beasts, birds, and fishes, for a period of three thousand years, it again became an inhabitant of the human body. Probably these different opinions concerning the condition of the soul after death were held by different sects or colleges of the Egyptian priests. The pantheism which pervades the Indian system was probably the root of the Egyptian also; and we find upon a temple at Sais this inscription:—'I am whatever is, or has been, or will be, and no mortal has ever drawn aside my veil: my offspring is the sun.' The power or principle by which the universe was originated and presided over they called Phthas, which means one by whom events are ordained; and sometimes Cnepb, denoting a good genius; and they represented it symbolically by the figure of a serpent with its tail in its mouth—an emblem of eternity. But as in India and in Persia, so in Egypt, the uninformed masses con-

verted what was intended for a symbol into a mythos, and in this manner arose the mythological idol-worship of the ancient world. Not only did the sun and moon become objects of worship among the Egyptians, but as the human mind was regarded as an emanation from, or portion of, the divine nature, legislators and public benefactors, as being animated with an extraordinary share of divinity, were deified and worshipped after death; and the Egyptian priests made no effort to stay this corruption, because the masses were incapable of appreciating their esoteric philosophy, and because they knew that their own influence depended upon some faith, however degraded and degrading, being held by the body of the people.

Passing over the poetic fragments attributed to Linus and Orpheus, but which are now regarded as inventions of a later date, the beginnings of the Greek philosophy may be found in Hesiod and Homer. The latter poetically ascribes the parentage of all things to the union of Oceanus and Tethys, or the earth; while Hesiod begins his cosmogony with Chaos, like the Egyptians; and this poet is generally quoted by Aristotle and other philosophers as the first among the Greeks who propounded a theory of the constitution of the world. These two poets reduced to a system the mythological fables which made up the theology of the people; and from these their cosmogonies are inseparable, which caused the true philosophers to reject and condemn them. Homer inculcates the immortality of the soul—a doctrine which Herodotus affirms was brought from Egypt; but it was not peculiar to that country, prevailing also in India, Scythia, and Western Europe, generally in connection with that of the transmigration of the soul. Homer and Hesiod, however, only displayed the popular theology as they found it; and Tartarus, or the abode of the souls of the wicked, and Elysium, or the happy region inhabited by the souls of those whose lives had been irreproachable, were myths of an earlier era.

For nearly three centuries after the time of Homer no attempt was made to elucidate the origin of the universe, or the nature of the human mind: all the philosophy of Greece was comprised in the cosmogonic fables and mythic genealogies of the poets. At the expiration of this long period Thales appeared, to found the first school of philosophy known in Greece. He was a native of Miletus, a city of Ionia, and was born B.C. 640. He visited Crete and Tyre, and afterwards Egypt, where he studied astronomy and geometry under the priests of Memphis, and soon surpassed his masters. His independence of mind, and the freedom with which he declaimed against tyranny, caused the Egyptian monarch, Amasis, to conceive a dislike to him, and the philosopher returned to Miletus, to communicate to others the knowledge which he had acquired. He afterwards visited the court of Croesus, king of Lydia, and returning to his native city, died there in B.C. 548, while present at the celebration of the Olympic games. He propounded the theory that water was the first principle or origin of all things; but it is probable that he only intended by this expression that water was the chief element which enters into the composition of all things. Some resemblance in his cosmogony to that of Moses, and his views on the eternity and omniscience of the Deity, have induced a belief that he became acquainted with the Hebrew Scriptures while in Egypt; and the demons, which he sometimes calls divinities, of which he speaks, are sup-

posed to imply only the disembodied souls of men, of which he imagined the universe to be full. His astronomical knowledge was very great: he was the first who calculated eclipses of the sun and moon, and this he did with great exactness. He supposed the sun to be a body of fire, from which the moon obtained her light by reflection; and in his theory that all bodies were composed of atoms or indivisible particles, and in his researches into the science of forces, he came near to the systems of the moderns.

Anaximander, the disciple and countryman of Thales, succeeded him as the head of the Ionic sect of philosophers; but little is known of his personal history, except that he died about the year B.C. 547. He was either the inventor or improver of the sundial; and the method of constructing globes and maps is likewise attributed to him. In his philosophic system, he endeavoured to identify, as a first cause, what he termed the Infinite, which he considered the universal principle of life, comprehending in itself all the elements of matter. Creation was therefore effected by separation from the Infinite, from which worlds were formed, and into which they were destined to be redissolved. Man he supposed to be produced from minute and lowly forms of life, spontaneously generated in the moist earth when exposed to the heat of the sun, which, after undergoing successive transformations, each approaching nearer to the human form, at length reached the dignity of humanity. In his theory of the Infinite—which was not infinite mind, but all things, the All—may be perceived a tendency towards pantheism; and having asserted that the gods of Greece were planets, which would ultimately be destroyed, he was accused of atheism—the common charge against philosophy in unenlightened ages. He was succeeded by Anaximenes, of whose history as little is known. He taught that the Infinite was air, and that air was the first principle; contrary to Thales, who believed this to be water. Diogenes of Apollonia, his disciple, adopted this theory, and extended it, enduing air with life and intelligence, by which latter property the universe was arranged in order. Air was the soul of the world, and man's superiority of intellect was the result of his upright position, which enabled him to breathe a purer air than the inferior animals, which walked with their heads downward.

Heraclitus is usually placed among the philosophers of the Italic school; but as he held the Ionic theory, that one element was the source of life to all creation, he must either stand alone, or be classed with the followers of Thales. He was a native of Ephesus, but little more than this is known of his personal history. He is said to have received an invitation to the court of Persia; and it is probable that, either in that country or some other part of the East, he became acquainted with the system of the Magi, since he departs from the theories of Thales and Anaximenes, and makes fire the principle of life and first form of matter. His style is mythic and obscure, however, and some have supposed that he did not use the word fire in the sense of flame, which he deemed an excess of heat, but as an emblem of universal life, or as a dry vapour pervading all things. The Ionic philosophy had been much materialised by those successors of its founder who preceded Heraclitus; and in the hands of the latter it became more decidedly materialist. The harmony of the universe was supposed to be maintained by the poise of opposite elements, by which a

constant flux and reflux was caused, in obedience to an invariable and immutable law.

Anaxagoras, one of the most distinguished of this sect, was born at Clazomene in Lydia about the year B.C. 500, and was of noble birth and great wealth, but devoted himself to the study of philosophy in preference to indulgence in the pleasures to which the Lydian youth of his order were addicted. He introduced the Ionic philosophy into Athens, where he studied and taught for thirty years—Pericles, Euripides, and Socrates, the future statesman, poet, and philosopher of that city, being among his disciples. He differed in some respects from all of the Ionic sect who had preceded him; for instead of holding, with Thales and Anaximander, that the All was unitary, he taught that the Infinite was composed of elementary germs of endless variety, which were mixed by that supreme intelligence which he considered as the impulsive power of the universe. He considered that the senses were the sources of all knowledge, but at the same time maintained that the convictions arrived at through their medium were delusive—a seeming contradiction, but explained by the supposition, that he considered the senses were accurate in conveying ideas, while the ideas themselves were inaccurate. Though both Socrates and Aristotle speak disparagingly of him, it is evident that in physical science he was far in advance of the age in which he lived. His theory of earthquakes, which he attributed to confined air; of lightning, which he regarded as the result of friction of the clouds; and of wind, that it was the effect of the rarefaction of the atmosphere by the heat of the sun—press closely upon the heels of the moderns. Having declared that Apollo and Diana, the deities of the Athenians, were—the one a ball of fire, which gave warmth and light to the universe, and the other an inhabited planet like the earth, the usual charges of impiety and blasphemy were brought against him, and he would probably have been put to death but for the influence of his pupil Pericles. It is probable that this prosecution was aimed as much at Pericles as at Anaxagoras, and was the result of a political intrigue, to deprive the former of power by involving him in the charges against the latter; but though convicted and condemned to die, the sentence was commuted into one of perpetual banishment; and he retired to Lampsacus, where he died B.C. 428. His system was elucidated and extended by Archelaus, said by some to have been an Athenian, and by others to have been a native of Miletus: his school was at Athens, where he introduced the study of ethics. His principles of moral science, however, are based upon a very superficial view of human nature, since he makes good and evil to be determined by convention—a maxim which has a decided tendency to the annihilation of virtue.

The Ionic sect had now completed its first phase, and in the meantime another had risen, the sublime conceptions and aspirations of which threw it into the shade. This was the Italic sect, the founder of which, Pythagoras, was a native of Samos, where he began the study of music, astronomy, and medicine, afterwards perfecting himself by visiting Egypt and the East. On his return to his native isle, the tyranny of its king, Polycrates, was so distasteful to him, that he emigrated to the south of Italy, and there found opportunities of reducing to practice his political views, as related in a previous Paper (No. 18.) His system was the most compre-

## ANCIENT PHILOSOPHIC SECTS.

hensive which the world had then seen: it occupied itself with the universe; with the mind of man; with theories of politics and of society, in which in some measure he anticipated Plato; with morals; and with domestics. In his collegiate institution at Crotona, attention was paid to moral improvement as well as to the culture of the mind, and even to the dress and food of the initiated. The severe probation of a long period of silence was required from candidates for admission; and when they had thus become habituated to self-control, the study of mathematics was entered upon, to complete their mental training. Women were admitted into the Pythagorean college, and Theano, the wife of its founder, continued to give instruction after his death. In physics, the Pythagorean system was not very widely separated from the Ionic; it was chiefly in its moral aspect, and in its comprehensiveness, that it differed from that of the school of Miletus. Like the philosophers of the Ionic sect, Pythagoras reduced matter to invisible particles, which formed the elements by certain numerical arrangements, according as the atoms were diffused or compressed; and by the combination of the opposing principles of the even and odd numbers, he supposed the universe to have been formed. The primary one, however, possessed the property of manifesting itself in a variety of things, and was the superior and beginning of all. God was the universal soul diffused throughout nature, and of this the minds of men were portions—a doctrine which approaches the pantheism of the Gymnosophists and the Magi, and does not differ much from the theory of Anaximander. A prominent doctrine of Pythagoras was the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, which was probably derived from India, if it be true that he visited that country; or he may have imbibed it during his residence in Egypt. He corroborated his theory by pretended personal experience, asserting that he remembered having assisted the Greeks at the siege of Troy, and having been slain by Menelaus, king of Sparta! To this doctrine was appended that of future retribution, the souls of the wicked being condemned to inhabit the bodies of unclean beasts and birds, while those of the good passed into the frames of human beings again. Reason and intelligence he considered as the appropriate qualities of the human mind, which was rendered comparatively imperfect by the predominance of the instincts over these. The morality which he inculcated was of a far higher and purer tone than that of Archelaus: it was the abnegation of self, the cultivation of prudence, simplicity of tastes and habits, and a conscientious observance of probity and justice. He shewed his ability as a legislator by arrangements which raised Crotona immeasurably above the other cities of Magna Græcia; and as a political instructor, by forming the minds of Zaleucus, Charondas, and others, whose wise laws were afterwards so beneficial to the Italians and Sicilians; and he evinced his love of peace by his exertions to terminate the intestine wars of the Dorian colonies, and the seditions which disturbed their tranquillity.

Contemporary with Pythagoras was Zenophanes, a native of Colophon in Ionia, and founder of the Eleatic sect—so called from Elea, a Greek colony of Lower Italy. This philosopher made his first public appearance as a travelling reciter of poems, in which he inveighed vehemently against Homer and Hesiod, on account of the support rendered by them to the vulgar belief by their pretended genealogies of the gods. He ridiculed



the idea of men worshipping beings in their own image, gods whose appearance each nation modified according to their own peculiarities of complexion and features—the Ethiopians exhibiting their divinities of a black hue and with flat noses; while the Thracians gave them blue eyes and a ruddy complexion.' He argued against the possibility of a plurality of gods, by shewing that, as whatever is eternal must be infinite, one would limit the infinity of another; but he seems himself never to have advanced beyond a state of doubt. Sometimes he speaks of God as one, eternal, infinite, and immutable; at others he seems to regard nature as God; and while he confesses himself unable to discover the truth, he often loses himself in the mazes of his own reasoning, bewildered by tortuous subtleties. He has been suspected of atheism; but he must be regarded rather as an earnest searcher after truth, unable to satisfy himself of the existence of a Supreme Being, but never denying its possibility. He was banished from his country for his scepticism, and died at a great age.

Parmenides, who was a native of Elcia, appears to have attempted to reconcile and harmonise the conflicting systems of his predecessors. Like most of the Italian philosophers, he turned his attention to politics; and the laws which he devised were considered so excellent, that his fellow-citizens took an oath to abide by them, which they renewed annually for a long time after his death. He makes, in his metaphysical system, a decided distinction between the ideas which are arrived at through the senses, and those which are obtained by reason—regarding the former as uncertain, and the latter as certain; but he obviates the sceptical tendencies of this system by admitting the existence of innate ideas, or certain fixed convictions in the mind. Opinions he considered to be dependent upon organization; hence he follows Anaxagoras in discrediting the impressions conveyed by the senses, and relying solely upon the deductions of reason. His physical system differed from that of Pythagoras, since discovered to be the true system of the universe, in making the earth the centre; but he seems to have had some idea of the laws of gravitation; and it is probable that, had his works reached us in a more complete state, he would have been found to have anticipated Newton.

He was succeeded by Zeno, his pupil and adopted son, who distinguished himself as much by his patriotism as by his love of philosophy and indifference to the splendours of rank. He plotted against the Elean usurper, Nearchus; but his conspiracy being detected, he is said to have been pounded to death in a mortar. He is chiefly remarkable as the inventor of the dialectic method of argument, which was subsequently used by Socrates and Plato, and consisted in establishing the truth of a proposition by reducing its contradiction to an absurdity. His style is terse and condensed; and though some of his arguments against the credibility of impressions received through the senses are strange and sophistical, yet many of his applications are apt and striking. He opposed the common notion of space, by teaching that each space must be in another, and this in a third, and so through a series expanded to infinity; and motion he held to be a series of spaces, in which the object is at each moment stationary. The whole force of these views consists in an ambiguity of terms, and they will not bear the test of sound logic. In his physical system he followed Zenophanes; but he did not share that philosopher's scepticism as to the

existence of a Supreme Being, in which he believed, teaching that God was one and infinite; and opposing the Ionic sect, by shewing the greater probability that the many were produced by the One than the One by the many. Melissus, a native of Samos, and distinguished as a naval commander, was the last of the Eleatic sect, and does not appear to have attained the distinction achieved by his predecessors. He adopted the views of Parmenides, and taught the infinity of the universe; but he maintained that the nature and attributes of Deity were subjects not to be entertained by human knowledge.

Empedocles is considered by some as a disciple of Pythagoras, and by others as the last of the Eleatic sect; but his place is more properly a separate and independent one. He was a native of Agrigentum in Sicily, and lived B.C. 445. On returning to Sicily from travelling in Greece, he frequented the schools of the Pythagorean sect, to which Rollin considers him to have belonged; but Ritter places him among the Eleatics. He exerted himself to reform the constitution of Agrigentum and the manners of its people, as much as Pythagoras had done those of Crotona, and with the same success. He was offered the supreme authority; but this he declined, his object being to render the constitution more democratic; with which view he obtained laws enacting that the council should be elected triennially, instead of for life, and that every citizen should be eligible to sit therein. While obtaining such renown and influence by his political abilities, he wrote poems, which were so much admired as to be publicly recited at the Olympic games, as those of Homer and Hesiod were, and acquired a reputation for medical skill and knowledge, which is spoken of by Hermippus, Diogenes Laertius, Galen, Celsus, Pliny, and Origen. The manner of his death is variously related. Diogenes Laertius asserts that, wishing to be considered as a supernatural being suddenly removed to his proper sphere, he threw himself into the crater of Mount Etna, that the circumstances of his departure from the world might not be known; and that the mountain, in a subsequent eruption, threw up one of his sandals, which was made of brass: but this account is doubtful, and Aristotle and others state that he died in Peloponnesus at an advanced age. In his abstinence from animal food, and the doctrine of transmigration which he held, declaring that he remembered having passed through the successive forms of life of a girl, a boy, a shrub, a bird, and a fish, before he became Empedocles, we find a partial adherence to the tenets of the Pythagorean sect; but in other respects he approximates more closely to the Eleatics. With the latter sect, he considers the senses imperfect, and prefers the knowledge gained by the process of ratiocination: and in his cosmogony he combines the notion of Heraclitus, that things were in a constant ebb and flow; with that of Anaxagoras, that the elements were not created, but arranged. But he stands distinct in his sublime idea, that the Divinity was led to arrange the elements into the various forms of matter by the principle of Love, whose pure and holy influence originally pervaded all nature. The Divinity, however, being himself subject to the law of necessity, Hate, the destructive quality, as Love was the creative, had entered the world, and produced discord, enmity, and disorder. 'The Divinity,' he says, 'is wholly and perfectly mind, ineffable, holy; with rapid and swift-glancing thought pervading the whole world;' and he discountenances the idea of

representing him in the form of a man. Empedocles, indeed, must be regarded as one of the brightest stars of the pre-Socratic period of ancient philosophy; for however ridiculous the doctrine of the metempsychosis may now appear, we must judge the philosopher by the general light of his time, and not by our own standard; and then we shall understand how perplexing a subject was the immortality of the soul even to minds so advanced as those of Pythagoras, Zenophanes, and Empedocles.

Leucippus, a disciple of Zeno, was the founder of a new philosophic sect, that of the Atomists, subsequently brought into considerable repute by Democritus. The place of his birth is unknown, and the information possessed concerning his personal history very scanty; but his philosophic researches appear to have been confined to the physical world. He taught that the universe was an infinite vacuum, in which floated material atoms, possessing the property of mutual attraction, by the combination of which different bodies, perceptible by the senses, were brought into being. This system was explained and extended by Democritus, a native of Abdera, a town of Thrace, who flourished about B.C. 431, dying at the age of ninety, or, according to others, of one hundred and ten years. His father was an opulent citizen; and entertaining Xerxes very munificently at his house, the Persian king, in return for the hospitality shewn him, left some Magian sages, who instructed Democritus in theology and astronomy. Their instructions engendered such a taste for philosophy in his mind, that, to gratify it, he travelled into Egypt, Persia, and India, until he had expended his entire inheritance, when he returned to Abdera, and henceforth lived in frugality and seclusion. The judges of his native city, before whom he was cited for having dissipated his patrimony, were so charmed by his genius and erudition, that they voted him a considerable sum of money from the public treasury; and so great was his reputation for wisdom and learning, that the sovereignty of the city was offered him, which he declined; and when he died, his fellow-citizens defrayed the charges of his funeral, and erected statues to his memory. He applied himself to all the sciences, but excelled most in mathematics and astronomy; and he is said to have taught that the galaxy was a confused light, emanating from a multitude of stars. He adopted the atomic theory of Leucippus; but in the additions which he made to it, a resemblance may be traced to the Anaxagorean theory of homœomeriæ; the only difference being, that the Ionic philosopher taught that the atoms were inert and motionless, while Democritus ascribed to them inherent qualities and powers, in which he may be said to have anticipated the theory of inherent forces propounded by Leibnitz. His works being lost, no decided opinion can be expressed as to his religious views; but he is generally considered as a materialist. This opinion derives support from his hypothesis of creation by the combination of atoms; but he is said to have acknowledged some hidden First Cause, the nature of which he confessed himself, with Zenophanes, unable to ascertain. It is certain, however, that he rejected the mythology and superstitions of the age, and denied the immortality of the soul. Some young men are said to have once endeavoured to frighten him, by assuming the supposed appearance of ghosts, and approaching his secluded dwelling at night; but he merely rebuked the absurdity of the attempt, without noticing its reference to his own belief. Regarding atoms as the primary

elements, which, being too minute to be perceptible by the senses, are known only by reason, he conceived that mental impressions were the result of images thrown off by them; which, entering the mind through the pores of the body, were there reflected; but he does not explain the cause of the variation in the impressions of the same object which the mind receives at different times. The moral system which he deduced from these metaphysics resembles that of Robert Owen: opinions and actions being the necessary results of the images which, reflected from objects, are impressed upon the mind, he held man to be irresponsible for them, because possessed of no control over them.

Protagoras, the disciple and successor of Democritus, was also a native of Abdera, where he followed the humble and laborious occupation of a woodcutter, until the latter took him under his protection. Having the opinion of Anaxagoras, Parmenides, and Empedocles, relative to the uncertainty of all that we perceive by our senses, he became as sceptical in ethics as in theology, and his moral system does not rise above that of Archelaus. When he had completed his studies, he maintained himself by teaching; but having begun one of his works with the words, 'I neither know whether there are gods, nor what they are,' his works were ordered to be publicly burned; and he was banished not only from the city of Athens, where he then resided, but from the Athenian territory also.

After Protagoras, the Atomist sect declined, though its views were revived, with some modifications, in the subsequent systems of Pyrrho and Epicurus. Under his successors, Gorgias of Leontium, and Euthydemus and Dionysoderus, brothers of Chios, its teachings became more and more sophistical, and more imbued with scepticism, until truth and reason were completely obscured. Gorgias, who was a distinguished rhetorician, and lived upwards of a century, denied the existence of being, on the ground that it could not be proved; and undervalued the evidence of reason, because it was often opposed to the testimony of the senses. By the Chian brothers philosophy was still more corrupted and mystified. According to them, everything was doubtful, even our own existence; no opinion could be proved erroneous; certainty could be established upon no point; and neither right nor wrong could be defined by any fixed principle. Much of this corruption may be traced to the persecution which pursued all who distinguished themselves by their scientific attainments. All who taught a system of the universe at variance with the fables of Homer and Hesiod—all whose enlightened minds led them to reject the absurdities and superstitions of the national worship—were denounced as atheists, held up to universal opprobrium, and relentlessly persecuted. Anaxagoras, Zenophanes, and Protagoras, banished—Diagoras denounced, and a reward offered for his head—Theodorus condemned to the fate of Socrates—were instances of a persecuting spirit, and of a clinging to darkness on the part of the Athenians, not calculated to promote the study of philosophy in a manner conducive to the interests of truth, and the sterling progress of humanity. The intellect of Greece, cramped and fettered by Areopagitical shackles, expended itself in subtleties and sophisms, and the genius that might have measured the paths of the planets, or deciphered the stone record of the earth's history, frittered itself away in rhetorical flourishes and vain conceits.

From this school rose Socrates, who, as Cicero says, 'first brought philosophy down from heaven, where she had been employed till then in contemplating the course of the stars, and established her in cities, introduced her into private houses, and obliged her to direct her inquiries to what concerned the manners, duties, virtues, and vices of life.' He was the son of a sculptor, and born at Athens B.C. 470. In his youth he attended the lectures of Anaxagoras and Archelaus; but deeming the study of the positive sciences of less importance to mankind than the inculcation of sound principles of morality, he devoted himself entirely to the latter department of philosophy, and, according to Xenophon, not only considered the sublime science of astronomy unworthy of his own attention, but treated with railery and sarcasm 'the folly of those who studied such matters.' But in moral philosophy the reputation which he acquired stands high, and even higher now, at this distance of time, than it did at Athens in his own day. The even tenor of his life, marked only by periods of military service in the expeditions to Potidæa, Delium, and Amphipolis, presents less scope for comment than the circumstances of his death. In the year B.C. 400, the philosopher being then in his seventieth year, he was suddenly arrested on a charge of reviling the gods of Greece, and corrupting the youth of his native city, preferred by Melitus a poet—the poets of Greece being always the most inveterate enemies of her philosophers. It is probable, however, that Melitus was only an instrument in the affair, and that, as in the case of Anaxagoras, political intrigue led to the prosecution. Xenophon professes surprise at the condemnation of Socrates, and circumstances probably rendered it necessary for both that eminent historian and Plato to write with caution respecting it; but Ælian states a circumstance which seems the most satisfactory solution. 'Socrates,' says he, 'disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy.' In the opinion of Mr Mitford, both Xenophon and Plato have acknowledged enough to substantiate this assertion; and if further proof were required, it might be obtained from the writings of the orator Æschines, who was nearly contemporary with Socrates, and well understood the politics of the time. Indeed, though no charge of a political nature appeared in the indictment, it was urged against the philosopher by the prosecutors that he was disaffected to the constitution, and had cast ridicule upon it. 'He taught his numerous followers,' said they, 'youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be turbulent and seditious; and his success has been seen in the conduct of two of the most eminent—Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill purposes: from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his anti-democratic principles.' Nor did Socrates himself deny the charge: his defence, as reported by Plato, the most illustrious of his disciples, contains passages affording sufficient evidence of disaffection to the republican constitution of Athens for a charge of high treason to have been founded upon. 'You well know, Athenians,' said he, 'that had I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you: it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character; but wherever the people is sovereign, no man

who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction.’ The accusations against him were supported by Lycon, one of the most powerful orators of the time; and Anytus, a general who had acquired a high reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasybulus in the war against the thirty tyrants and the restoration of democracy. His condemnation to death was pronounced by 281 voices against 275; and though Crito and Plato endeavoured to obtain a commutation of the sentence into one of fine, which they offered to pay, his judges were relentless. His sentence having been pronounced on the eve of the departure of the vessel which carried the annual state-offering to the temple of Apollo at Delos, he obtained a respite of thirty days, it being illegal to execute a criminal until the vessel’s return. He was compelled to drink a decoction of hemlock, and met death with calmness and resignation, conversing with his friends until the last moment concerning the immortality of the soul.

As a moralist, Socrates was as superior to all who had preceded him as he was inferior to them in the field of natural and experimental philosophy; and in his religious views he came nearer to the Christian system than any of the philosophers of ancient times, with the single exception of Plato, who was his disciple. By declaring conscience to be the inherent arbiter of right and wrong, he at once took a higher place in the field of moral philosophy than had been held by Archelaus; and in insisting upon the reality of truth, virtue, and justice, he awakened the minds of the Athenians to a sense of the sophistries of the Atomists. But at the same time, it must be confessed that while Democritus and Protagoras were famed for the strict rectitude of their moral character, it is admitted by even the admirers of Socrates that he was deficient in the domestic virtues; that the principles of morality which he taught were not fully acted upon in his own practice; and that he considered it as meritorious to injure an enemy as to serve a friend. Indeed the fame which he has acquired as a moralist among the moderns must be ascribed to the circumstances of his death, and the assimilation of his political views to those of the writers by whom he has been lauded, rather than to any real superiority of his moral system. This is admitted by Mr Mitford, who considers that his fame would have been much less but for the circumstance of his having had Plato and Xenophon for his biographers. His theology occupies a similar position to his ethics: it hangs midway between truth and error, like the coffin of Mohammed between heaven and earth. While teaching the unity, omniscience, and omnipotence of God, and views of the soul’s immortality approaching more nearly to those of the Christian than any which had been propounded by his predecessors, we yet find him believing in the existence of good and evil demons, and claiming foreknowledge on the ground of supernatural communications. His discourses on the being and attributes of God, as preserved by Plato, have been admired by many Christian writers; and he enforces the argument of design in the formation of organized bodies, as a proof of the existence of a Creator, in a manner which deprives the moderns of at least the merit of originality.

No sect was founded by Socrates. He was considered to belong to the Atomists; and the more distinguished of his disciples after his death

founded each a new sect. The first of these, in order of time, was the Cyrenaic, so called after the birthplace of its founder, Aristippus, a native of Cyrene, in Libya. He visited Athens to hear the discourses of Socrates, but quitted it before the death of that philosopher, and lived some time at Ægina, where, being of a sensual temperament, and possessed of ample means, he lived in great luxury, and abandoned himself to immoral courses. He afterwards resided some time at the court of the Sicilian tyrant, Dionysius, who admired his wit and light-hearted gaiety; but the accounts of his latter years vary—one stating that he returned to Cyrene, and founded a school there; and the other that he died at Lipara, on his way home. He resembled Socrates in his rejection of the physical sciences, but in other respects there is a considerable difference between their respective systems. He agreed with the Eleatic sect in rejecting the evidence of the senses, which he regarded as uncertain; but he maintained that though the senses might deceive with regard to the ideas they conveyed of objects, they were correct in the perception of pleasure and pain. Hence he concluded man is led by his organization to desire that which affords him pleasure, and to avoid that which causes him pain. Pleasure and pain were therefore regarded by him as the criteria of action; the former being considered the chief good to be sought, the latter the opposing evil to be avoided. Lest this doctrine should lead to immorality in his disciples, he placed the instincts under the regulation of reason; but this restriction was disregarded by Anniceris and others of his disciples, who maintained that the gratification of the senses was the sole end of life. Areta, his daughter, whom he carefully educated in his philosophy, attained considerable proficiency; but his successor was Theodorus, who was likewise a native of Cyrene. This philosopher varied the system of Aristippus, by teaching that the chief things to be desired or avoided were joy and sorrow, and that a rational course of conduct led to the former, as inevitably as the reverse course tended to the latter. Having publicly denied the existence of the gods, and treated the mythology of the Libyans as the offspring of ignorance and superstition, he was banished from Cyrene, and took refuge at Athens. In that city he would probably have been made a partaker of the fate of Socrates, had he not been saved by Demetrius Phalereus, by whose aid he escaped into Egypt, where he was taken into the service of the reigning Ptolemy, and sent as ambassador to Lysimachus. The place and manner of his death are uncertain; but it is believed that he eventually suffered the doom from which he had twice escaped, and was put to death by poison for his opinions.

The Megarean sect was founded by Euclid, a citizen of Megara, a city of Achaia, whose zeal for the acquisition of knowledge was so ardent, that though a decree existed in his time by which the Megareans were prohibited from entering Athens under the penalty of death, he visited that city every evening disguised as a woman, in order to hear the discourses of Socrates. From that philosopher Euclid imbibed the doctrine of the unity of God; but his system has more general conformity with the Eleatic, which he had studied previous to attending the Socratic school. He differed from Socrates in discarding analogy in argument, and confining himself to the original proposition. He was succeeded by Eubulides, a native of Miletus, who had been his disciple, and by whom his logical

system was expanded and improved; but the sect ultimately merged in that of the Stoics.

The Elian sect was founded by Phædon, a disciple of Socrates, and derived its name from his birthplace, Elis, a city of Peloponnesus. The tenets of this sect differ little from those of the Megareans. They held the unity of God, and maintained that no real difference could ever exist between the good and the true. From this sect sprang the Eretrian, so called from Eretria, a city of Eubœa, the birthplace of Menedemus, its founder, who was successively a tent-maker, a soldier, and a teacher of philosophy. The only point of difference between this and the Elian sect consisted in the total rejection by the Eretrians of all negative propositions, and their admission in argument of the affirmative alone.

The sect of the Cynics was founded by Antisthenes, and derived its name from the locality of the school—the Cynosayes, or Temple of the White Dog. Its founder was an Athenian, and a disciple, first of the Atomist philosopher Gorgias, and afterwards of Socrates. The Cynics were the moral antipodes of the Cyrenaic sect; for while the latter made pleasure the chief good of life, Antisthenes and his followers affected a disregard of the enjoyments, the refinements, and even the decencies of life, worthy of the fakirs of India or the monks of La Trappe. Moroseness and extreme asceticism were its characteristics; and there was an affectation in the latter which did not escape the observation of Socrates. 'Antisthenes,' said he, 'you carry your contempt of dress too far: I see thy vanity through the holes of thy cloak.' Diogenes, the most celebrated of his disciples, was a native of Sinope, a town of Paphlagonia, whence he was banished for debasing the coin—an offence for which his father, who was a banker, had likewise been banished. He went to Athens, where he attended the discourses of Antisthenes, whom he soon surpassed in his contempt of custom and opinion in all that relates to the ordinary usages of society. He always wore a ragged cloak, went barefooted, and lived in a tub, which he rolled about as he wished to change the locality of his habitation. Many curious anecdotes are related of him—as of his requesting Alexander, when visited by that potent monarch, to stand out of the sunshine, as the only favour which the Macedonian conqueror could confer upon him. In his misanthropy and austerity there was an affectation which constantly revealed itself in his actions; there was a Pharisaical egotism in his search through the streets of Athens at noon with a lantern to find an honest man; there was pride in his remark, as he stamped upon the rich carpet of Plato—'Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!' It was the pride of Marat, parading his soiled jacket, his yellow linen, and his bare throat, in the National Convention. In degrading human nature below the level of the savage, in continually outraging decorum under the pretence of opposing luxury, and in separating themselves from their fellows by a misanthropic disdain, lay the chief pretensions of this sect. Making a voyage to Ægina, Diogenes was captured by pirates, and being sold by them in the slave-market at Corinth, was purchased by Xeniades, who made him tutor to his children—a capacity in which he seems to have given satisfaction. His friends would have ransomed him; but he declined the offer, saying, 'Lions are not the slaves of those who feed them, but those who feed them their servants.' He died in this situation at the age of



ninety; and after Crates, a Theban of considerable wealth and distinction, the sect became extinct.

We now come to the most distinguished not only of the disciples of Socrates, but of all the philosophers of antiquity—Plato. This great man was born in B.C. 429, but it is uncertain whether Athens or Ægina had the honour of his birth. He was distinguished in youth alike by his virtues and his genius; his skill in music, and the merits of his poetical productions; the manly grace of his form, and his proficiency in gymnastic exercises. A few of his smaller poems, which have been preserved, are very beautiful; and it is to be regretted, on this account, that he should have destroyed his tragedies on commencing the study of moral philosophy under Socrates. He had previously studied the systems of Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Parmenides, and Zeno, and soon surpassed even Socrates, through his aptitude for learning, his earnest thoughtfulness, and his knowledge of the physical sciences, in which his master was so deficient. He studied under Socrates nearly ten years, and on the death of that philosopher took refuge with Euclid at Megara, whence he made a voyage to Cyrene, to study mathematics and geometry under Theodorus, who was considered the greatest mathematician of the age. He next visited Egypt in the hope of increasing his stock of knowledge, and afterwards made a voyage to the Greek colonies on the southern shores of Italy. At Tarentum he was initiated by Archytas into the secrets of the Pythagoreans—a circumstance to which must probably be ascribed those enlarged political and social views which he afterwards embodied in his ideal republic. The desire of the Pythagoreans to obtain an influence over the mind of the younger Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily, led him to make two voyages to Syracuse, where, though his mission was unsuccessful, he was received with the respect due to his character, and made the acquaintance of Aristippus and Diogenes. He had intended to travel into Persia and India, but being prevented by the disturbed state of those countries, he returned to Athens, after an absence of several years, and purchased a beautiful spot in the suburb of Academus, where he established his school. Here he had for his disciples Xenocrates, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Speusippus, and Theophrastus—men drawn from all parts of Greece, and forming a galaxy of intellectual brightness such as Athens had never witnessed before. Neither Aristippus nor Aristotle, both contemporary founders of philosophic sects, could eclipse the fame of one whose brilliantly-illuminated mind shed its light over distant countries, and was destined to exercise an influence over distant ages. Equal to Socrates as a moralist, and to Demosthenes as a rhetorician, he was superior to the former as a natural philosopher, and to both—and indeed to all the sages of antiquity—as a political teacher and a social theorist. Among the beautiful groves of Academus, the latter years of his life flowed calmly on in the practice of virtue, the pursuit of philosophy, and the refined and rational enjoyment of life—terminating, after a lingering illness, borne with resignation and fortitude, on his eighty-first birthday, B.C. 348.

The writings of Plato have been preserved, and his celebrated description of an imaginary republic, which has been treated of in our Paper on 'Social Utopias,' has been the foundation upon which have been raised the superstructures of Bacon, More, Harrington, Campanella, and others.

They were widely disseminated and read with avidity during his life, and were as much admired by the early Christians as by the philosophers of Greece and Rome—St Augustine expressing his commendation of them as warmly as Cicero. His style is so beautifully harmonious, and so highly poetic, that it was currently said in his time that, sleeping when a child on Mount Hymettus, the bees which swarm there dropped honey on his lips; and ancient and modern writers have vied with each other in expressing their admiration of it. Quintilian says, that he seems not to speak the language of men, but of the gods; and Rollin, that ‘the flow and numbers of his elocution form a harmony scarce inferior to that of Homer’s poetry.’ His views upon the nature and attributes of God, and upon the immortality of the soul, imbibed from Socrates, but tintured by his previous study of the writings of Pythagoras, and his subsequent connection with the Pythagorean sect in Italy, led the early Christians to prefer him before all the other philosophers of ancient times; and to this preference must be ascribed the tradition mentioned by Brucker, that in the reign of Constantine, his body was found with a golden plate upon the breast, upon which was engraved a prediction of the birth of Jesus, and a declaration of faith in him as the Saviour of the world. No one would have condemned this religious fraud more than Plato himself, who justly regarded truth as one of the first and most essential qualities of a virtuous character. His analytical powers were greater than were possessed by any of his predecessors and contemporaries, and perceiving the tendency of men in general to adopt whatever views might be propounded to them without sufficient inquiry, he subjected every theory to a profound scrutiny; to which he was likewise led by his knowledge of the principles of the Eleatic sect. This system, which proceeds upon the assumed tendency of general opinion to deceive, is usually termed the Dialectic, and on it Plato founded the criterion of truth contained in his celebrated theory of Idea.

Philosophy was divided by Plato into three parts—Dialectics, Physics, and Ethics; the latter comprising politics and the science of society, while the first included the other two branches, which were made subordinate to it. Dialectics was the science by which he traced the operations of the mind to certain fixed ideas inherent in the mind itself, though existing independent of it. Truth was tested by the concurrence with, or antagonism to, these innate ideas of the appearances with which we are presented by the senses—a theory which may be considered as an extension of the Socratic idea of conscience. He was very particular in the use of logical definition, in order to guard against fallacies arising from the use of ambiguous terms—a result which had often attended the inquiries of his predecessors. He believed the tendency of the human will to be naturally towards goodness, inferring, from the idea of an all-perfect Deity, that good is the general law, and that man is attracted to it by his nature. In order to account for the presence of evil in a world which has originated in the Divine goodness, and in which man’s ideas and aspirations are all towards good, he considers evil as the result of ignorance, which is an imperfect or diseased state of the soul, impeding it in its progress towards that absorption into the Divinity, to which it nevertheless aspires. Moral disease being the result of ignorant or mistaken views of real good, he held it to be the aim of the philosopher to eradicate or correct them, and to elevate

the mind to a proper appreciation of truth and beauty. Hence he lays great stress upon education as a means of advancing towards moral and intellectual perfection both the individual and society.

The physical system of Plato combined the Atomic theory of Pythagoras with portions of the Ionic philosophy, as modified by Heraclitus. In his investigations into the nature of electricity and magnetism, and also concerning the physiology of absorption and nutrition, he is at once lucid and profound, and treads closely upon the discoveries of modern inquirers. His cosmogony bears a close resemblance to that of Moses, and some portions of the account are related in words which seem actually borrowed from Genesis. After describing the creation of a class of subordinate divinities, formed from fire, he makes God address them respecting the formation of man in terms very similar to the words of Genesis:—'And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness.' The order of creation is likewise Mosaic: the heavens and the earth being first formed, and afterwards animals of every kind. 'When the Father who generated it,' says he, 'perceived both living and moving, the generated glory of the everlasting divinities, he was filled with admiration; and being delighted, further contemplated the working it still more to a resemblance of the pattern.' The fate of Socrates made Plato extremely cautious in developing his opinions upon theological topics, and hence there is some difficulty in arriving at a correct estimate of them. In the 'Timæus' he says, that 'the Father of the world cannot be named;' and in his treatise 'De Legibus,' that 'we should not be curious to know properly what God is.' Elsewhere he says: 'the world, the heavens, the stars, the earth, souls, and those to whom the religion of our forefathers ascribes divinity—all this is God.' In other parts of his works we may trace the same fear of expressing his opinions on this subject freely and without disguise; nor was he without cause of fear, as we are told by Diogenes Laertius that he was once significantly reminded that 'some of the hemlock of Socrates was still left in the cup.' He recognises God as the Creator of the universe; and though he sometimes calls matter eternal, he is considered by his commentators to have believed, not that it had always existed visibly, but that it had existed intellectually in the idea of God from all eternity. 'The exemplar or model of the world,' says he, 'is from all eternity;' just as a picture may be said to exist in the mind of the painter before he transfers the conception of his genius to the canvas. The expression we have quoted is remarkable, from its accordance with a passage in Genesis, as explained by a French commentator, Guet, who observes that the words, 'and God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good,' signify, 'that God, considering all his works at one view, and comparing them with each other, and with the eternal model of which they were the expression, found their beauty and perfection most excellent.'

The seat of the soul is placed by Plato in the head; and in a beautifully-expressed mythical figure, he represents it as forming opinion, partly from the action of the human body, by which sensation is stimulated. Between the soul and the Deity he supposes a connection to exist, through its aspirations after good, by which it is attracted towards the all-perfect and unchangeable God. The Divine Nature he held to manifest itself in

the three aspects of beauty, proportion, and truth—the combinations of which are so various and endless, that no single idea can possibly express the glorious nature of the Divinity, even if it were possible for an imperfect being to understand the nature of all-perfect Deity. The Divine Mind was therefore only conceivable through those works which, proceeding from its inherent love, were formed after the model of its own perfection—an idea which seems derived from the philosophy of Empedocles. Regarding the soul as a part of the Divine Spirit, continually aspiring to absorption into it, Plato was led to believe it immortal; and this doctrine he supported by his theory of innate ideas. But many of his arguments for the soul's immortality are so weak, that Cicero, though an admirer of the doctrine, thought them unsatisfactory. The condition of the soul after its separation from the body by death he made dependent upon the tenor of the individual's life—those souls which had contracted no stain during their earthly probation being absorbed into the Divine Spirit, as the state most adapted for their future happiness; while those who have become sullied by vicious indulgences are banished to a place of punishment. For the latter class of souls he introduced into his system the metempsychosis, with some modifications of his own: supposing that the future condition of each will be adapted to its characteristics while upon earth—the effeminate being changed into women, the indolent into beasts, the frivolous into birds, and the ignorant into fishes. He also taught that the evil propensities contracted by the soul during its sojourn in the body remained with it after separation—the polluted soul of the voluptuary being tormented with desires which he cannot gratify, and that of the drunkard with a perpetual thirst which he cannot alleviate.

We find in those writings of Plato which touch upon morals, sentiments of a far more elevated order than had been inculcated by any of his predecessors, not excepting even Socrates. He lays it down as an indisputable maxim of social life, that we ought not wilfully to injure any one, nor to seek revenge for injuries received from our enemies; but to live constantly in the practice of virtue, the forgiveness of injuries, and the benevolent application of the talents with which nature may have endowed us. This is very different from the maxim of Socrates, that it is allowable to injure our enemies, and shews how much Plato, from the cosmopolitan humanity which distinguished him, improved upon his master, and how near he approached to the sublime principles of morality enunciated by the Founder of Christianity. The manner in which he points out the difference between being and seeming to be virtuous, in his contrast of a good man in adversity with a bad man enjoying affluence and prosperity, also gives us a highly favourable view of his moral system. He supposes two men, the one devoid alike of faith, probity, or honour; the other virtuous and just, and aiming at being perfectly so, rather than seeming to be so. The first scruples not at fraud, injustice, or calumny, in order to attain his selfish ends; hesitates at the commission of no crime, provided he can but conceal it from the world; and blinds the eyes of the multitude by the frequency and magnificence of his presents to the gods. By this means he heaps up riches, acquires honours and distinctions, and enjoys all the advantages and luxuries which wealth and a high social position can bestow. The other, fervently attached to justice and virtue, intent solely upon the performance

of his duty, and aiming at the reality, not the mere appearance of goodness, is despised and neglected, blackened by the tongue of calumny, and pointed at by the finger of scorn, and eventually doomed to imprisonment, tortures, and death. 'Yet who,' says the philosopher, 'would not rather be this man than the other?' Here, again, we are forcibly struck by the contrast which such elevated sentiments present to the maxim of Archelaus—that virtue and vice were not determinable by nature, but by convention; and to those of Gorgias and the later Atomists—that there was no eternal and immutable law of right; nothing but a base expediency to determine human conduct.

Politics was considered by Plato as a necessary branch of moral philosophy; and he has aimed in his ideal republic at a system of government and of society based upon universal principles, and embodying the truth, beauty, and proportion manifested in the Divine Nature. Aristotle charges him with overlooking, in the pursuit of an ideal perfection, the impediments presented by the moral and physical conditions of man's nature; but the republic idealised by Plato is less visionary than it appears, since he only collected into a whole what appeared to him the best laws and institutions of the ancient states. He presents us with little which had not been actualised before his time in Sparta, in Crete, or in Crotona. His aim was to make men happy by making them virtuous; and though opinions may differ as to the means by which he proposed to attain an object which all must acknowledge to be desirable, the accordancy which he believed his system to have with the Divine Nature cannot but be regarded as a higher reference than the iron law of might, which was the origin of governments in ancient times.

After the death of Plato his disciples divided into two sects—the Academics and the Peripatetics; the former being the proper followers of Plato, the latter a new school founded by Aristotle. Speusippus, the nephew of Plato, succeeded him as the head of the Academic sect; but he was inferior to its founder both in talents and virtue, and held the chair only eight years, resigning it in favour of Xenocrates. This philosopher returned to the Pythagorean theory of number, expanding the idea, that the first One is not an absolute and universal good, but only one among many species of good, into the assumption of a plurality of gods, which he seems to have supposed the planets to be. Xenocrates was more conspicuous for virtue and integrity than for the brilliancy of his intellect; and he was the only one of the Athenian ambassadors to Philip of Macedonia whom that prince was unable to bribe. His strict integrity and disinterestedness rendered him so poor, that he was unable to pay the alien tax, he being a native of Chalcedon; and Diogenes Laertius states that he was sold as a slave to pay the arrears, and bought by Demetrius Phalerens, who gave him his liberty. Rollin doubts the accuracy of this story, on the ground that the Athenians would not have treated a philosopher of the reputation of Xenocrates so harshly; and prefers the version of the affair given by Plutarch, that the tax was paid by a friend as the philosopher was on his way to prison; but the banishment of Anaxagoras and Protagoras, the narrow escapes from death of Diagoras and Theodorus, the hemlock draught of Socrates, and the significant warnings received by Plato, are an answer to the doubts of M. Rollin; and the fact, that it was

Demetrius Phalereus who saved Theodorus from the fate intended for him by the Areopagites, affords considerable support to the version of the affair given by Diogenes Laertius. Xenocrates died B.C. 316, at the age of eighty-two, and was succeeded by Polemon and Crates, who made no departure from his doctrines, and are little known. Crates was succeeded by Crantor, a native of Soli in Cilicia, whom Cicero mentions as one of the pillars of the Platonist sect; but after his death, little of the spirit of its founder remained in the school, which was from that time called the Middle, or Second Academy, to distinguish those who belonged to it from the proper disciples of Plato.

Arcesilaus, who introduced the innovations in opinion which led to this distinction, was a native of Pitane in Æolia, and was successively the pupil of Polemon, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Crantor, and Pyrrho. He possessed considerable genius, and much eloquence; but his character was a compound of brilliant virtues and deplorable vices. While degrading himself as a man and as a philosopher by reckless indulgence in vicious excesses, he yet delighted in acts of benevolence; and many pleasing anecdotes are told of his profuse generosity, and the delicacy with which it was exercised. Imbuing the sceptical philosophy of Pyrrho, whose tenets were then extensively promulgated, he denied the capability of man to attain certainty in any matter, and maintained that the reason and the senses were equally deceptive. Socrates had confessed that he only knew that he knew nothing; Arcesilaus doubted whether he knew even that. His rule of life was to seek good and avoid evil; and in this, man was to be guided by probabilities, since he held nothing to be certain, nothing determinable, either by the feelings or the reason. He died insane, from the effects of excessive drinking, at the age of seventy-five—the same degrading vice having destroyed his mind and sapped his physical energies. Lacydes, his successor, died palsied from the same cause; and neither this philosopher nor his successors, Evander and Egesimus, did anything to raise the Platonist philosophy from the slough into which it had fallen.

Carneades, a native of Cyrene, and a pupil of the last-named philosopher, was the founder of what is called the Later or New Academy, which did not differ materially from that which had been established by Arcesilaus. He differed from the latter in not absolutely denying that there are truths, but maintained that they were so mingled with errors and falsehoods, that it was impossible to distinguish between them. He was a keen disputant, and applied himself with so much ardour to the refutation of the Stoics, that he is said to have observed, that but for them he should never have attained any celebrity. He used the arguments of Chrysippus, then the chief support of Stoicism, to confute him; and while at Rome on an embassy, he one day refuted all the arguments which he had used the day before in praise of justice—a display of polemical skill which led Cato to regard him as a dangerous character. He died B.C. 133, at the age of eighty-five, and was succeeded by Clitomachus, a native of Carthage, under whom and his disciples the philosophy of the Academy sank lower and lower. Philo, who succeeded Clitomachus, taught both philosophy and rhetoric, but at different times, and had among his pupils the celebrated Cicero. Antiochus, a native of Ascalon, and a disciple of Philo, was the last of the Academic sect, and laboured, though with little success,

to restore the Platonist philosophy to its purity. Cicero, who attended his lectures while at Athens, was charmed with his eloquence; and Lucullus, a Roman as eminent for his zeal for learning as for his abilities in war, was assiduous in the cultivation of his friendship.

Having thus briefly traced the Platonist sect to its extinction, we must now retrace our way to the death of its founder, when, as already stated, his disciples became divided, and a new sect was instituted by Aristotle. This philosopher was a native of Stagyra, a town of Thrace, and was born B.C. 384. His father was physician to Amyntas, king of Macedonia, and dying while the future philosopher was very young, the latter was placed by his relatives under the care of Proxenus, who was his guardian and tutor, until he attained the age of seventeen, when he went to Athens to complete his studies under Plato. He is said to have dissipated his patrimony while at Athens, and to have afterwards subsisted by the sale of drugs; but little is certainly known of him until after the death of Plato, when he quitted Athens, and retired to the court of his fellow-pupil, Hermias, king of Atarneus, a small state in Mysia, by whom he was well received, and whose sister he subsequently married. Being afterwards appointed by Philip of Macedonia preceptor to his son, the conquering Alexander, he removed to the court of that monarch, where he resided until his pupil entered upon his military career, when he repaired to Athens. Xenocrates was then the head of the Academy; and Aristotle established a school in the Lyceum, where his lectures soon attracted a great number of hearers. From a habit of walking about while delivering his discourses, which probably proceeded from the restless activity of his mind, he was called the Peripatetic—a name which was afterwards extended to his disciples. He taught in the Lyceum thirteen years; at the expiration of which, the rancour of the Athenian priesthood was again manifested in an accusation of impiety, brought against him by a priest of Ceres, and he was cited before the Areopagus. The charge was based upon a poem in honour of Hermias, and an inscription upon the pedestal of that monarch's statue, both of which were written by the philosopher, and were alleged to have an irreligious tendency. Aristotle did not appear to the citation, but taking warning from the fate of Socrates, left Athens, and retired to Chalceis, in the island of Euboea, saying that he would spare the Athenians the stigma of a second crime against philosophy. He died shortly afterwards, in his sixty-third year, and his body was removed for interment to Stagyra, the inhabitants of which erected a monument to his memory, and instituted a festival in honour of him. Quintilian says that he does not know which to admire most in this philosopher—his vast and profound erudition, the great number of works which he wrote, their infinite variety, or the beauty of his style. His writings seem to have comprehended the whole of the sciences, as known at that time; but of the many volumes to which they extended, only ten have been preserved to the present day. He divides philosophy into three branches—Theoretic, Efficient, and Practical: the first including physics, mathematics, and metaphysics; the second, logic and rhetoric; and the third, ethics and politics; which last he was probably induced to consider as a branch of moral philosophy by the example of Plato. In his physical system he

opposes the older philosophers in a manner that has been considered unfair as well as illogical; and his astronomy derives a peculiar character from his theory of motion, and of the tendency of bodies to certain fixed points. His physics, however, need not be discussed here; since no advance was made in the study of astronomy, and of the laws of matter and motion, from the time of Pythagoras until that of Copernicus.

The theology of Aristotle is comprised in his metaphysics. Its tendencies are decidedly materialistic; for though he calls the stars divine bodies, and seems to attribute life and action to them, he evidently does not regard them as deities; and the terms in which he speaks of an overruling Providence are vague and ambiguous. Sometimes he asserts that Divinity resides solely in the principle of intelligence; and in other portions of his works he speaks of nature or the universe as God. He does not directly deny the immortality of the soul; but it does not appear that he held either this doctrine or that of the soul's immateriality. His views upon the nature of the soul are very obscure; but throughout his metaphysics there is a strong tendency to refer all impulses to the laws of matter. He considers the soul as the centre of sensation, and as the source of life as well as of thought; but the sensations are received through the flesh, which he regarded as the medium by which impressions of external objects are conveyed to the soul. It was the organ, he considered, not of reason alone, but likewise of nutrition and locomotion—the seat as much of the animal faculties as of that of thought. In his logic he proceeds upon the assumption, that truth and error do not depend upon things so much as upon words; for which reason he fixed rules of correct definition, by reducing all things to the ten categories of Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Place, Time, Position, Possession, and Substance. Besides these he adopted, in order to facilitate logical inquiry, five predicables—Genus, Species, Difference, Property, and Accident: thus *man* is a species of the genus *animal*; his colour is a difference, his capability of reasoning is a property, and his name is an accident. The syllogistic system of reasoning, of which Aristotle was the introducer, is defined by him as 'an enunciation in which, from certain admitted propositions, a necessary conclusion is drawn distinct from them, and yet employing the same idea.' Thus misery is the result of sin; war leads to misery; war, therefore, is sinful. In the departments of logic and rhetoric Aristotle holds a distinguished place; but in his practical philosophy he is much inferior to Plato. A fundamental tenet of his ethical system is, that the moral character of man is the consequence of his natural endowment; from which he assumes that a high order of virtue cannot exist apart from perfect physical development. But though he makes the character of man depend upon organization and natural exterior influences, he considered man so far a free agent as to be responsible for the proper exercise of moral self-discipline. Happiness he held to be the supreme good to be sought after, and this was to be attained by implicit obedience to the legislation of nature. His political system differs materially from that of Plato, and is based more upon expediency. He considered that the form of government should be modified according to the national character of different peoples; but he appears to give a preference to elective monarchy, with an aristocratic constitution. The most glaring defect of his system is its recognition of slavery; but in this



he was supported by the practice of all the nations of antiquity, even by that of Sparta, the institutions of which he seems to have taken to a considerable extent as his model. We may trace a resemblance to the views of Lycurgus, not only in this justification of slavery, but likewise in the sanction which he gives to the destruction of deformed children, in the importance which he attaches to physical education, and in the checks which he imposes upon the individual accumulation of wealth. He discourages war, but only because it exhausts national resources. Governments are charged in his system with the moral supervision of the people, and with the education of the rising generation: it is their duty to reward and encourage virtue as much as to punish and repress vice, and to afford each citizen an education in accordance with the demands of the state upon him. The branches of education which he recommends are—grammar, music, gymnastics, and design; religion is excluded—the state concerning itself only with the cultivation of the intellect, and the inculcation of the moral and social duties.

Before his retirement to Chalcis, Aristotle had appointed as his successor at the Lyceum Theophrastus, a native of the Isle of Lesbos, and as famous for the beauty and delicacy of his style as for his scientific knowledge. He filled the place of his master with so much reputation and success, that his hearers amounted to 2000, and he had for his disciple and intimate friend Demetrius Phalereus. He did not depart from the system of Aristotle, but gave particular prominence to his doctrine of the influence of external circumstances upon human happiness. After this philosopher, there is little to comment upon in the progress of the sect. Strato, who was the master of the celebrated Ptolemy Philadelphus, confined himself chiefly to physics, and taught that there was no other divinity than nature, and that nature was 'the principle of all productions and of all mutations.' Under his successors, Lycon, Ariston, and Critolaus, the sect fell into disrepute; rhetoric became more studied than philosophy, ethical investigation was abandoned, and the sect ultimately merged in the opposite schools of Zeno and Epicurus.

Zeno was a merchant of Citium, a Phœnician colony in the island of Cyprus; but being shipwrecked off Piræus, he took up his abode at Athens, and entering a bookseller's shop, to divert his mind by reading from his misfortune, he was incited by the perusal of the works of Xenophon to inquire where such men as the author were to be met. Crates happened to be passing at the moment, and the bookseller pointed him out to the notice of his customer, who immediately followed the Cynic, and studied under him for ten years. The morality of the Cynics pleased him; but he could not endure their rough manners and offensive habits, and he passed from their school to that of the Platonists, studying for ten years longer under Xenocrates and Polemon. His high character for integrity, and his habitual self-denial and temperance, having obtained him much repute, he opened a new school of philosophy in the Colonnade, where the public pictures were placed, from which locality the sect which he founded derived its denomination—*Stoa* being the Greek for porch or portico. As might be expected from his previous studies, the system which he taught occupies a middle place between those of Plato and Antisthenes—inferior

to the former, but excelling the latter. His physical system is more materialistic than even that of Aristotle; but his ideas upon the nature of things and the formation of the universe are expressed in language much clearer, and with less doubtfulness, than are those of the Stagyrite. He taught that the universe is composed of but four elements, which make but one continued nature, without division, and that nothing exists besides them; that the source of the universal intelligence, and of all souls, is the fire united in the ether, where its purity suffers no diminution, because the grosser elements do not mingle with it; that the whole universe is permeated by this fire, which is distinguished above the other elements by the property of intelligence, and which, through this property, operates upon them; that by the operation of this principle of intelligence in the fire all things were produced—not blindly, and by chance, but according to certain fixed and immutable laws; that the universe was maintained and governed by this pervading principle, which was the same as what some called Nature, and others God; and that the matter of which the universe is composed, as well as the intelligent principle resident in fire, had existed eternally. But while ascribing the formation of the universe to this pervading intelligence, which he says is what some call Nature, he yet considered that the sun and moon, and all the stars and planets, as well as the souls of those in whom the ethereal fire burned with uncommon brilliance, were a species of divinities; and that religious adoration was due to intelligence, the soul of the universe, under whatever name custom might confer upon it in different parts of the world. The formation of the universe, it will be seen, was a very different operation from that of absolute creation: both the matter, and the intelligence which arranged it in order, were supposed to have been eternal, as it was a principle strongly insisted upon by the Stoics that matter could not be produced from, or reduced to, nothing. The universe was ultimately to be resolved into fire; and with this idea Zeno connected his views upon the partial immortality which he ascribes to the human soul. He did not believe in its absolute immortality, but taught that it had an existence after the death of the body, and upon the final conflagration of the universe, became absorbed into the universal soul. Until that period, the souls of the departed inhabited the upper regions of the air, and engaged in the philosophic contemplation of the universe. The quietism of the Stoics led them to regard this future state of the soul with much satisfaction. 'We shall certainly be happy,' says Cicero, in commenting upon these views, 'when, with our bodies, we shall have thrown off all passion and disquiet. What now constitutes our joy, when, free from all care, we apply ourselves ardently to some object that engages and delights us, we shall then do with far greater liberty—abandoning ourselves entirely to the contemplation of all things, which it will be given us to know perfectly. The situation of the places to which we shall have attained, in facilitating our view of celestial objects, and kindling in us the desire of penetrating their beauties, will enable us fully to satisfy the insatiable ardour natural to us for knowing truth. And it will discover itself more or less to us, in proportion as we shall have been more or less solicitous to nourish ourselves with it during our abode upon earth.' The moral system of the Stoics was based upon that of the Cynics, but was immeasurably superior to it in the manner of its reduction to practice. It

was a point of faith with all the ancient philosophic sects, that the supreme good of human existence was a life regulated in accordance with the laws of nature; but from the different manner in which they explained this conformity, a diversity of opinions arose among them. Zeno made it consist in the strict and constant practice of virtue. He taught that a virtuous life alone could be a happy one; because it was the only one consistent with the teachings of nature, as reflected in the candour, simplicity, tenderness, gratitude, compassion, and innocence so generally found in children. Neither health, riches, nor reputation could, in the opinion of Zeno, increase the happiness of the wise man, nor could disease, poverty, or ignominy diminish it: virtue alone would be sufficient to render him happy, whatever might be the conditions amid which he lived. Other philosophers regarded pain as an evil which diminished the happiness of man, though the wise would support it with fortitude and resignation, and not allow it to render them miserable; but Zeno was of opinion that such an idea degraded and dishonoured virtue, which should alone, and of itself, be sufficient to constitute happiness—to which all the goods of life added no more than the light of the stars does to that of the sun, a drop of water to the immensity of the ocean, or a mite to the riches of Croesus. This is a lofty idea of virtue certainly; but in the practice of the Stoics there was too much of that ostentation which distinguished the Cynics. Endurance of the evils of life without murmuring, and inaccessibility to tenderness or compassion—which they regarded as weaknesses unworthy of the wise man—were their chief characteristics. A Chippewa at the stake of torment would have realised their idea of a perfect man. ‘They reduced their sage to an image of brass or marble,’ says Rollin, ‘in hopes to render him firm and constant in his own misfortunes and those of others. For they were for having him equally insensible to both; and that compassion should not make him consider that as a misfortune in his neighbour which he ought to regard as indifferent in respect to himself. They did not know that the sentiments they strove to extinguish were part of the nature of man, and that to root out of his heart the compassion, tenderness, and warm concern with which nature itself inspires us for what happens to our neighbour, was to destroy all the ties of humanity and of civil society.’

Zeno died B.C. 264, at the age of ninety-eight, and a monument was erected to his memory in the Ceramicus. He was succeeded in the Stoa by Cleanthes, a native of Assos in Troas, who was so poor a man that he toiled the greater part of the night in order to gain his subsistence, and enable him to apply himself during the day to the study of philosophy under Zeno. Being cited before the Areopagus to give an account of how he supported himself, he produced the gardener for whom he drew water every night; upon which the judges, struck with his zeal for philosophy, ordered him ten minæ (about thirty pounds) out of the public treasury. He filled the Stoic chair with great reputation, and was succeeded by Chrysippus, of whom Seneca speaks in terms of the highest praise. He was a native of Soli, a town in Cilicia, and a famous logician; his works were very numerous, but full of inaccuracies and tedious repetitions. Indeed the Stoics generally made no pretence to beauty of style, and their discourses were dry and unadorned. Quintilian, however, mentions with praise a work of this philosopher upon the education of children. He

associated for some time with the Platonists, and following their manner of maintaining both sides of a question, his own sect complained that he had raised such strong arguments for the Academic system, that he could not afterwards refute them, and supplied Carneades with weapons against himself. He made several innovations in the system of Zeno, teaching that only the souls of those whose lives had been blameless would exist until the final dissolution of the globe, and that the divinities would share in the general absorption into the eternal soul of the universe. He also advocated the community of women, which he probably derived from Plato; and in this arrangement he went so far as to sanction incest. The immoral tendencies of his teaching in this respect do not appear to have impaired his reputation with the Athenians; for on his death, B.C. 214, they raised a monument to his memory beside that of Zeno, and set up his statue among those of the most illustrious men of Athens. After his decease, Diogenes, a native of Seleucia; Antipater, said by some to have been born at Sidon, and by others at Tarsus; and Posidonius, a native of Apamea, in Syria, filled in succession the chair of the Stoa; but the two former attained little celebrity. Posidonius passed the greater part of his time at Rhodes, where his reputation was as great in politics as in philosophy. Pompey touched at Rhodes on his return from the expedition against Mithridates, in order to see him; and hearing that the philosopher was ill, forbade his lieutors to strike upon the door with their fasces—a circumstance which Pliny notices as an unusual instance of the homage of power to philosophy. The Roman general expressed to Posidonius his regret that he should be unable to hear him discourse upon philosophy, upon which the Stoic began a long dissertation upon the sufficiency of virtue for happiness; and though suffering the most excruciating torments of the gout all the time, still refused to acknowledge that pain was an evil.

Athens does not appear to have been the chief seat of this sect later than the time of Antipater; and after Posidonius, we find the most distinguished philosophers of the Porch teaching at Rome. One of the most eminent of the latter Stoics was Panætius, a native of Rhodes, where he was born about the year B.C. 193. He belonged to a patrician family, and his ancestors had commanded the Rhodian armies; but devoting himself to the study of philosophy, he removed to Athens, and became a disciple of Antipater. On completing his studies, he proceeded to Rome, where the young patricians flocked to hear his discourses; the more so, as he did not disdain, as the other philosophers of the Porch did, the graces and ornaments of rhetoric, but united beauty of style with solidity of argument. Scipio became his friend as well as his disciple, and he accompanied that general in his several expeditions. He wrote a treatise upon the duties of man, which has not been preserved, but of which Cicero speaks in terms of high commendation. The fame of Panætius was eclipsed, however, by that of Epictetus, who holds a very conspicuous place, if not the highest, among the eminent men of this sect. He was a native of Hierapolis, a town of Phrygia; but nothing more is known of him until we find him the slave of Epaphroditus, an officer of the bodyguard of the Emperor Nero. How he obtained his freedom is not known; but it is certain that he subsequently attained a high reputation as a philosopher of the Stoic sect, and that he resided at Rome until all the teachers of philosophy in that capital

were compelled to quit it by a decree of the Emperor Domitian, promulgated in A.D. 96. Epictetus retired to Nicopolis, where he lived in great poverty, but respected by all who knew him, until the accession of Adrian, when he returned to Rome. By that emperor he was held in high esteem; and after writing several moral works, which were long in great repute, he died at an advanced age, but where or in what year is not known.

Philosophy became more and more imbued with materialism towards the close of the pre-Christian period of history: the Platonists were the latest theistic sect; and when it is considered that, to maintain the unity of Deity, and to assert the eternity of matter and the sufficiency of its laws, and those of motion for the formation of the universe, was deemed equally blasphemous and heretical by the priests and magistrates of the heathen world, and that Socrates and Theodorus were doomed to the same fate, it is not surprising that this tendency should have existed, nor that it should have been exhibited so strongly in the teachings of the Atomists, the Peripatetics, and the Stoics. The Cyrenaic sect also continued to hold materialist principles; and they were imbued about the time to which we have now brought down the history of the philosophic sects by many of the Megareans and Cynics. Philosophy was arraying all its forces for a grand struggle with the old mythology and superstitions; but its arms failed to reach the masses, and hence the completion of the work was reserved for Christianity. The idols and altars which were destined to be quietly undermined by the despised Galileans, tottered but little before the battering-ram of philosophy.

Contemporaneously with the Stoics rose the Pyrrhonist sect—so called after its founder, Pyrrho of Elis, who, before he applied himself to the study of philosophy, was a professor of the art of painting. His history is somewhat obscure; but it is known that he visited India in the train of Alexander, the Macedonian conqueror; and it is probable that the apathetic indifference to all things which afterwards characterised him was acquired by intercourse with the Gymnosophists. The system of philosophy which he taught on his return to Greece, united the principles of Arcesilaus with those of the Atomists, and consisted in doubting all things, and a degree of apathy which is almost incredible. Diogenes Laertius relates that a precipice or a chariot would not induce him to diverge from his path an inch to the right or left, and that his friends were obliged to follow him, to protect him from accidents. Health and sickness, life and death, appear to have been equally indifferent to him. 'Why do you not die, then?' he was asked by some one. 'For that very reason,' he replied; 'because I have no more desire to die than to live!' He maintained that no criterion existed by which truth and error could possibly be distinguished, because the evidence of the senses was fallacious, and that of reason inconclusive—no philosopher having arrived at a satisfactory solution of the great problems which had engaged their attention. Whatever question he took up, he found as many reasons for denying as for affirming the point at issue; and hence he was continually in pursuit of truth, without ever finding it. It was probably this state of constant doubt which led Pyrrho to adopt the maxim of Archelaus—that the honour and infamy, the justice and injustice of actions, depended solely upon human laws and customs; and to make the assertion—so degrading to human nature—that a pig

feeding aboard a vessel in a storm was the true type of a wise man. It was the characteristic of his school to assert nothing, but to doubt everything; and this constant suspension of judgment caused his disciples to be sometimes called Sceptics, from a Greek word signifying *to consider, to examine*; because their arguments never proceeded further. 'They make use of their reason to inquire and debate,' says Montaigne, 'but never to determine. Whoever shall imagine a perpetual confusion of ignorance, a judgment without bias, propension, or inclination, upon any occasion whatever, conceives a true idea of Pyrrhonism. In a word, scepticism, as regards its claim to be considered as a system of philosophy, has been well defined to be a fugitive and transient phenomenon.' Pyrrho was held in high esteem by his countrymen, however; they conferred the dignity of pontiff upon him; and so much was philosophy considered to be ennobled by him, that they exempted all philosophers from the payment of taxes.

The last of the ancient philosophic sects which we have to notice was founded by Epicurus, the place of whose birth is doubtful, his parents having emigrated from Gargettus, in the territory of Athens, to the island of Samos, and it being a disputed point whether he was born before or after that event. His father was a schoolmaster, and his mother a wandering vender of charms and lustrations. It was a matter of self-commendation with the philosopher in after-years, that, having been in his youth an itinerant reciter of poems, he was self-taught; and that he had been a philosopher from his twelfth year, when he asked his father the puzzling question, As to who made chaos? He did not leave Samos until his eighteenth year, when he visited Athens, and after a brief stay in that city, proceeded in succession to Lampsacus, Mitylene, and Colophon, to which latter place his father had removed. In his thirty-sixth year he settled at Athens, where he purchased a beautiful estate, as Plato had done, and established a new school of philosophy. Over the entrance to the garden in which he usually taught was the following inscription:—'The keeper of this mansion—where you will find pleasure the supreme good—will, in his hospitality, liberally afford you cakes of barley, and water fresh from the spring; the gardens will not stimulate your appetite by the dainties of art, but will satisfy it with the supplies of nature!—will you not be well entertained?' His disciples soon became an immense throng; they came from all parts of Greece, from Asia, and even from Egypt, to hear him. A perfect community was established among them, which knitted them in the bonds of harmony; and while it enabled the philosopher to exercise a complete supervision over them for moral discipline, afforded his pupils constant opportunities of appreciating the goodness of his disposition, and his untiring efforts to promote their welfare. 'Though for many ages,' says Cicero, 'scarce three couples of true friends had appeared in the world, Epicurus was able to unite great numbers of them in one house, and that a small one.' Numenius, a writer of the second century, observes, that amid the discords and divisions which prevailed among each of the other sects, the disciples of Epicurus had continued in harmony and union down to his time. While from the school of Socrates sprang five different sects, and that of Plato divided into two branches immediately upon his death, to say nothing of the subsequent divisions of the Academics,

the Epicureans always remained one and indivisible. The natal-day of their founder was celebrated by them even in the time of Pliny, the eminent naturalist, above four hundred years after his death, when the entire month in which he was born was observed as a festival. Epicurus is praised by Diogenes Laertius for having never departed from his zeal for the good of his country; and Plutarch relates, that when Athens was besieged by Demetrius Poliorcetes, he did not quit the city, but determined to share the calamities which it endured. After a life as useful to others as it was honourable to himself, he died, at the age of seventy-two, of a very painful disease, the torments of which he bore with exemplary fortitude and equanimity.

The activity of this distinguished philosopher's mind, and the indefatigability of his studies, may be inferred from the fact that his works amounted to three hundred; but of this vast number only two have been preserved to the present day, and these were lost until the beginning of the last century, when they were discovered during the excavations at Herculaneum, after a lapse of about two thousand years from the death of their author. But even if these fragments had never been brought to light, we should be at no loss for a complete knowledge of the Epicurean system—Cicero in his philosophical works, Diogenes Laertius in his 'Lives of the Philosophers,' and Lucretius in his poem on Nature, having given us a full elucidation of it. In his theory of the formation of the world, Epicurus adopted the atomic hypothesis of Leucippus, though he claimed the honour of being its inventor, because he introduced some modifications which, in the opinion of Cicero, impaired rather than improved it. *Atom*, it must be understood, is a Greek word, signifying an imperceptible and indivisible particle of matter; and the teachers of the hypothesis supposed the atoms to be of every variety of shape, and diffused throughout infinite space. Both Leucippus and Epicurus believed these primal forms of matter to have existed eternally, and to have been endued with the property of motion, through which they adhered and united, and thus formed the world. The motion of the atoms was attributed by the latter to their gravity, when floating in vacuum, and to the natural tendency of all solid bodies to fall directly downward; but seeing that this direct downward motion would not suffice for the formation of the world, since it would be impossible for the atoms to meet and adhere, he furnished them with hooks, and imagined a slight obliquity of motion, by means of which provisions he thought it possible for them to meet and unite, and by their fortuitous aggregation form the world. He divides the universe into two parts—bodies and space, or void; the former being what the Epicureans understood by the world. Space was supposed to be an absolute, infinite void or vacuum, without which, they taught, there could have been no motion, and consequently no world. They also held the doctrine of a plurality of worlds, all formed, like our own, by the accidental cohesion of atoms—a doctrine which would alone suffice to distinguish them from all the other sects. Gassendi, who collected with great care every notice of the Epicureans to be found in the ancient writers, though he opposes this idea, admits that its falsity cannot be demonstrated; and the researches of modern astronomers have shewn that it is not so fanciful as was once supposed. The human soul was supposed by Epicurus to consist of atoms so round and smooth as to move

with ease through the frame; but being as material in its composition as the body, he taught that it was not immortal, but became resolved by death into its component particles, again to float in the infinity of space. The Epicurean theology is somewhat obscure, the philosopher apparently hesitating to declare his views upon this subject fully, probably from the same cause which influenced Plato in the discussion of the same questions. He appears, in general, to recognise the existence of a Supreme Being, dwelling in perfect beatitude; but he declares that nothing positive can be ascertained concerning a nature between which and our own there exists no analogy. Moreover, he recognises chance alone as the agent in the arrangement of the atoms into the form of a world, and he clearly denies the doctrine of Divine Providence—that is, that the Divinity presides over the government of the world, and makes the welfare of mankind its peculiar care. Cicero, who contends strongly for this doctrine, tells us that the denial by Epicurus of the Divine Providence caused him to be regarded as an enemy of the established idolatry, ‘as one who undermined all religion, and who, by his reasonings, as Xerxes by his troops, levelled the temples and altars of the gods.’

The word Epicurean seldom fails to suggest to the minds of persons little acquainted with the sect and its founder the idea of one devoted to voluptuousness and refined sensuality; and it is undeniable that many of those who adopted the name, without being imbued with the spirit of its original, were distinguished by the immorality of their lives; but so far from this being the character of Epicurus and his immediate disciples, the case was directly the reverse. It is true, as we have seen, that Epicurus made pleasure the supreme good of life; but he was far from making pleasure to consist in sensual gratification. Seneca, who has preserved some beautiful moral maxims of this philosopher, speaks highly of his temperance and frugality; and Epicurus himself observes in a letter, that he did not expend quite an *as*, or about a penny, upon a meal; and that his attached disciple and friend, Metrodorus, who was not quite so old, expended a whole *as*. Did barley-cakes and spring-water constitute a repast which could be objected to by the most rancorous opponent of the sect? The Stoics, the moral antipodes of the Epicureans, incessantly laboured to lower them in the estimation of the people, by representing them as immersed in sensuality, and by maligning the characters of the female members of the sect. The latter, all of them wives of the friends of Epicurus, were more numerous than in any other of the philosophic sects; and the aspersions cast upon them by the Stoics are refuted by the celebrity, alike for virtue and for learning, which many of them attained. We may instance Themista, whose learning became almost proverbial; Leontia, who wrote several elegant dissertations in opposition to Theophrastus; and Philænis, as famous for her virtues as for her intellectual acquirements. The pleasures in which Epicurus considered the supreme good of life to consist were not those of the senses, but those of the mind; and it was only those who were incompetent to appreciate intellectual pleasures, and who could form no idea of pleasure which did not consist in the gratification of the senses, who perverted his system into one of refined sensualism, and brought disgrace upon the name even of the sect. Epicurus himself made pleasure to consist in virtue; in the untiring practice of benevolence;



in a life whose even tenor, undisturbed by the gusts of passion and the cares of avarice, should produce at no period either remorse for the past or anxiety as to the future. 'He declares,' says Cicero, 'that one cannot live joyously except with wisdom, honesty, and justice; and that one cannot with wisdom, honesty, and justice, live otherwise than joyously.'

The period at which the history of the ancient systems of philosophy closes, exhibits contemporaneously the sects of the Platonists, the Peripatetics, the Stoics, and the Epicureans; the inferior sects had become extinct, or merged in those which are enumerated. The last-named sect probably numbered the most professors at the time when the ancient polytheism began to wane before the growing light of the Christian religion. Only the Stoics and Epicureans are mentioned as opposing St Paul when he preached at Athens; and we find the philosophers of the latter sect among the most formidable adversaries of the new faith. The sects also disputed with each other with more vehemence than ever during this closing period of their history. The Platonists were opposed by the Epicureans and Stoics, both attacking Plato's theory of the formation of the world; while the former also made a violent assault upon his modified view of the metempsychosis. What, asked the disciples of Epicurus, must become of men's souls should the number of those leaving the body chance at any time to be greater than that of the creatures being brought forth? What, if more should chance to be born than are dying, will be the condition of the bodies that are waiting for souls to be infused into them? The Epicureans and the Stoics were also engaged in constant warfare; and the latter disputed with the Peripatetics concerning the supreme good; though the difference between their respective doctrines on this subject appear to have been more verbal than substantive. Both sects agreed that to live conformably to nature was the chief good, and likewise that this conformity consisted in the practice of virtue; but the disciples of Aristotle thought that human felicity could not be perfect without the possession by the individual of health, competency, and reputation; while those of Zeno maintained that virtue alone was sufficient for happiness, and that, possessing this, the wise man ought not to count sickness, poverty, or loss of reputation as an evil. Once admit that these things are evils, said they, and you destroy the idea of happiness, which is incompatible with the existence of evil. But we do not argue so in any other case, replied the Peripatetics; we do not assert that a field covered with an abundant crop of corn has ceased to be fertile because it also produces a few weeds. In commerce, also, the gains far exceed the occasional losses; in everything the greater outweighs the less; and so with virtue. 'Put virtue into one scale, and the whole world into the other, and the former will always be infinitely the more weighty'—a beautiful idea, upon which the Stoics and Peripatetics were agreed.

## THE WONDERS OF HUMAN FOLLY.

IT is on record, that when Mr Lemuel Gulliver—the narrative of whose adventures, remarkable for its sagacity and veracity, is celebrated throughout the world—was in the isle of Laputa, he was conducted to the great academy of Lagado, where he assures us that the first person he met had been eight years engaged upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in vials, hermetically sealed, and set out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. Another was at work attempting to calcine ice into gunpowder. He also shewed Mr Gulliver a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire: he saw there an ingenious architect who had contrived a method for building houses by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation—a man born blind, with several apprentices in his own condition, was employed in mixing colours for painters: these colours they had learned to distinguish by feeling and smelling. There was also a device for ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour: another person proposed, by employing spiders, to save the charge of dyeing silks, feeding his spiders with curious and beautifully-coloured flies, which would give a tincture to the colour of the cobwebs. Lastly, there was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind—such wonderful things did Mr Gulliver behold the philosophers of Lagado attempting to perform.

To many the enumeration of these paradoxes will seem simply ludicrous; yet so strange are the records of human perversity, that even the mad doings of the students of Laputa fall behind the realities of folly in the lives of some of our great European doctors. In order to illustrate the ridiculousness of human error, we need not throw our imaginations into the regions of fable; the stores of history, biography, and science—falsely so called—abound with tales so wild, and wonderful, and strange—chronicles of performances so worthless in themselves, yet frequently performed by persons so far from meriting the charge of general insanity, that they baffle all our ordinarily rapid methods of generalisation. It is at all times painful to read the story of mental humiliation; mournful and dark is this chapter of human history—the record of great gifts struggling with debasing superstitions, and prostrate and helpless beneath their power; of men willingly

and anxiously surrendering every gleam of judgment, reason, prudence, and walking about powerless in the nets and webs of craft and fraud; of folly attempting to set aside the most obvious of nature's laws, to perform impossibilities, and forsaking the dominion of sense and knowledge, to plunge into the unknown, the unseen, and the dark; and not only so, but demanding, as an article of faith, that the whole of the human race should also enter by the same path, and roam through the same dark 'limbo of vanity.' So wild and unnatural have some of the delusions of mankind appeared, that frequently whole kingdoms seem to be smitten with a kind of mental fever: their actions resemble those of the entranced and the delirious; the contagion spreads from clime to clime: it is as if some fatal intoxicant had bewildered the mind, and clouded all natural vision. It has been said that men think in herds; it will be seen that they go mad in herds, while they only recover their senses slowly, and one by one. Professor Porson said he would write the history of human folly in five hundred volumes; and perhaps he did not overestimate the capacities of the subject. We propose to ourselves, in the course of the following pages, to cite some of the more curious and extravagant of human errors, and to string them together upon a cord of interwoven reflections, which may in some measure help to the formation of a systematic arrangement of the long catalogue of the manias, illusions, and errors of mankind.

It is certainly difficult to begin, difficult to select, difficult to arrange. It was said in the days of witchcraft, that 'the whole world seemed only like a place for devils and witches to play their pranks in.' Certainly sometimes it seems as if the whole history of the world had been but one great folly. In the first place, superstition has touched and withered almost every earthly thing; apparitions and ghosts, strange optical and acoustical illusions, have terrified in all ages. Of all ridiculous follies, the impersonation of the evil principle has been the most ridiculous. The witches who were put to death in Elfdale confessed that the devil generally appeared as a little old man in a gray coat, with red and blue stockings, and exceedingly long garters: he had a very high-crowned hat, many-coloured linen, and a long red beard. At Trarant the devil appeared in a black gown and hat; his nose like the beak of an eagle; he had great burning eyes; his hands and legs were hairy; he had long claws upon his hands and feet; and he spake with a gruff voice. Then we have the long list of occult influences—trials by ordeal and by duel, the lengthy list of national prejudices and antipathies, and the prodigies of useless and unprofitable labour. What are the Pyramids but the wonders of human folly? Not many years since, Mehemet Ali, in one of those fits of caprice in which it is the pleasure of tyrants to indulge, ordered all the male population of a certain district to be set to work to clear out one of the ancient canals, then filled up with mud. The pasha gave them no tools; but the work had to be done: so to work they went, to the number of 50,000. They had to plunge to the neck in the filthiest slime, and to bale it out with their hands—and their hands alone!

Not only the deeds, but the language of folly is worth recording. It is as follows that Dr Dee, a distinguished astrologer, whom Queen Elizabeth condescended to consult, instructed his disciples—'The contemplative order

of the Rosic Cross have presented to the world angels, spirits, plants, and metals, with the times in astronomy and geomancy, to prepare and unite them telesmatically. This is the substance which at present in our study is the child of the sun and moon, placed between two fires, and in the darkest night receives a light, and retains it. The angels and intelligences are attracted by a horrible emptiness, and attend the astrolasms for ever. He bath in him a thick fire, by which he captivates the thin genii. Now, I will demonstrate in what thing, of what thing, and by what thing, is the medicine or multiplier of metals made. 'It is even in the nature, of the nature, and by the nature, of metals. . . . In the great lion's bed the sun and moon are born; they are married, and beget a king; the king feeds on the lion's blood, which is the king's father and mother, who are at the same time his brother and sister. I fear I betray the secret (!!) which I promised my master to keep in dark speech from every one who does not know how to rule the philosopher's fire.' Some Dr Saunders is quoted by the author of the 'Sketches of Deception and Credulity' as expressing himself in the following vein of extraordinary eloquence. He writes of astrology—'The Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Arabians, do observe many curious observations in this art—as translation of light, prohibitions, contraradiation, restitution, frustration, obsession, cursuvacation, cursutardation, forality, augeDESCENSION, meridiodescentia, luniniminution, numeriminution, via combustia, which, although I do not wish to deny to have some power, yet I have often proved that overmuch curiosity doth rather deviate a man from concluding anything certainly.' These are follies: our readers deserve an apology for being detained with such absurdities; yet, as illustrations of the matter in hand, they are not without their value.

Now one would suppose that there could be but one opinion as to the desirableness of diffusing correct notions and well-established facts over all minds; yet some people, even among the highly-enlightened, cling to the old love of falsehood and misrepresentation, and throw a shield over the errors of mankind. There are some remarkable illustrations of this in one of the very early numbers of the Edinburgh Review, in an article supposed to be written by Dr Thomas Brown upon Belsham's Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind. Such paragraphs as the following stand out as singular evidences of obscurity of vision even in one ordinarily most acute:—'In the small events of that familiar and hourly intercourse which forms almost the whole of human life, *how much is happiness increased by the general adoption of a system of concerted and limited deceit*; for it is either in that actual falsehood which must, as falsehood, be productive of evil, or in the suppression of that truth which, as truth, must have been productive of good, that the chief happiness of civilised manners consists; and he from whose doctrine it flows that we are to be in no case hypocrites, would in mere manners reduce us to a degree of barbarism beyond that of the rudest savage.' The writer goes on to say—'In the greater events of life, how often may the advantages of erroneous belief be felt. The visitation of the murderer by the nightly ghost, which exists in the superstition of so many countries, and which forms a great part of that complex and unanalysed horror with which the crime continues to be regarded after the belief of the superstition has ceased, has probably been of more service to mankind than the truths of all the sermons that have been preached on the

corresponding prohibition in the Decalogue. Innumerable cases may be imagined in which other errors of belief would be of moral advantage; and we may therefore assume as established and undeniable, that there is nothing in the nature of truth which makes it necessarily good; that in the greater number of instances truth is beneficial; but that of the whole number of truths and falsehoods, a certain number are productive of good, and others of evil.' The most of the foregoing sentences sound very much like satires, and it may be hoped that they do not form the faith of the majority of the intelligent and thoughtful of the present day: that there is a mixture of truth and error in all things and creeds, few will be inclined to doubt; but that it is a matter of indifference that in human experience error and truth are frequently equally beneficial to humanity, and sometimes error more so than truth—such positions seem most untenable, most at variance with the interest, progress, and wellbeing of mankind. A cheerful faith, and one entirely in harmony with the convictions and history of man, is, that eventually, in the long biography of our race, truth, rectitude of fact, inference, and action, is alone beneficial; that it alone possesses the power of endurance and perpetuity; that at last the convictions of men seize on the truth; that error is essentially wrong, and necessarily the state of disease; that truth is essentially right, and the state of health.

We frequently wonder at the slow progress made by man—by the race generally—in excellence, in truth, in goodness. The great reason is, that the conservative habit is so strong in man. In poverty and misery, he is indeed impatient of the control of old opinions and modes, but in that state he is usually powerless to effect any great or lasting change in society: but in affluence or luxury, he is impatient of change; he is satisfied with things as they are, since they have aided his advancement and happiness. Indolence chains him to his parlour or his couch, fear and timidity hold him in check from any adventure after new light; and both of these combine to harden his character and petrify those sympathies which would make him active in aiding in the work of destroying the errors and follies, and advancing the truths and interests, of man. Somebody has very graphically spoken of mankind as 'tethered to the stump of old superstitions.' Some errors are consecrated, and any attempt immediately to destroy them is like a village wake on consecrated ground, and sure to be visited with condign punishment. The best way, therefore, of serving the cause of truth, is to say little or nothing about particular truths or falsehoods, but to create and educate in the mind a truthful disposition, a love of truth for its own sake—to educate the mind so, that it instinctively perceives the folly of all falsehood; to surround it with the terrible power of light—light, which of all things error most dreads; and thus, without a battle, right and justice are left possessors of the field. It is remarkable, and most worthy of note, that those errors and superstitions about which least has been said, and upon which no special attack has been made, have quietly retired; while those which have been the subjects of aggression and assault, have resolutely maintained their ground, and seem even yet far from defeat. Is not this to be accounted for from the fact, that in one instance there had been a quiet training of the general mind in principles developing the folly of the superstition; while, on the other hand, the attempt to destroy falsehood by a reliance on the animal passions and

powers of men, to a great degree recoiled on the very truth itself, and prevented its speedy success? Lord Bacon has augured from the errors of past ages a hope for the future; and in reviewing the labyrinth of error from which we have been rescued, a pleasing ground of encouragement and consolation is offered to ourselves and to posterity. Time was, in the middle ages, when our fathers enumerated among their sciences that of *angelography*, and the great masters of the schools discussed such questions as—Whether angels pass from one point of space to the other without passing through the intermediate points? Whether they can visually discern objects in the dark? Whether more than one can exist at the same moment on the same physical point? Whether they can exist in a perfect vacuum, with any relation to the absolute incorporeal void? And whether, if an angel were in perfect vacuo, the void could still truly be termed perfect? Perhaps the medical profession, of all other sciences, furnishes the most remarkable and ludicrous illustrations of the follies of past ages. In the fourteenth century, John de Gaddesden, the great court physician of that day, attempted to cure a child of Edward II. of smallpox by hanging scarlet drapery round the bed and before the window. The same worthy doctor knew no better way of curing epilepsy than that of taking his patient to church to hear mass. There is a ludicrous story told, illustrative of the folly of those ages, that on one occasion Francis I. of France fell ill, and having a persuasion that Jews were by birthright essentially gifted as physicians, and not having a Jew on whom he could rely in the neighbourhood of his court, he sent to Charles V., the emperor of Germany, for the loan of a celebrated Jew physician; but the physician, on his way to France, was unfortunately converted to Christianity, and the king refused to allow him to approach near his bed, supposing that, as he had ceased to be a Jew, all virtue had entirely left him.

‘Error,’ says Malebranche, ‘is the universal cause of the misery of mankind.’ Knowledge is principally valuable in dispelling the mists and clouds of *ignorance*, by shewing the relation and harmony of *cause and effect*. The mistakes of men frequently originate in this blindness to all causation; and thousands of our countrymen who boast of knowledge and intelligence are dark as the old man so frequently spoken of from the citation of Latimer, the good old bishop, who says—‘Here now I remember an argument of Master More’s, which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney; and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be a little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter, for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said; “Father, tell me, if ye can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here

about this haven, the which stop it up so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company; so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most of it, or at leastwise more than any man here assembled."—"Yea, forsooth, good master," quoth this old man, "for I am wellnigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age." "Well, then," quoth Master More, "how say ye in this matter? What, think ye, be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?"—"Forsooth, sir," quoth he, "I am an old man; I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands; for I am an old man, sir," quoth he, "and I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decaying of Sandwich haven." 'This is a very admirable illustration of the method of the logic of the dark ages. This utter ignorance of causes and effects was by no means confined to simple villagers and imbecile age; it abounds in all the speculations of the scholars and men of learning of those times. Sir John Herschel, in his admirable treatise on Natural Philosophy, cites an illustration of the Aristotelian style of reasoning from 'Galileo's Systema Cosmicum.' The object is to prove the immutability and incorruptibility of the heavens; and thus it is done:—

- I. Mutation is either generation or corruption.
- II. Generation and corruption only happen between contraries.
- III. The motion of contraries is contrary.
- IV. The celestial motions are circular.
- V. Circular motions have no contraries.
  - α Because there can be but three simple motions :
    - 1. To a centre ;
    - 2. Round a centre ;
    - 3. From a centre.
  - β Of three things, one only can be contrary to one.
  - γ But a motion to a centre is manifestly the contrary to a motion from a centre.
  - δ Therefore a motion *round* a centre (that is, a circular motion) remains without a contrary.
- VI. *Therefore*, celestial motions have no contraries; *therefore*, among celestial things there are no contraries; *therefore*, the heavens are eternal, immutable, incorruptible; and so forth.

The whole of this nonsensical jargon is the consequence of ignorance of the meanings of the terms generation, corruption, contrariety—ignorance of all philosophic method, as well as of the proper dependency of causes and effects; and hence, in addition to the absurdities we have mentioned, a thousand others of a similar nature. It was ignorance that made the medical practice of the middle ages a mere routine of nastiness and folly. The art of physic consisted in the assemblage of every filthy and horrid substance that ignorance and superstition could jumble together—boluses, draughts, powders, pills, the recitation of verses, the hanging of charms round the neck. M. Gmelin, describing the state of some of the inhabitants

of the Russian dominions, says—'A great number of their medicines, like those of the old dispensaries of Europe, are taken from the animal kingdom. Of all their remedies of this sort, there is none they hold in such high estimation as the gall of a creature called *dom*, which is a native of the Altai mountains and of Thibet. Human and bear's gall are scarcely less precious. They think also that there is great virtue in human flesh and fat. The flesh of a serpent is esteemed as a specific for bad eyes; that of a wolf for a disordered stomach; a wolf's stomach for a sore throat.'\* 'I will give one instance,' says Pulteney in his 'Sketches of Botany,' 'from Apuleius, of that credulity and superstition which, sanctioned by antiquity, yet prevailed in the administration of remedies, and exhibits a melancholy proof of the wretched state of physic, which through so many ages had not broken the shackles of Druidical magic and imposition. As a cure for a disease called by the French *l'aiguillette nouée*, you are directed to take seven stalks of the herb lion's-foot, separated from the roots. These are to be boiled in water in the wane of the moon. The patient is to be washed with this water on the approach of night, standing before the threshold, on the outside of his own house; and the person who performs this office for the sick is also not to fail to wash himself. This done, the sick person is to be fumigated with the smoke of the herb aristolochia, and both persons are then to enter the house together, taking strict care not to look behind them while returning; after which, adds the author, the sick will become immediately well.'

Superstition has in nothing more plainly manifested at once its foundation in ignorance, and its mighty hold over the popular mind, than in the extraordinary variety of *relics* which have claimed and received the homage and adoration of mankind. It is but a few weeks since, at Stonyhurst College, in Lancashire, we were shewn a piece of the real wood of the Cross; and the following are some mentioned in Brady's 'Clavis,' which either have received, or are receiving, the wondering adorations of folly:—

'A finger of St Andrew.

'A finger of St John the Baptist.

'The thumb of St Thomas.

'A tooth of our Lord.

'A rib of our Lord, or, as it is profanely styled, of the *verbum caro factum* (the Word made flesh.)

'The hem of our Lord's garment which cured the diseased woman.

'The seamless coat of our Lord.

'A tear which our Lord shed over Lazarus. It was preserved by an angel, who gave it in a vial to Mary Magdalene.

'Two handkerchiefs, on which are impressions of our Saviour's face; the one sent by our Lord himself as a present to Agbarus, prince of Edessa; the other given at the time of his crucifixion to a holy woman named Veronica.

'The rod of Moses with which he performed his miracles.

'A lock of hair of Mary Magdalene's.

'A hem of Joseph's garment.

'A feather of the Holy Ghost.

\* Jackson's Four Ages, pp. 27, 28.



- 'A finger of the Holy Ghost.
- 'A feather of the Angel Gabriel.
- 'A finger of a cherubim.
- 'The water-pots used at the marriage in Galilee.
- 'The slippers of the antediluvian Enoch.
- 'The face of a seraphim, with only part of the nose.
- 'The snout of a seraphim, thought to have belonged to the preceding.
- 'The coal that broiled St Lawrence.
- 'The square buckler, lined with red velvet, and the short sword, of St Michael.
- 'A vial of the sweat of St Michael, when he contended with Satan.
- 'Some of the rays of the star that appeared to the Magi.'

The true value attaching to knowledge is—that it enlarges the dominion of truth and happiness: beings without knowledge of some kind are as men walking in the dark. How many of the follies of mankind appear to us as such ludicrous and grotesque, only because knowledge has shed round about us a light altogether unknown to the actors in the farce! We are looking on the circumstance from altogether another point of vision. To us there is no possibility of deception; the doings of ignorance are always essentially foolish and ridiculous. The light of instinct is not sufficient for man; he has to learn from experience and observation; he has to spell out his way through life from the finger-posts his fathers have set up. Man, in the infant states of society, most resembles a child learning to walk; and the follies which excite our laughter or surprise resemble those false steps which excite our commiseration or our mirth when we look upon the first adventurings of our little ones. Ignorance draws the thick dark curtain before our eyes; we hear the noises behind the veil, and see the strange gleams of light reflected on the stage, and, unable to account for the one or the other, we fall prostrate in terror, when the lifting of the curtain would only invite us to admire. Ignorance is weakness: many of the achievements of men in other ages, which seemed to our fathers prodigies, were but the result of system and method—the invariable promoters of strength. Ignorance is imbecility: there can be no self-command where there is no perception: the haze and the mist pervert the vision, distort the few objects presented to the view; the mind, weak, and unable to comprehend the strange illusions, shudders in terror, becomes an easy prey, first to its own untutored fancies, and then to the subtle designs of a few more sagacious but cruel men. For every reason, a state of ignorance is to be deprecated as inimical to human happiness, and the parent of innumerable, unbounded mistakes, most fatal to the peace, the progress, and the prospects of society.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of folly is—that man is prone to believe the false, and to disbelieve the true; and this also is the source of ignorance. It seems strange that men should disbelieve the sublime deductions of Kepler when he drew the chart of the heavens, but should give him bread, and pay him for uttering astrological fables. The monks of Rome could not believe that the earth revolved round the sun, but they could believe that St Dunstan pulled the devil's nose with a pair of red-hot pincers. Lord Bacon's simple method of logic was treated with

contempt, and he and his followers denounced as a 'Bacon-faced generation' by the men who believed all the monstrosities of witchcraft. Man loves the marvellous, it would almost seem, better than he loves the true: he can believe that immense worlds, millions of miles away from his dwelling, can influence his poor destiny, but he cannot believe that those bodies are worlds floating through the vast void night, with light, atmosphere, laws, perhaps inhabitants, like his own world; and yet his disbelief is the greater folly, as there is a higher wonder always in the higher truth.

One of the great causes of human folly is to be found in man's *ignorance of the proper subjects of physical inquiry*. Fontenelle has well described him as 'a being with a great deal of curiosity, and very bad eyes.' How frequently he loses himself in speculations upon matters which are beyond the limits of observation and inquiry! The restless spirit of man desires to penetrate and to know all things; and not only to know, but to settle and determine all things, and frequently things altogether beyond the possibility of man's knowledge or inquiry. Venerable Bede gives to us an account of a council of Jerusalem, that, about the year 200, logically ascertained the birthday of the world:—"When the multitude of the priests were assembled together, then Theophilus, the bishop, produced the authority sent unto him by Pope Victor, and explained what had been enjoined him. Then all the bishops made answer: "Unless it be first examined how the world was at the beginning, nothing certain can be ascertained regarding Easter." And they said: "What day can we believe to have been the first, except Sunday?" And Theophilus said: "Prove this which ye say." Then the bishops said: "According to the authority of the Scriptures, the evening and the morning were the first day; and in like manner they were the second, and the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth, and the seventh; and on the seventh day, which was called the Sabbath, the Lord rested from all his works: therefore since Saturday, which is the Sabbath, was the last day, which but Sunday can have been the first?" Then said Theophilus: "Lo! ye have proved that Sunday was the first day; what say ye now concerning the seasons? for there are four times or seasons in the year—spring, summer, autumn, and winter; which of these was the first?" The bishops answered: "Spring." And Theophilus said: "Prove this which ye say." Then the bishops said: "It is written, the earth brought forth grass, and the herb yielding seed, after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind; but this is in the spring." Then said Theophilus: "When do you believe the beginning of the world to have been—in the beginning of the season, or in the middle, or the end?" And the bishops answered: "At the equinox, on the 8th of the kalends of April." And Theophilus said: "Prove this which ye say." Then they answered: "It is written, God made the light, and called the light day; and he made the darkness, and the darkness he called night; and he divided the light into equal parts." Then said Theophilus: "Lo! ye have proved the day and the season. What think ye now concerning the moon—was it created when increasing, or when full, or on the wane?" And the bishops answered: "At the full." And he said: "Prove this which ye say." Then they answered: "God made two great luminaries, and placed them in the firmament of the heavens, that they might give light upon the earth; the greater one in the beginning of the day, the lesser one in the beginning of the night: it could

not have been thus unless the moon were at the full. Now, therefore, let us see when the world was created; it was made upon a Sunday, in the spring, at the equinox, which is on the 8th of the kalends of April, and at the full of the moon."

Another of the immediate causes of human folly is to be found in the feeling of *vanity and ambition*. To this cause especially may be traced all the marvels recorded in the 'Golden Legend,' and most of the tales which abound in Alban Butler's 'Lives of the Saints.' Among those who have obtained immortal notoriety from a cruel flattery of personal vanity, St Simeon Stylites stands pre-eminent. Alban Butler tells us, in the monastery of Heliodorus, a man sixty-five years of age, who had spent sixty-two years so abstracted from the world that he was ignorant of the most common things in it; the monks ate but once a day; Simeon joined the community, and ate but once a week. Heliodorus required Simeon to be more private in his mortifications. With this view, judging the rough rope of the well, made of twisted palm-tree leaves, a fit instrument of penance, Simeon tied it close about his naked body, where it remained, unknown both to the community and his superior, till such time as it having ate into his flesh, what he had privately done was discovered by the effluvia proceeding from the wound. It took three days to disengage his clothes; the incisions of the physician to cut the cord out of his body were attended with such anguish and pain, that he lay for some time as dead. He then determined to pass the whole of Lent in total abstinence, and retired to an hermitage for that purpose. Bassus, an abbot, left him with ten loaves, and water, and at the end of forty days returning, found the bread and water untouched, and the saint lying without signs of life. He passed twenty-six Lents in the same manner: in the first part of a Lent he prayed standing; growing weaker, he prayed sitting; and towards the end, he prayed lying on the ground. He removed from the hermit's cave to the top of the mountain, determined to expose himself to all the severity of the weather's wildest inclemency, and, that he might fulfil his determination, he fastened his right leg to a rock with a great chain; but there was too much sociality and cheerfulness here. The multitudes thronged around him, desiring his benedictions, and seeking to touch him; he therefore contrived a high invention of sublimely original suffering. He constructed a pillar six cubits high, each cubit eighteen inches, and dwelt on it four years; on a second, of twelve cubits high, he lived three years; on a third, of twenty-two cubits high, ten years; and on a fourth, of forty cubits, or sixty feet high, which the people built for him, he spent the last twenty years of his life; and therefore he was called *Stylites*, from the Greek word *stylos*, a pillar. This pillar did not exceed three feet in diameter at the top, so that he could not lie extended on it; he had no seat with him; he only stood or leaned, to take a little rest; and bowed his body in prayer so often, that a certain person who counted these positions found that he made 1244 reverences in one day, which, if he began at four o'clock in the morning, and finished at eight at night, gives a bow to every three-and-a-half minutes of a minute; besides which, he exhorted the people twice a day. His clothing was the skins of beasts; he wore an iron collar round his neck, and had a horrible ulcer in his foot. During his fast in Lent he fastened himself to a pole. Thus from the pillar he delivered his pro-

phacies, and wrought miracles; there he received the sacrament; and there he died, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, after having dwelt on the pillars for thirty-six years. His corpse was carried to its grave in Antioch, attended by the bishops and the whole country, and worked miracles on its way.\*

This is the account of St Simeon of the Pillar, handed down to us by Alban Butler: the history of Dominic the Cuirassier is like unto it. This remarkable personage was so called from his wearing an iron cuirass next his skin, which was never taken off till it was necessary to replace it by a new one. Conceiving that he had been guilty of simony, he resolved to do penance the remainder of his life; for this purpose, he entered into the monastic society of Santa Croce Fonte Avellana, whose exercises were so rigorous, that one of their amusements was to flog each other after the services. By these castigations, it was believed that the pains of purgatory might be mitigated; and the monks of Santa Croce determined that thirty psalms, said or sung, with an obligato accompaniment of one hundred stripes to each psalm, making in all 3000, would be received as a set-off for one year's purgatory: the whole psalter, with 15,000 stripes, would redeem five years from the fiery pain; and twenty psalters, with 300,000 stripes, fairly entered, would be equal to a receipt in full for one hundred years. This Dominic the Cuirassier, inflated with vanity and ambition, tasked himself generally at ten psalters and 30,000 lashes a day, at which rate he would have redeemed 3650 years of purgatory per annum. In addition to this, however, he used to petition for a supplementary task of a hundred years. Being, as he hoped, a creditor already to a large amount in the angel's books, and as no good works can be lost, he recited and lashed away for the benefit of the great sinking fund of the Catholic Church with more spirit than ever. During one Lent, he entreated for, and obtained the imposition of 1000 years; and St Pietro Damiani affirms that in these forty days he actually recited the psalter 200 times, and inflicted 60,000,000 of stripes—working away with a scourge in each hand. In a heroic mood, he once determined to flog himself, in the jockey phrase, against time; and at the end of twenty-four hours had gone through the psalms twelve times, and begun them the thirteenth, the quota of stripes being 183,000, reducing purgatory stock sixty-one years, twelve days, and thirty-three minutes.†

The 'Lives of the Saints' form an ample catalogue of the wonderful follies of human vanity resembling those just recorded. Thus we learn that the divine love so much dilated the breast of St Philip Neri, that the gristle which joined the fourth and fifth ribs on the left side was broken, which accident allowed the heart and the larger vessels more play; in which condition he lived fifty years. Thus also we learn that when the venerable Bede was blind, and desired to be led forth to preach, his servant carried him to a heap of stones, to which the good father, believing himself preaching to a sensible congregation, delivered a noble discourse, whereunto, when he had finished his sermon, the stones answered, and said, 'Amen!'—that when St Denys was beheaded, with some other

\* Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. Also Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vol. iii, p. 429.

† *Quarterly Review*, July 1819, Art. 'British Monachism.'

martyrs, in the neighbourhood of Paris, the body of St Denys rose upon its feet, and carried its own head two miles. In a similar spirit is conceived St Blase's receipt for a stoppage in the throat :—' Hold the diseased party by the throat, and pronounce these words—"Blase, a servant of Jesus Christ, commands thee to pass up or down." ' Of St Blase it is related, that when he was scourged, seven holy women anointed themselves with his blood, whereupon their flesh was combed with iron combs, their wounds ran nothing but milk, their flesh was whiter than snow, and angels came visibly and healed their wounds as fast as they were made, and they were put into the fire, which would not consume them; wherefore they were ordered to be beheaded, and were beheaded accordingly. Then St Blase was ordered to be drowned in the lake; but he walked on the water, sat down on it in the middle, and invited the infidels to a sitting; whereupon threescore and eight who tried the experiment were drowned, and St Blase walked back to be beheaded. We smile at these strange stories and follies of the old and legendary time; but things believed in our own day are quite equal to these old beliefs in wisdom. The Honourable G. S. Smythe, M.P., in his 'Historic Fancies,' published a few, but a few years since, waved his pen in behalf of the restoration of the old practice of touching for the King's Evil by the reigning monarch: he calls it 'a graceful superstition—a direct communication between the highest and the lowest—between the king and the poor. Dr Johnson—a man of the people, if ever there was one—was yet prouder of having been touched by Queen Anne when he was a child, than he was of all his heroism under misfortune.' Mr Smythe does not remind us that the touch of her majesty was without effect, and that the doctor continued scrofulous to the end of his days; but this is an illustration of the *punchant* for old stories, legends, and traditions; and even in many of the more than intelligent, an idea lingers, that although the wonder-workers have now left the world, time was when they lived and wrought their marvels. This was the opinion of no less a man than Edmund Burke; and he has wrought the sentiment into the earlier chapters of his 'History of Britain.'

But the follies of mankind cannot be estimated and understood without inquiry into the nature of *disease*. Many, perhaps most, perhaps all the follies and illusions which have deceived mankind, have been the result of disease—of disordered mental action, which is insanity—of disordered bodily action, which is perhaps the key to unlock the cause of insanity. Criminality and folly are children of the same family, and the study of the one certainly leads to a consideration of the other: both result from the undue development of certain powers—a development enlarged and increased in the proportion in which its power is acknowledged. Sometimes the disordered mental action develops itself in circumstances of conduct and character simply ludicrous; and although perhaps annoying to relatives and friends, terminating generally in its influence on the individual himself. These are denominated follies. But when the disordered action affects the welfare of others, or interferes with the stability of society and social principles, we give to it the name of *crime*. In reality, however, both manifestations are identical in their origin: the perceptions and powers are affected in their vision and their action. We are perfectly

aware that certain gases, drinks, food, derange the healthy functions of mind. In the delirium of fever, when the mental powers run riot in their disorder, we have an illustration of the condition of many a mind for whose freaks or sins men feel indignation or pity; but pity is the true emotion in which we should indulge alike for the follies, errors, and crimes of men—the same emotion with which we stand round the bed of the fevered and delirious man—pity, and the desire to restore. The teachings of modern thinkers upon this subject lead to the following important conclusions:—That the brain is a series of compartments, tenanted by as many active powers; that in proportion to the size of the compartment, is there room for the play of its particular power; and that certainly the inhabitant of the larger room will tyrannise over the dwellers in the smaller; that the increase of the organ or of the brain itself begins with an excess of sanguiferous circulation in the brain, or some part of it, and this is insanity—diseased organization; and this, when opposing general notions of propriety, excites laughter; when opposing general moral instincts and susceptibilities, excites horror. Now although any extended classification and illustration is beyond the possibilities of the present pages, we are surrounded with interesting cases: beneath the general view just expressed may be arranged all the instances of perverted piety, fanaticism, and superstition—all the strange phantasmagoria which haunt the chambers of the mind with spectres, apparitions, and fanciful pictures. With certain qualifications, to this cause are to be traced all the magnificent aberrations of genius, the gloriously-abstractive moods of the pure intelligence removed almost from all sensual considerations, and shining in the light of perfect thought; to this may be traced the whims and frivolities of men and women, the children of fashion and of freak; and to this those awful impulses which have terminated in murder, in self-destruction, and in social disarray.

Jonathan Martin, who in the year 1829 set fire to York Minster, was an illustration of diseased mental action. When asked, previous to his committal, if he had anything to say, in a very collected manner, and in a very firm tone of voice, he said, 'The reason I set fire to the cathedral was on account of two particular dreams. In the first dream, I dreamed that a man stood by me with a bow and a sheath of arrows. He shot an arrow, and the arrow stuck in the Minster door. I then wished to shoot, and the man presented me the bow; and I took an arrow from the sheath, and shot, and it struck on a stone, and I lost it. In the second dream, I dreamed that a cloud came down on the cathedral, and came over to the house where I slept, and it made the whole house tremble. Then I awoke, and I thought it was the hand of God pointed out that I was to set fire to the cathedral; and those things which were found on me I took, lest any one should be blamed wrongfully. I cut the hangings from the throne, or cathedra, or whatever you call it, and tore down the curtains.'

'Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?' said Blake, the celebrated English painter, to a lady who happened to sit by him in company. 'Never, sir,' was the reply. 'I have,' said Blake; 'but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air: I heard a low and pleasant sound, and knew not whence it came: at

last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures the size and colour of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared.'

It is related that when the Roman army took Syracuse, Archimedes, the great geometer, was occupied with some geometrical demonstration. He heard nothing of the sounds of confusion and strife, and was wholly insensible to all the scenes of suffering around him; and when the soldier who took his life entered the room where he was sitting, calmly drawing the lines of a diagram, and placed a sword to his throat—'Hold, friend!' said Archimedes: 'one moment, and my demonstration will be finished!'

And Peter the Great frequently illustrated the close neighbourhood of might and madness. Stalhim says: 'Nothing was so much the object of the czar's antipathy as a black insect of the scarabeus or beetle kind, which breeds in houses that are not kept clean, and especially in places where meal and other provisions are deposited. In the country, the walls and ceilings of the peasants' houses are covered with them, particularly in Russia, where they abound more than in any other part of the world. They are there called *turacans*; but our naturalists give them the name of *dermeste*, or dissecting scarabeus. Although the Russian monarch was far from being subject to childish fears or womanish fancies, one of these insects sufficed to drive him out of an apartment; nay, even out of the house. In his frequent journeys in his own dominions, he never went into a house without having his apartment carefully swept by one of his own servants, and being assured that there were no taracans to fear. One day he paid a visit to an officer, who stood pretty high in his esteem, at his country-house, which was built of wood, at a little distance from Moscow. The czar expressed his satisfaction with what was offered him, and with the order he observed in the house. The company sat down to table, and dinner was already begun, when he asked his landlord if there were taracans in his house. 'Not many,' replied the officer, without reflecting; 'and the better to get rid of them, I have pinned a living one to the wall.' At the same time pointing to the place where the insect was pinned, and still continued to palpitate. Unfortunately it was just beside the czar, in whom the unexpected sight of the object of his aversion produced so much emotion, that he rose instantly from table, gave the officer a violent blow, and left his house with all his attendants.

Dr Robert Hamilton, the author of the celebrated 'Essay on the National Debt,' was esteemed a profound and clear-headed philosopher. In the 'New Monthly Magazine,' after speaking of the profound science, beautiful arrangement, and clear expression manifest in his writings, the writer goes on to say: 'Yet in public the man was a shadow: pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologised for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance; went to his classes in the college in the dark mornings with one of her white stockings on one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other; often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned; sometimes invited them to call on him, and then fined them for coming to insult him. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, beg her pardon, 'Madam,' and hope she was not hurt. At other times he would run against

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posts, and chide them for not getting out of his way; and yet his conversation at the same time, if anybody happened to be with him, was perfect logic and perfect music.'

Now in all these instances we easily see the disease of mind, probably in every instance resulting from the intense abstraction of the mind, and employment in one pursuit. We have smiled in perusing them, yet we can scarcely call them follies; because, adhering to our vernacular language, disease is not folly. And may we not place in parallel columns some other instances which excite our pain, our abhorrence, or our disgust? Ideas, scenes, impressions, retain their place in the mind, because of some pleasure they impart, some sentiment they awaken. Thoughts, however they may enter uninvited, do not remain unsolicited; an impression, an idea, altogether new, creates perhaps a strange, an (until then) unexperienced delight; the gratification is sought again, and again, and again, until it absorbs the whole, or nearly the whole, mental interest: hence the dominion of passion; hence the monarchy asserted by a particular lust over the whole soul; hence the difficulty of giving new habits to the intemperate man; hence the fearful consequences of what is called ungovernable anger. All our passions are governable when they are young; if they are ungovernable, it is because they are uneducated. We have not attempted to subdue them, and they have succeeded in subduing us. The 'Metropolitan Magazine' for March 1840 contained a curious account of a person who had allowed a disgusting whim to captivate his character. The account is as follows:—'*Odd Taste for Newgate Ropes and its Consequences*—We know a healthy, robust, independent gentleman, who went some years since with the sheriff into the interior of Newgate to visit a malefactor who was to be executed the same day. After the drop had fallen, he went, with others, to the breakfast table, where he could think of nothing but the execution he had witnessed; and before he left, he requested the sheriff to procure the rope with which the man had been suspended. It may be mentioned that it was not an execution of common occurrence. Possessing one rope, it subsequently occurred to him, as the next much-talked-of execution was to take place, that he would also have the rope used on that occasion. In the course of a short time he had a collection of ropes, labelled, and carefully deposited in a drawer. About two years after the *penchant* for collecting ropes used at executions had manifested itself, it was observed by his friends that his conversation most frequently turned on the subject of the executions he had witnessed, and the success he had met with in procuring such a number of ropes, which he usually brought out to exhibit to his friends, expatiating on the comparative merits or demerits of the sufferers, until at length his society became unbearable, and he received the *sobriquet* of "The man with the pensile idea." He lived about fourteen years after witnessing the first execution, at last *putting an end to his own life* by suspending his body with one of the ropes he had collected from the common hangman.' The circumstance above cited tends to illustrate the mental method of much that is foolish and criminal in human conduct. It is curious to notice, too, that many of the follies of mankind do not seem to be the result of continually-operating influences of human character: the character is latent and hidden until some trivial incident kindles the fire, which then mounts



and blazes through the whole being: this has been denominated *insano impulse*. A Portuguese of the name of Rabello was employed by a mechanic in the western part of Litchfield County, Connecticut, to assist him as a shoemaker. He had been in the neighbouring towns, and his conduct seemed singular, but usually inoffensive. In the family of the mechanic he had appeared pleasant, and grateful for the kindness extended to him. One day a little son of his new employer accidentally stepped upon his toes. The lad was twelve years old only. Rabello was exceedingly angry, and in the moment of his rage threatened his life. The next day he appeared sullen, refused his food, and looked wild and malicious. The following morning he went to the barnyard with the boy, seized an axe, and killed him on the spot, mangling him in the most shocking manner. He went deliberately away from the house, but was soon overtaken by those in pursuit. He acknowledged that he had killed the boy, and gave as a reason that he had stepped upon his toes. It was found, from the evidence produced on his trial, that this was an offence he considered most heinous, and not to be forgiven. Many instances were given in which the same accident had produced the same excitement of temper, often accompanied with threats. One of the physicians who visited him in jail stepped, apparently by accident, on his toes while he was counting his pulse. The pulse rose immediately forty strokes a minute, the countenance of the unhappy criminal flushed up, and he appeared instantly in an ungovernable fit of rage.

There can be little doubt, then, that folly and crime are the offspring of disease; eccentricity and folly are insanity, and insanity is diseased mental, resulting from diseased physical, action: to those who would pursue these interesting reflections further, it may be well to recommend the perusal of 'Upham's Outlines of Imperfect Mental Action,' and Sampson's important 'Essay on Criminal Jurisprudence:' the consideration of this section—the connection existing between bodily and mental states—is one of the most important to which the mind can betake itself; it is connected with the work of the educator and the legislator, the minister and the missionary. The dissemination of these ideas is the only method for the eradication of the spirit of persecution against heresy: heresy, that crime which, however universal as a fact, is yet most conventional and various in its manifestations. What can change the spirit of the persecutor but a change of his moral disposition? It is in connection with the imputation of heresy that folly has performed some of her most solemn and ludicrous freaks. What is heresy? It was once a capital heresy to call the constellations by the names of living creatures; it was heresy to deny that the stars are luminaries moved at pleasure by the angels, whose office it is to hang them out by night, and take them away in the morning like street lamplighters. It was once a capital heresy to admit that there were antipodes. Pope Zachary denounced it as an unrighteous and perverse doctrine against the Lord and a man's own soul; he anathematised Virgilius, who believed the doctrine, adding—'Strip him of his priesthood, and drive him out of the church.' This is one of the most arch and dangerous of human follies: the fearful power of proscribing a man on account of his speculative opinions; the power to brand him as a heretic, and send him forth amidst the hissings and the scornings of his fellows; to denounce him, perhaps a

peaceful student, as a person inimical to the welfare of society, and exposed to the especial wrath and vengeance of God.

The imputation of heresy, wherever existing, is the consequence of superstition; and there is no practice so trivial but intolerance and bigotry will claim a jurisdiction and control over it, and the right to denounce it as heretical. In Lent, in 1528, there was found in the house of one William Gnapheus, at the Hague, a sausage boiling in a pot, with some peas: the sausage had been placed there by a pregnant woman, who had a longing for that inconsiderable luxury. The discovery made a great noise, and occupied the officers of the Inquisition two days. They called a consultation of physicians, to ascertain if it were possible for a pregnant woman to long for a sausage during Lent. Whatever the physicians thought, the judges disregarded it, as well as the fact of the man's absence from the Hague for five or six days preceding the discovery, and issued an order that he should be taken dead or alive, and committed his mother and sister to prison.\* When any man arrogates to himself the right to charge with heresy, and still more the right to punish heresy, he is guilty of folly as complete as if he were to make himself the centre of the universe. Old astronomers supposed the whole retinue of planets, suns, moons, to move round our earth, but the man who charges another with heresy acts still more ridiculously: he makes all creeds, opinions, religions, and policies, to revolve round his own contracted orb; and in his arrogance and ignorance impudently claims attributes which can only belong to the Infinite and the Divine.

In the review of the follies of mankind, it is to be noticed that some have been *simultaneous* and universal: they have overspread continents and peoples; they have, at the same moment of time, led astray the erudite and wise, the illiterate and vulgar; they appear to have set on flame some general principle of human character, and to have spread and passed like a contagion from shore to shore. Such universal thralldom to pernicious error has generally been denominated a *manie*—and well have such absurdities merited the name: they can only be accounted for upon the principle just adduced—mental disease, inflamed passions, the mind in a mistake; all the blood of the age or the nation directed to one channel. Every great mania, every absorbing superstition, every great-age error, is a kind of moral aneurism; and it is scarcely possible to point to an age wholly free from some pernicious follies: they are various in their fashion and their character, but invariable in their appeals to man. He is charmed, for instance, by mystery; he loves simplicity, it has been observed, much, but he loves mystery more; the discovery of something new, marvellous, and beyond human apprehension, is sure to lead away thousands of followers; and the ambition of man is wonderfully restless; he is perpetually asking for more. Appeals to his cupidity are seldom made in vain: he is impatient: few have learned the lesson of waiting and labouring. Added to these, we must mention his intolerance. How easy it is to excite his antipathy to those differing from him in sentiment, or cut off from him

\* We have cited the above instance from a curious and instructive scholastic medley—'Patristic Evenings.' By John Birt.

by some mountain-chain ; some narrow stream, or gently-rising hill !—these are the sources of human folly : we are to trace them to principles inherent in the human constitution ; and as man is everywhere the same, we may expect everywhere to meet with follies varying in their outer aspect by the character of the surrounding events, but internally the same.

How many errors have resulted from man's universal belief of his close neighbourhood to the spiritual world !—an idea sublime in itself, perhaps true, but certainly not a topic for legislative interference or dogmatic teaching. De Foe wrote the *History of the Devil*. It would be curious enough to trace the various impressions that have obtained credence in all parts of the world in reference to the impersonation of the evil principle : sometimes represented as a vast and awful being, sublime in daring, and dreadful in power, he has more frequently been painted as attended with every circumstance disgusting and contemptible. The *History of Witchcraft* is the most humbling of all the stories of human folly : the persecutions to which innocence, beauty, age, childhood, virtue, were subjected for an impossible crime, presents a mournful record ; but it ceases to surprise when we find one of the council for the prosecution talking, in an English court in the year 1697, the following precious jargon :—‘ Satan's natural knowledge makes him perfect in optics and limning, whereby he may easily bewitch the eyes of others, to whom he intends that his instruments should not be seen in this manner, as was formerly hinted—namely, he constricts the pores of the witch's vehicle, which intercepts a part of the rays reflecting from her body ; he condenses the interjacent air with grosser meteors blown into it, or otherwise violently moves it, which drowns another part of the rays ; and lastly, he obstructs the optic nerves with humours stirred towards them : all which, joined together, may easily intercept the whole rays reflecting from those bodies, so as to make no impression upon the common sense ; and yet at the same time, by a refraction of the rays gliding along the fitted sides of the volatile couch in which Satan transports them, and thereby meeting and coming to the eye as if there were nothing interjacent, the wall or chair behind the same bodies may be seen,’\* &c. And led on by their own superstitious fancies—fancies fanned and kept in being by a farrago of empty rubbish like the foregoing—then juries, not in our own land alone, but over the whole continent of Europe, and in New England, condemned thousands of poor victims to the stake. All the horrors of religious persecution in England were far transcended by the horrors of the witch mania. The details of the dreadful cruelties attending the belief in witchcraft are doubtless well known to all our readers. The history of the faith in witchcraft forms indeed one of the appalling chapters in the *Wonders of Human Folly*. Bishop Jewell, in his sermons before Queen Elizabeth, used invariably to conclude with a fervent prayer that she might be saved from witches. Upon one occasion, in 1598, he said—‘ It may please your Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these last four years, are marvellously increased within this your Grace's realm. Your Grace's subjects pine away even unto the death ; their colour fadeth—their flesh rotteth—their speech is benumbed—their senses are bereft ! I pray God that they may never practise further than on the

\* Quoted by Jackson, ‘ *Four Ages*,’ pp. 36, 37.

subject.' King James I. of England is principally famous for leading on a crusade against the witches. He is sometimes called the Demonologist, from his writing a book or treatise on Demonology. He says two good helps may be used for the detection of witches: 'The one is the finding of their mark, and the trying the insensibleness thereof; the other is their floating on the water; for, as in a secret murthur, if the dead carcass be at any time thereafter handled by the murthurer, it will gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to Heaven for revenge of the murthurer (God having appointed that secret supernatural sign for the trial of that secret unnatural crime); so that it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom, that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof; no, not so much as their eyes are able to shed tears (threaten and torture them as you please), while first they repent (God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacy in so horrible a crime.) Albeit the womankind especially be able otherwise to shed tears at every light occasion, when they will; yea, although it were dissembling like the crocodiles.' And most horrible were the cruelties practised in obedience to the dictates of this sage monarch. The test he recommended of swimming was universally adopted. The hands and feet of the suspected persons were tied crosswise together, the thumb of the right hand to the toe of the left foot, and *vice versa*. They were then wrapped up in a large sheet or blanket, and laid upon their backs in a pond or river. If they sunk, their friends and relatives had the poor consolation of knowing they were innocent, but there was an end of them: if they floated, which, when laid carefully on the water, was generally the case, there was also an end of them, for they were deemed guilty of witchcraft, and burned accordingly. Dr Zachary Grey informs us, in a note to 'Iludibras,' that he perused a list of 3000 witches who were executed in the time of the Long Parliament alone. It is estimated that during the first eighty years of the seventeenth century, the number executed was 500 annually, making the solemn total of 40,000.\* The witch mania was not confined to England; in Germany it raged, if possible, more terribly. At Wurtzburg, 157 persons were burned in two years, in twenty-nine burnings, averaging from five to six at a time. The list includes three playactors, four innkeepers, three common council-men, fourteen vicars of the cathedral, the burgomaster's lady, an apothecary's wife and daughter, two choristers of the cathedral, Gübel Babelin, the prettiest girl in the town, and the wife, the two little sons and daughter, of the Councillor Stolzenburg. Thus into the fires so cruelly kindled were all ages, grades, and classes and professions, promiscuously thrown. The details of the cruel persecution on suspicion of witchcraft are among the best known of all the popular universal spasms that have afflicted man. The history of war reveals absurdities as ridiculously terrific, in the strange causes which have prompted to the battle-field—in the singular growth of national antipathies—in the long-slumbering embers which, at last fanned by some unhappy breath, blazed high into a column of fire, and wrapt whole peoples and ages in its cruel and devouring flame. In all this and

\* Mackay's *Memoirs of Popular Delusions*, chapter 'Witch Mania,' vol. ii.

these we find other illustrations of that simultaneous madness which occasionally afflicts our world.

One of the most simultaneous follies that ever arrested the human mind, was the precipitation of Europe upon Asia by the preaching of the *Croisades*—the rescuing of the sepulchre of Christ from Saracenic sway. It was, in truth, a frenzy in which there was no sublimity: it was the rush of a canonised banditti. Of so vast and heterogeneous a multitude history furnishes no other record. The invasion was not merely Asiatic; Europe suffered still more: Beneath the guidance of Walter, well named the Pen-niless, they burned, and robbed, and cut their way through Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria. Composed for the most part of vagabonds and courtezans, of weak women and poverty-stricken men and children, on they swarmed, in bands varying from one to five thousand. In shameless profligacy they moved, their vice only equalled by their superstition. Their cruelty was dreadful. Other troops followed, more disciplined and orderly. Some estimates give the number that passed to Asia at about half a million, disciplined or undisciplined. Soldiers or serfs alike, one fierce fanaticism fired all; all were alike the murderers of Jews and Turks; all, for a vain and empty vision, were the disturbers of the peace alike of Europe and Asia. The kings and nobles of Europe left their countries a prey to the grasp of mere lawless violence at home. They mortgaged the estates of their people in heavy and most iniquitous taxes to support the burthen of the expedition. The man whose conscience was burthened with crimes in Europe, hastened away, sure of indulgence for the most heinous sins—sure of heaven and immortal blessedness if he fell fighting beneath the banners of the Crusaders. This is not the place to enter into any minute details of the events of those terrific follies; but it may be interesting, in passing, to notice how true it is that the follies of men on a grand scale are frequently the great means of civilising society. The Crusades, fearful, indeed, in their influence, were the great sanitary reformers of the middle ages. The social influence of the intercommunion of the Saracenic and European minds upon Europe especially was immense. Our fathers visited the East a race of unpolished barbarians; they brought back with them a thousand new ideas, which unfolded themselves in furniture, in arts, in literature, in manners. The Saracens were no mere rugged hordes; they excelled the European in civility and generosity, and the reaction of their mind was most beneficial. Its influence may still be traced in many a lingering fashion and precious discovery. Even thus ever is the world requited for the achievements of folly: the madness of the action is compensated by the benevolence of the reaction. To believe in the absolute and unmingled mischief of error or of any folly, would now be in itself a folly. It is one of the consolations of wisdom to find in the most unlikely causes beneficial results—a soul of goodness always in things most evil.

Like some follies have swayed a sceptre over many kingdoms and continents, others have been *local*, and confined to a nation. We may very easily imagine the inhabitants of different kingdoms laughing heartily at each other's superstitions. Every nation presents some incongruity to the eyes of a foreigner in language, in costume, in behaviour. It is strangeness

that for the most part excites to risibility. We laugh at the dress of the Chinese mandarin. The Hindoo Brahmins, if they beheld the robes of our priests and the wigs of our lawyers, they would laugh too. We smile with self-complacency at the notions of Mohammedans and pagans; we forget that, if they were acquainted with us, the self-complacent smile would not be confined to the cheek of the Briton. When a Persian woman is to be oured of sterility, her relations lead her from her house to a particular mosque by her horse's bridle, which they put on her head over her veil. She carries in her hand a new broom, and a new earthen pot full of nuts. They make her mount to the top of the minaret, cracking at each step a nut, putting it into the pot, and throwing the shells on the stairs. In descending; she sweeps the stairs with her broom, carries her pot and broom into the choir of the mosque, and puts the kernels of the nuts into the corner of her veil, together with some raisins. She goes then towards her home, and presents to such men as she meets that are agreeable to her, a few of these nuts and raisins, desiring them to eat; and this the Persians firmly believe cures sterility! Thus we pity the folly of the Persian; but the Persian, too, can smile as well as ourselves. A Turkish officer taken prisoner in the course of the European war, wrote in his journal—'To-day I saw a procession in which a woman carried a child to the church. After saying some prayers, the priest sprinkled the child with some water: this, they told me, made it a Christian; and it had this great effect upon the child, that if it had died before the ceremony, it would have been tormented for ever; but if it were now to die, it would be eternally happy—so great is the virtue of a few drops of water!' These are social follies and errors: from them no nation is exempt. They are peculiar to certain climates, to certain states of civilisation, to certain employments of the people and pursuits of life. The superstitions of nations vary according to all these circumstances. That fatal and inhuman prejudice of the Shetlanders, that one who saves a drowning man will receive at his hands some deep wrong or injury, could only exist in the neighbourhood of the sea; and the superstitions of the German mythology, which represent the woods, and forests, and fields, as peopled by a race of fairies, nymphs, and aerial spirits, and the waters as thronged by naiads and undines, could only emanate from people living in the depth of old forest glooms, and accustomed to look upon the more loving and gentle aspects of nature. As we reach the ferocity and sternness of Scandinavian scenes, we are surrounded by altogether a different class of superstitions. The follies of a nation are the transcript of its scenery, its genius, and its character. We may read in many of them the country, the mind, and the occupation.

The history of law presents to us many conventional follies; for the laws of all nations have their own mysteries, and many of them of the most absurd character. There is an instance on record of extraordinary legal refinement in the fifth of Elizabeth, c. 4, quoted by Sir Morton Eden. A person named Plume was indicted, upon the statute the fifth of Elizabeth, for that he had set up, and used, and exercised *Artem mysterium sivi manuel occupationem pomarii*:—*Anglicè*, he had set up in the trade of a fruiterer, being a trade, mystery, and manual occupation used in this country, in which the said Plume was not brought up for seven years. It was argued that this act extends not to every trade, but such as require skill

and art; not to a hempdresser, or bobbinmonger, nor to a gardener. The barber was also instanced; but his profession was adjudged to be doubtful. On the other side, it was argued that in the trade of a fruiterer it was well known much skill was required in sorting of fruit, in judging of durableness, in choosing of times to gather and preserve. It was deserving of great consideration, too, that the fruiterers were a most ancient corporation. Eventually, it was given against the poor fruiterer: it was argued many times in several courts. Brewers and bakers were adjudged to be out of the act; but it was decided that the selling of fruit was an art and mystery too serious to be intrusted to uninitiated hands.

Many and most curious are the illustrations of social insanity. The history of the science of heraldry is full of them; and Mr Layard, in his deeply-interesting work on Nineveh, mentions the case of a pacha who levied in every town through which he passed, and spent a night, a tax called tooth-money!—a fine imposed for the wear and tear of his teeth during his stay! Wherever these absurd customs are, they invariably point to a low state of morals; for morals and manners index each other—the one cannot be exalted where the other is debased. Manners are the result of morals; the first take their tone from the last. There is no custom so degrading, there is no opinion so enslaving, but it may be loved and be believed by a people whose moral life is erroneous and vicious; and, on the contrary, where the faith is pure, and the conscience fastidious, and the mind disposed to truth and to inquiry, it is impossible that either superstitious creeds, or ludicrous manners, or vain and empty ceremonies, should long linger and find a stronghold. Social errors are certainly the very holds and turrets of folly; and they are not to be shaken by any bolts from a distance, but the perpetual action from within. To cure the follies of men, it is perhaps best to say little about the particular folly, but to assail the region of moral darkness whence the folly takes its rise.

But the most wonderful exposition of conventional follies is contained in that singular book, Sir Thomas Brown's '*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*'—('Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors.') When we remember that Sir Thomas, great and good man, and copious and learned writer as he was, appeared in an English court to bear witness against some parties accused of witchcraft—a crime in the possibility of which he very devoutly believed—it seems very much like folly curing folly. Some of the errors he labours to explode are remarkable enough, and all of them appear to have been at one time received as genuine truths: for instance, that the left eye of a hedgehog, fried in oil, procures sleep; that the right foot of a frog in a deer's skin is a cure for the gout; that to dream of the loss of the right or the left tooth presageth the death of male or female kindred; that a man has one rib less than a woman; that Jews stink; that a certain Jew has wandered about the world since the death of Christ; that the tenth wave of the sea is greater and more dangerous than all the rest; that the blood of a goat will dissolve a diamond: that a candle made of human fat, when lighted, will prevent a person when asleep from awaking; that an elephant bath no joints. A great number of conceits, equally frivolous and ridiculous, are commented upon; but for the most part it resembles the setting in motion an engine to crush a fly. Certainly, if any person would see what absurdities may obtain credence in darkened minds, he may peruse

this volume; nor will he fail to receive hints which may benefit him in the disentanglement of other truths; but the book itself is but a remarkable monument of curious learning, with little that is practical to the present state of error and the demands of the human mind. What we call the follies of men, are the streams and currents of human opinion; and as rivers flowing through different countries change and vary the images reflected on their bosom, so is it with opinions and manners. Few streams are perfectly transparent, and all receive the scenes upon their bosom which smile along their banks; and so the advancing mind of man is coloured and shaded by the studies, the habits, and discoveries of his age; and although he does not quit the course of folly, his frivolities are tempered and modified by the dissemination of intelligence. In our own day, Sir Thomas Brown would not enter into a laboured and learned dissertation to prove that 'a pot full of ashes will not hold as much water as the pot emptied of its ashes.' He would not discourse of the 'veneration of the basilisk,' or the musical note of swans before their death. Yet society still has its vulgar errors. Time and progress have changed the manifestation, but the spirit of ancient folly lingereth still.

A history of folly would be very incomplete if it contained no notice or reference to the singular manias which have from time to time interfered with the trade of England, Holland, and France. In the last-mentioned country, the Mississippi Scheme produced a panic of a most disastrous character. John Law, the celebrated Scotchman, who was the author of the scheme, and whose name in connection with it has generally been the subject of unmingled abuse, and even execration, does not seem to have deserved the condemnation he received. Whether we can claim for him entire disinterestedness, may be questionable: there are few persons who deserve that exalted praise. His design, however, seems to have been to free the government of France from the embarrassments caused by the follies of Louis XIV. The principles adopted by Law in his bank, and acted upon, were far in advance of the method of trade in that day; and the probability is, that his mistakes proceeded, in a very eminent degree, from the advice of the regent of France. However that may be, at that time the country of Louisiana and the great river Mississippi was supposed to abound in the precious metals. Law proposed to establish a company, with the exclusive privilege of trading thither. The prospects of the company seemed most magnificent; the public enthusiasm was unable to resist a vision so splendid; at least 300,000 applications were made for 50,000 new shares, and dukes, marquises, counts, with their duchesses, marchionesses, and countesses, waited in the streets for hours to know the result of their applications. At last lodgings were taken in the neighbourhood, that they might be continually near the office whence wealth was streaming over the nation every day. The value of the old shares increased, and it was deemed advisable to create no less than 300,000 new shares, at 5000 livres each, that the regent might take advantage of the popular enthusiasm to pay off the national debt. People of every sex and age speculated on the rise and fall of the Mississippi bonds. The residence of Law was in the Rue de Quincampoix—and being a narrow, inconvenient street, accidents continually occurred in it from the pressure of the crowd. Houses in it



worth, in ordinary times, a thousand livres of yearly rent, yielded as much as twelve or sixteen thousand. A cobbler who had a stall in it gained as much as 200 livres a day, by letting it out and furnishing writing materials to the brokers and their clients. A story goes that a humpbacked man who stood in the street, gained considerable sums by lending his back out as a writing-desk to the speculators! Two sober, quiet, philosophic men of letters, M. de la Motte and the Abbé Terrasson, congratulated themselves that they at least were free from the infatuation. A few days after, the abbé was coming out of the office, whither he had gone to buy shares in the Mississippi; whom should he see but his friend La Motte entering for the same purpose: 'Ha!' said the abbé, smiling, 'is that *you*?' 'Yes!' said La Motte, pushing past him as fast as he was able—'and can that be *you*?' The regent was one day mentioning, in the presence of D'Argenson, the Abbé Dubois, and some other persons, that he was desirous of deputing some lady of the rank of a duchess to attend upon his daughter at Modena; 'but,' added he, 'I do not know exactly where to find one.' 'No!' replied one in affected surprise, 'I can tell you where to find every duchess in France. You have only to go to Mr Law's: you will see them—every one—in his antechamber.' Of course all this excitement gave a momentary impulse to trade; and Law shared in the general benefit. The estates he purchased were truly splendid. He was elevated from his connection with the finances of the country to be a minister of France—he was by far the most influential person in the country—he was regarded as its saviour. The prince-regent, imagining that a method that had already produced such apparently beneficial results could not be pushed to extremes, authorised the creation of millions more of paper money. He was wholly ignorant of political economy, and disregarded the warnings of parliament. For some time the illusion was maintained, and during this period the stock-jobbers, justly foreseeing that the folly could not last long, turned their stock in the Mississippi Company into specie, and conveyed the gold and silver to England and Holland. At last the mist cleared up, and the country was ruined: every method was used for the purpose of maintaining or restoring the credit of paper. It was forbidden to buy up jewellery, plate, or precious stones; informers were encouraged to detect such criminals; and the virtuous and honest were frequently found guilty of having the slightest piece of gold in their possession. It was computed that the amount of notes in the country in circulation was to the amount of 2,600,000,000 of livres. The coin of the country was not quite equal to half that amount. The popular rage against Law was as wild as the excitement had been in his adulation and praise. It was with difficulty he escaped with his life, both from the arm of the law and the hands of the populace. He sought shelter in his own country, and betook himself to the pursuits of the gambler for his support. The only thing of value—his only means of obtaining bread when he left the French capital—was a diamond worth from five to six thousand pounds sterling. This he pawned, though he was enabled to redeem it by successful play. He continued in England about four years; he then went to Venice, where he died in great indigence in 1729.

That was the age of bubbles and manias. England was infected, and suffered severely. Mr Mackay, in his interesting work on Popular

Delusions,' records an instance now almost passing belief. An advertisement was issued by some unknown adventurer, entitled—'*for a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is.*' This master-stroke of impudence, incredible as it seems, was successful. The adventurer merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was half a million, in 5000 shares of £100 each, deposit £2 per share. Each subscriber paying his deposit would be entitled to £100 per annum per share. He gave no hint of the means by which this large profit was to be obtained, but promised full particulars in a month, when he would call for the remaining £98 of the subscription. So, on the morning appointed, the office was opened in Cornhill. It was beset by crowds of people; and although closed at three o'clock, no less than 1000 shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits paid. Thus in five hours he was the winner of £2000. He was never heard of again!\* There is an enumeration of eighty-six companies suppressed, and declared to be illegal, amongst which we find one for making iron and steel in Great Britain; another for a wheel for perpetual motion, capital one million; another for trading in and improving certain commodities of the produce of this kingdom; another for extracting silver from lead; another for making iron with pit coal; another was called Puckle's Machine Company, for making round and square cannon-balls, and effecting a revolution in the whole art of war. But the scheme of schemes was the great South Sea Bubble, founded upon the project for a monopoly of the South Sea trade. The delirium seized upon the nation while Law's Mississippi plan was at its height. It was devised by Sir John Blunt in 1720, and it led to a repetition in England of all the follies of the French capital. The scene of excitement was Exchange Alley. Some of our readers must have realised the wonderful frenzy of the time from Ward's picture in the Vernon Gallery. The price of stock rose to 1000 per cent. There appears to have been a far greater amount of blind folly, and reckless, heartless rapacity in the South Sea than in the Mississippi scheme. Law's project of exclusive trade to Louisiana promised advantage: it was defeated by the frantic eagerness of the people. Law himself was sacrificed by the political iniquity of the prince-regent. But the South Sea scheme promised no commercial advantage. It was a bubble, and but a bubble. The shameful audacity and villany of the projector was only equalled by the blindness and the imbecility of the people. The bubble burst. It involved the nation for a long time in an inextricable labyrinth of perplexity and ruin. The history of the events connected with it remain as warning-beacons against the propensity to commercial gambling. The necessity for recurring to those events from time to time has not yet ceased. From time to time yet, a ridiculous infatuation to acquire wealth, speedily, by an illegitimate shifting of the cards, rather than by the fair and equitable methods for the employment of capital and labour, seizes the people; and thus probably it ever will be, until those who possess property shall be acquainted with the principles and laws of trade, and shall at the same time be desirous to restore to the commercial character generally an inviolate and inflexible spirit of single-minded honesty.

\* Mackay's 'Popular Delusions,' vol. i. p. 63.

But surely even the folly of the wildest schemes was thrown into the shade by the Tulipomania. In the year 1634 a rage for tulips seized upon the Dutch; and although this indeed almost surpasses credence, effects as disastrous followed in Holland as at a subsequent period in France and England. The prices of tulips rose so high, that persons were known to invest a fortune of 100,000 florins in the purchase of forty roots. The prices of roots varied from 2500 to 5000 florins. One writer has enumerated the following articles, which might all be purchased for the price of one tulip-root :—

Two lasts of wheat,	-	-	-	448 florins.
Four lasts of rye,	-	-	-	558 ...
Four fat oxen,	-	-	-	480 ...
Eight fat swine,	-	-	-	240 ...
Twelve fat sheep,	-	-	-	120 ...
Two hogsheds of wine,	-	-	-	70 ...
Four tuns of beer,	-	-	-	32 ...
Two tons of butter,	-	-	-	192 ...
One thousand pounds of cheese,	-	-	-	120 ...
A complete bed,	-	-	-	100 ...
A suit of clothes,	-	-	-	80 ...
A silver drinking-cup,	-	-	-	60 ...

Total, 2500

And amusing enough were some of the mistakes which took place. There was a wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips. Receiving on one occasion intelligence of a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant, brought him by a sailor, who presented himself at the counting-house, among bales of goods of every description, the merchant, to reward him for his news, made him a present of a fine herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a very great partiality for onions, and seeing a root very like an onion lying on the counter of the liberal trader, and thinking it out of its place among silks and satins, he slyly slipped it into his pocket as a relish for his red herring. He got off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned, when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth 3000 florins—about £280 sterling. Instantly the whole establishment was roused to the search: it had proceeded far, and much time was wasted, when some one thought of the sailor. The poor merchant hastened after him. The sailor, aiming at no concealment, was found quietly enough munching the last morsel of his *onion*: he did not dream that the cost of his breakfast that morning would have maintained a ship's crew for twelve months! The poor fellow remained in prison some months on a charge of felony preferred against him by the merchant.

There is another story told of an English gentleman who happened to see a tulip-root in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. He took out his penknife, and peeled off its coat, with the view of making experiments upon it. Suddenly the owner pounced upon him, and with fury in his eyes, asked him if he knew what he had been doing! 'Peeling a most extraordinary onion,' replied the philosopher. '*Hundert tausend duyvel!*' said the Dutchman; 'it is an Admiral Van der Eyck!' 'Thank you,' replied the amateur, taking out his note-book to make a memorandum of

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the same; 'are those admirals common in your country?' 'Death and the devil!' said the Dutchman, seizing the astonished man of science by the collar; 'come before the syndic, and you shall see.' Resistance, remonstrance, were alike in vain: he was carried before the magistrate, and learned to his amazement that the root he had destroyed was worth 4000 florins, and he was lodged in prison until he could find securities for the payment of the sum. Of course a freak, an arbitrary whim of fashion like this, could not last long. The fictitious value of tulips soon diminished, and Holland was plunged in a vortex of difficulties in consequence. Again the stockjobbers managed to save themselves from any considerable loss, while the tradesmen and others who had been mad enough to risk their property on the consequences of a whim, were ruined. Tulips in Holland are still prized more than any other flowers. The Dutch pay higher prices for them than any other people; but for a long time Amsterdam and the Hague, and indeed all Holland, were panic-stricken by the folly of the Tulip Mania.

Before we leave the topic of the folly of popular manias, a few words must be devoted to those *political fevers*—mobs and tumults. The instances just cited are cases where the excitement was cupidity, the lust of gain, arising from a great misconception, a mental as well as a moral misconception of the laws and duties of trade. A mob is the most unreasoning of all follies—crime in hysterics, passion in a frenzy: the excitement is usually revenge. It would be strange if blind men, relying on their own power of vision, did not perform strange freaks; and a mob is always blind, as dark to the interests of the individual anarchists as to the interests of those who feel the fangs of its fury. To riot in destruction, to revel in mischief, to find a home when every evil act is committed—this is the instinctive tendency of the mob. For religion, for liberty, for conservatism, the spirit and the practice is the same. We have learned to believe that the *animus* of that tyranny is madness, which seeks by force to repress any opinions rather than by the force of persuasion and reason; but the madness is a thousandfold greater, and the force a thousandfold weaker, when wielded by a mob. Violence is always folly, for it is never strength. Violence is not determination; it is not resistance: it is bravado, which foresight, and skill, and coolness, can always resist and overcome. Some men have attempted to purchase freedom by the preaching of the gospel of violence; but in vain, for such men are never free: and others have attempted by the same means to raise the rate of wages, and by hoarse shoutings and infuriate fires, to destroy the stern and iron necessity. All such endeavours are sad, and would excite our laughter, if it were not most pitiable to behold the dumb, choking despair girt round by so terrible an ignorance. Perhaps the most ludicrous mob that ever assembled was that of Birmingham in 1791. Most mobs have been convoked by the spirit of democracy; but this was fought beneath the banners of church and king, for the purpose of proclaiming inviolable hatred to the principles of the French Revolution. The houses of Dr Priestley and Mr Hutton were sacked and burned down. For the greater part of a week the riots continued unchecked, without any direct interference from the magistrates. Some, indeed, harangued the rioters, and said they had now done enough

to show their attachment to the government. A placard, addressed to the rioters, was posted on the walls, and headed, 'Friends and Brother Churchmen!' It was signed by sixteen magistrates; and it went on to remind them, in the gentlest terms, that the damage they were doing would fall, not upon the persons whose houses they were destroying, but on the respective parishes, and would have to be paid out of the rates. 'We therefore,' continued the address, 'as your friends, conjure you immediately to desist from the destruction of any more houses. Otherwise, the very proceedings of your zeal for shewing your attachment to your church and king, will eventually be the means of most seriously injuring innumerable families who are hearty supporters of government, and bring on an addition of taxes, which yourselves, and the rest of the friends of the church, will feel a very grievous burthen.' Were ever more gentle measures tried for dispersing a mob?—did the world ever behold a more complacent and peace-making magistracy?

It is comparatively rare to find great folly marked by entire *individuality*. Men reflect each other, and the great aggregate of human eccentricity is made up of millions of atoms of perversity very much like each other. Yet there are some startling instances which stand forth in bold bas-relief amongst the monuments of vanity. There are some names handed down to us as those of the very apostles of imbecility and folly—persons who are the sad but appropriate illustrations of wasted lives gifted with no ordinary powers. Men of no ordinary attainments, possessed of remarkable energy, fitting them to do immense service to the world; giants playing out their days, instead of working out a destiny; the strength of a Hercules employed to catch butterflies; the wealth of a Cræsus exhausted in the purchase of a bottle of otto of roses—what more mournful tragedy than this does the light of all history and biography present to us?—'the waste of time in strenuous idleness.' Impressions like these come always with the perusal of the lives of those wonderful dreamers the alchemists—those sublime charlatans, the daring dreamers who lived, starving frequently, amidst their speculations, which were to turn slates, and stones, and lead, into gold, and died while struggling to drink on earth the waters of immortality.

Poor Bernard of Treves, what a wasted life was his, what a wonder of human folly! A brave perseverance, defying all obstacles, mastering languages, poring over the most occult books, traversing sea and land in an age when sea and land were not easily traversed, expending immense wealth, baffled, defeated, but betaking himself to his work again, stricken with poverty and age, living for eighty-three years only intent on one idea, living a victim, and dying a martyr to it. Pity that energies sufficient to have made him the evangelist of truth, should only be the useless decorations of the patriarch of folly; in the study and the application practically to the works of Rhazes, from which he expected to increase the value of gold hundredfold, he spent four years and eight hundred crowns. Losing in the method proposed by Rhazes, he betook himself to that of ber, and in the study and application of the principles of that distinguished alchemist, he spent in the course of two years two thousand crowns; he then became acquainted with a monk of the order of St Francis,

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who persuaded him that highly-rectified spirits was the universal alkahest or dissolvent, which would aid them greatly in the process of transmutation. They rectified their alcohol till it became so strong as to burst the vessels which contained it; and after labouring three years, and spending eight hundred crowns on the liquor, they discovered that they were on the wrong track. They tried alum and copperas; they next imagined wonderful properties in human excrement, and employed two years in experimenting upon it! For twelve years he continued to work in his laboratory, to spend his money, and to pray to God day and night that he would aid him to discover the golden secret. In the course of some years another friend persuaded him that the ocean was the mother of gold, and that sea-salt would change iron and gold into precious metals; so he built a house on the coast of the Baltic, and set to work upon salt, melting it, sublimating it, crystallising it, and occasionally drinking it, for the sake of other experiments. By this time he was fifty years of age: he started out upon his travels, to learn in foreign lands the information he could not obtain from his laboratories. At Citeaux he learned that the essence of egg-shells was a valuable ingredient; he then tried vinegar and copperas. Subsequently he became acquainted with Master Henry, a celebrated German alchemist. In company with him and several others, an attempt was made to increase forty-five marks fivefold in five days. The experiment was made; the marks were put into a crucible with salt, copperas, aquafortis, egg-shells, mercury, lead, and dung. The alchemists watched this precious mess, expecting that it would all agglomerate to a lump of pure gold. At the end of three weeks they gave up, when it was found that only fifteen marks of gold, instead of forty-two, could be found in the crucible. He spent thirteen thousand crowns in his journey to Persia, and returned to Treves, if not actually a beggar, yet not much better. Yet, when some merchants lent him a few thousand crowns, he prosecuted the search as earnestly as ever! At the age of eighty, he wrought at his laboratory with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a young man; he ate there, slept there, and did not even give himself time to wash his hands and clean his beard; and even at this great age, when his last golden mark had evaporated, he sat down to read again the works of the great alchemists. Poor, gray-headed, and forsaken, his energy and his faith never forsook him. The alchemists say that in his eighty-second year he made the great discovery, and with it immense wealth, and that he lived three years to enjoy it. Of the probability of this, readers must judge for themselves; but few among the moderns will peruse the life of Bernard of Treves without the feeling that his was a wasted life, and that his immense wealth, his great learning, his inexhaustible energy and perseverance, his varied researches, have only combined to make him a wonderful monument of human folly.

Of more modern instances, Sir Francis Delaval, of Seaton Delaval in Northumberland, is an instance of a wasted life. The halls and rooms of his magnificent dwelling formed a perfect Calypso's Isle. A far-off and retired village became the theatre of a round of follies more fitting for a garden of Boccaccio or an Arabian dream. Sir Francis and all his family were clever, ingenious people: wit, and tact, and activity, were characteristic of every member of the family; but all these powers, and many more, were expended

on an empty circle of prodigalities, follies, merriments, and mischief. It was said that at the house of Sir Francis more might be seen of what is called the world in six weeks, than elsewhere could be seen in as many years. The house was full of contrivances for the execution of practical jokes—beds suspended by pulleys over trap-doors, so that when guests had retired after a carouse, and were just dropped asleep, they were rapidly let down into a cold bath, and awoke in consternation, finding themselves floundering in darkness and cold water; or the partitions of the sleeping-rooms were by some contrivance drawn up into the ceiling, and while ladies and gentlemen were preparing for their rest, were surprised to find themselves in a promiscuous company, surrounded by hoop-petticoats, wigs, head-dresses, and the whole variety of the finery of both sexes. When Sir Francis was on his deathbed, he addressed himself to Mr Edgeworth in the following manner:—‘Let my example warn you of a fatal error into which I have fallen. I have pursued amusement, or rather frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. I am sensible that my mind was fitted for greater things than any of which I am now, or of which I was ever, supposed to be capable. I am able to speak fluently in public, and I have perceived that my manner of speaking has increased the force of what I said. Upon various useful subjects I am not deficient in useful information; and if I had employed half the time and half the pains in cultivating serious knowledge which I have wasted in exerting my powers on trifles, instead of making myself merely a conspicuous figure at public places of amusement, instead of giving myself up to pleasure which disgusted and disappointed me, instead of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character, I should have distinguished myself in the senate or the army; I should have become a useful member to society, and an honour to my family. Remember my advice, young man: pursue what is useful to mankind. You will satisfy them, and, what is better, you will satisfy yourself.’

Beau Brummell has always appeared to us to be one of the human follies. His was a wasted life! wit, grace, the keen eye, heart, and mind, were all surrendered, and given up to fashion; the world was with him only a great show-room, and his body was but the machine on which tailors and drapers exhibited their clothes to the best advantage: much of his phraseology in conversation had about it the grotesqueness of exceeding folly: he always had the soles of his boots blackened and polished, alleging that such was the negligence of human nature, that you never could calculate that the polish on the edge would be properly produced unless the whole underwent the operation. What a ridiculous affectation, when he was questioned if he was unwell, and replied that he had caught cold through being put into a coffee-room with a damp stranger! His life was not so much signalised by follies: it was one great folly from its commencement to its close.

Another well-known instance of one in whom the features of Delaval and Brummell were combined, was George Selwyn, the man of pleasure, the ruler of fashion, the gambler, and the wit. With immense opportunities to benefit his fellow-men, he wasted his life in the company of rousés and harlots, deriving his most considerable excitement from the spectacle of public executions, and surveying only with heartless indiffe-

rence, with sympathies cased and locked up in adamant, the human world, with all its aspirations, and pains, and struggles, and defeats.

In reading the history of individual follies, we are frequently interested in noticing the surprising *inconsistencies* manifested by men even of shrewd and penetrating minds. A singular illustration from the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury will be in the memory of most of our readers. His lordship's great work, the treatise 'De Veritate,' is regarded as the pillar of the deistical system of religion: he could not believe in the Divine special interference on behalf of the affairs of our world; yet he says, after he had written the book, he considered some time whether it would be better to suppress it. 'Being thus doubtful in my chamber one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, "De Veritate," in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words:—"Oh thou eternal God! author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illumination, I do beseech thee to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book, 'De Veritate'; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee to give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it." I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though gentle noise came through the heavens—for it was like nothing on earth—which did so comfort and cheer, that I took my petition for granted, and that I had the sign I demanded: whereupon also I resolved to print my book.'\* How strange it seems that the man who could not believe that God had spoken a revelation to the world before time, spoke to him then! There are few pieces of biography of any moment in which there are not contained some things that move us as equally or more inconsistent; and for the cause we may revert to what we have already stated a few pages back. There are few of us, few of our race, in whom all the faculties are so nicely balanced and adjusted together, that some of the powers do not occasionally outstrip the others. Perhaps every man born has been occasionally guilty of things which, to his own more healthy eyes, and certainly to unprejudiced observers, look like wonders of human folly.

But the miscellany must close. Over the pages in succession have glided the varied eccentricities of man. We, too, have our eccentricities, and shall perhaps in our turn be held up in some particulars as wonders of human folly too. One or two things cannot surely fail to be remarked by those who have received the suggestions conveyed in the preceding observations and anecdotes; for instance, that error is ever evil—that truth is ever good. Trite observation as this is, it is pressed upon us with especial force in the presence of human ignorance and misguidance. Man has but to be ignorant, to be foolish, weak, and miserable. 'The way not to be led into error,' said the judicious Hooker, 'is to be thoroughly instructed.' To become better, a man must become wiser; to be wiser, he must be more thoughtful, he must be trained to think rightly—freely. For all persons who are afflicted with what we suppose to be error, we may feel pity; but to feel anger is folly. We have looked on such persons

\* Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury. By Himself.



as morally guilty. How absurd! We have felt wrathfully and malignantly towards them; we might as well feel angry at physical disease, at tempests and hurricanes, at the thunder and the wind. It has been one of the great occasions of error in the world, to imagine the state of information and learning upon any point as fixed. Absurd was the law of the Sorbonne in Paris, by which all persons were forbidden to hold or teach any maxim contrary to ancient and approved authors, or to enter into any debate but such as should be approved by the doctors of the Faculty of Theology. This is the hidden meaning of all force used to spread or to overthrow opinions—the supposition that absolute truth is won; that hereafter nothing can be known; that the world, or at any rate we, the propagandists, have attained to the irreversible and the fixed in knowledge and opinion; the wise man, keeping his mind open to the healthy influences of knowledge, will place superstition, war, and persecution, as all equally among the follies of mankind. He will pity the fanatic, the blind devotee to darkness and dread; and he will labour to pour more enthusiasm into the realist, so that his fervour may be proportioned to his intelligence; and more reality into the enthusiast, that his earnestness and fervour may not be expended on objects useless or impracticable. He will remember that the human child is surrounded alike in the worlds of nature, and in his own history, by the wonderful, the sensible, and the doubtful; and that each of these in turn may minister to his folly. He will neither believe too little, nor too much: he will not believe the universe to exist in a nut-shell, nor will he look upon it as utterly unreal—as a phantom and a shade—especially where the wise man thinks he detects a folly, he will not denounce it. He will say to its apostle: ‘Come, let us reason together;’ he will hold it up to the light of evidence; he will believe that the truth, plainly told, is a match in the long-run for the complex talking of error; and as he looks mournfully through the long catalogue of the errors of past ages, he will not think of his forefathers that they were necessarily greater fools than himself, but that they possessed fewer facilities for testing truths, disseminating light, and bringing out into strong and irresistible evidence the certain folly of error.

## LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

IT is now fully a century and a half since Lady Mary Wortley Montagu first flashed before the admiring eyes of her contemporaries, adorning with her beauty, and enlivening with her most rare wit, the very highest platform of English aristocratic society.

In looking back through this long vista of years, thronged though it be with many graceful forms of the good and the gifted, that social luminary seems to suffer no eclipse. We see her, in conjunction with all the notabilities of her day, almost worshipped in foreign countries, and the object of universal interest in her own. We hear her conversing sagaciously with statesmen and philosophers; or addressing a *bon mot*, sparkling as the glances of her bright eye, to some admiring poet or wit of her train; or we readily conjure up that peculiar smile, at once playful and recklessly mischievous, with which she is detailing, in one of her matchless letters, some new bit of scandal, or satire, or *double-entendre*, so racy, and sharp, and sparkling, that it must undoubtedly have too often dyed the cheeks of the alarmed yet amused correspondent. But whatever the circumstance, mood, attitude, or occupation, in it we are at once able to recognise her as she stands prominently out in the high relief of her singular individuality. And we are as little apt to confound her, in the intellectual beauty of her prime, with the Eastern houris of Constantinople, as we are with anybody else in the world, while we picture her in her old age and mysterious exile, expatiating with the keen epicurean relish which never deserts her among her violets and nightingales, her bees and her silkworms, her fifteen bowers, with different views, and dining-room of verdure; at the same time that she tells us she has not glanced into a looking-glass for eleven years, because the last look was not a pleasant one.

It will not, therefore, be matter of wonder, that much should have been both spoken and written about so remarkable a personage. Several notices of her life have been long before the world. In 1803 Dr Dallaway published, from original documents, her correspondence, poems, and essays, prefaced by a memoir, in five volumes. In 1836 her great-grandson, the late Lord Wharncliffe, republished the works in a much more complete form, in three large octavo volumes, still prefixing Dr Dallaway's memoir, but with notes in explanation and correction, and supplying the interesting addition of an ample introduction in the form of biographical anecdotes, well known to be from the pen of Lady Louisa Stuart, the only surviving

daughter of Lord and Lady Bute. This lady, though only five years old at the death of her celebrated grandmother, could remember having seen her; having had many conversations about her with Lady Bute; and having been shewn by her part of a journal kept by Lady Mary throughout her whole life, but which delicacy towards people still alive, and probably a prudent regard for her mother's reputation, induced the scrupulous Lady Bute to destroy before her death.

Lady Mary was too satirical and formidable a person not to have made many and bitter enemies among her contemporaries. It is to be feared, moreover, that there are passages in her life ill calculated to stand the test of a very severe scrutiny. Lord Wharnccliffe's work revived much discussion of her character by the periodical press of the day; and singularly candid and impartial as the biography was on all sides allowed to be, as a whole, some of the statements were controverted and cavilled at; while others were maliciously perverted, and held as admissions in corroboration of the most scandalous of the stories circulated against her.

Without pretending to fathom the depths of all the vexed questions involving the reputation of Lady Mary, it is the purpose of this Paper to give, from the most authentic sources, as full a sketch of her life, writings, and character, as its limits will allow—drawing chiefly upon Lord Wharnccliffe's book, and the notices to which it gave rise, for the materials of the memoir—and being guided in our estimate of her character by the indications of it that appear in her own works, and the testimony of numerous contemporary writers—making due allowance always for the boldness and freedom which universally characterised the modes of expression in her day. No one who has been endowed by the Creator with large faculties, whether they have been used for evil or for good, will be found, when properly viewed, to have lived altogether in vain. His outward manifestation may only arrest the eye, as a beacon to deter; or it may sound gratefully on the ear like a friendly cheer from the gained shore, reviving the sinking heart of the still tossed mariner; but of such a one it may be confidently affirmed, that he has fulfilled his destiny in the ever-progressing development of the species. It cannot, then, be either an uninteresting or an uninstrusive task for our readers to glance briefly with us over the life and conversation of one who played so important a part in the great world-drama of her own day; who, besides leaving behind her in her writings many monuments of her genius, has a strong claim on the gratitude of posterity for having saved the lives of thousands by the introduction into England of the Turkish method of modifying the dreadful scourge of smallpox—shewing both moral and maternal courage in trying the experiment on her own son; of one, above all, who was so strong, and yet so weak; so flattered, and so reviled; so beloved, and so hated.

Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of Evelyn, first Duke of Kingston, by the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh, was born at Thoresby in Nottinghamshire in the year 1690. She had two sisters by the same parents (for the duke had two more daughters by a second wife), and an only brother, who died of smallpox during his father's lifetime, and whose son became the second and last Duke of Kingston. The elder of her two sisters, Lady Frances—to whom some of

her best letters were addressed—was married to John Erskine, Earl of Mar; and the other, Lady Evelyn, to John, Earl of Gower.

It is interesting to note that, both by father's and mother's side, Lady Mary came of an active and energetic race. The Fieldings, as well as the Pierreponts, were deeply engaged in the civil war, and apparently from individual convictions—two brothers among the latter, and a father and son among the former, having chosen different sides. Lady Mary, in one of her letters, boasts of her great-grandfather having earned by his sagacity and prudence the surname of *Wise* William; and Leigh Hunt tells us these were not the highest qualities to which she might have laid claim by inheritance. Genius and wit had also manifested themselves in the family before her day—George Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, having been her great-uncle; and Beaumont, the dramatist, also her relation, his mother being a Pierrepont of the same stock.

Lady Mary, to her great misfortune, lost her mother at the early age of four years; and though she speaks highly of her grandmother, the Countess-Dowager of Denbigh and Desmond, as having had a superior understanding, and having retained it to an extraordinarily advanced age, that lady appears to have done but little towards supplying to her the important maternal duties. Indeed the want of a certain delicacy of mind and feminine self-restraint, the usual results of careful training, caused in all probability much of the suffering which embittered her afterlife.

Though Lady Kingston died so early, her husband continued a widower till all his children were grown up and married. Lady Mary gives us the character of both her parents in one sentence, when she says that Richardson, without knowing it, drew their portraits in Sir Thomas and Lady Grandison. But though probably too much a man of pleasure to disturb himself with any overanxious concern for the best interests of his children, a little incident which Lady Mary loved to recall, proves that she was, at least in her childhood, the object of Lord Kingston's pride and fondness. As the scene is at once characteristic of the times and of the *characteris personæ*, we shall give it entire in Lady Louisa Stuart's lively words, on whom, as Lord Wharnccliffe justly remarks, 'a ray of Lady Mary's talent seems to have fallen:—

'As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he (Lord Kingston) belonged to the Kit-cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to select a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations—they amounted to ecstasy:

never again throughout her whole future life did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified. There is always some alloying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people: her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.'

True as it may be that the dawn of her genius opened auspiciously, there seems but little ground for Dr Dallaway's assertion, that Lady Mary's father had bestowed on her the best classical education. If it had been so, she would hardly, in afteryears, while so earnestly recommending a learned education for women, have spoken of her own as 'one of the worst in the world, being exactly the same as Clarissa Harlowe's.' Quick and ambitious as she was, she may have picked up 'small Latin and less Greek' by the side of her brother; but it could not be much, for Lady Bute expressly said that her mother understood little or no Greek; and we find Lady Mary herself writing to Mrs Anne Wortley in 1709, when she must have been nineteen years old, that she was then trying whether it was possible to learn Latin without a master.

No doubt the good homespun governess of whom she often speaks would lay the necessary foundation, and a beautiful girl of good parts is sure of finding, as she grows up, plenty of instructors in what may be termed masculine knowledge. Lady Mary acknowledges her obligations to Bishop Burnet for 'condescending to direct the studies of a girl;' and we find her corresponding with him on the subject of a translation she had made, under his eye, of the Latin version of Epictetus. But while she strengthened her mind by such exercises, she did not neglect to indulge and amuse it by the study of every work of fancy or fiction that came in her way. She delighted in the romances of the old French school, and possessed, and left behind her, the entire library of Mrs Lennox's Female Quixote 'Cassandra,' 'Alice,' &c.; on the blank leaf of a volume of which (the 'Astrea') she had written out, in 'her fairest youthful hand,' the names and characteristic qualities of the chief personages, thus:—The beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, 'Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise;' and so on, to the extent of two long columns. Her earliest-known poetic effusion, which is an epistle from Julia to Ovid, written at the age of twelve, is quite in accordance with these tastes; and though not equal to some of Pope's at the same age, shews a remarkable power of harmonious versification.

At the age of fourteen, we find her lamenting, in a melodious couplet, that she has in vain sought truth either in town, court, or sanctuary; at fifteen, she is busy with the project of establishing a nunnery in England, of which she intends one day to be the lady abbess; and at twenty she translates the *Enchiridion*, and complains to her friend the bishop, in a sober and dignified strain, of the injustice and neglect shewn to women, supporting her views by a Latin quotation from Erasmus.

But what probably aided more than any other advantage could have done in the development of Lady Mary's genius, was the secluded leisure of her life during these important early years. They were passed partly at Thoresby, partly at Acton near London; but at both places in a retire-

ment unbroken except by a visit now and then from one of her few early companions, or when her father, Lord Dorchester, who appears not to have spent much of his time with his family, chose, as he sometimes did, to entertain a large party of his friends at home. The *dolce far niente* permitted now-a-days to a lady at the head of her own table, is curiously enough contrasted in the picture Lady Louisa Stuart draws of the custom of our ancestors on such occasions:—

‘Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated upon by her, and her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier: his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire’s younger brother—if suffered, through her neglect, to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father’s public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.’

One of Lady Mary’s early companions was the thoughtless but beautiful Dolly Walpole, Sir Robert’s sister, whom she both liked and laughed at; and another was the Lady Anne Vaughan, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, the only child of Lord Carberry—the last of a family noted for having given that eloquent divine, Jeremy Taylor, an asylum at Golden Grove. But her most intimate and most beloved friend was Miss or (as it was then the custom to call unmarried ladies) Mrs Anne Wortley, the favourite sister of Mr Edward Wortley Montagu, whose father, one of the sons of the Earl of Sandwich, had prefixed the name of Wortley to Montagu—having married the heiress of the Wortley estate in Yorkshire.

We now approach the most important epoch of our heroine’s life—her courtship and marriage; and though love may be well said to be second only to death in its power of levelling, or bringing the whole world into kindred, it will be allowed that Lady Mary’s individuality of mind and feeling, as developed in her love-letters, must certainly rescue her from the fate of being mixed up and confounded with the common mass of lovers. This Mr Edward Wortley, the brother of her friend, who is described as a handsome, accomplished youth, of good sense, and much learning, the constant associate of Addison, Steele, Congreve, and other notable men of the time, happening to meet Lady Mary one day quite accidentally in his sister’s apartments, was immediately captivated by her surpassing beauty,

and on conversing with her, was scarcely less charmed with her sense and brilliant wit. Finding, to his infinite surprise, that she understood his favourite classics, he a few days afterwards presented her with a superb edition of 'Quintus Curtius,' which she had mentioned as not having read, accompanied by a copy of verses, which, though not strikingly good, were quite conclusive as to the impression her wit and beauty had made on his imagination. As may be supposed, Mrs Anne Wortley was quite as ready to fan her brother's flame as to transcribe to her friend his glowing encomiums; but she did not live long to be the medium through which the electric spark was to pass. A more direct communication begun during her life, was secretly carried on after her death; and fortunately for us, Mr Wortley and Lady Mary, after their marriage, agreed to put by or preserve, as mementos of their days of courtship, these singular love-letters, which give so much insight into the minds and dispositions of both.

It is at once apparent that her ladyship, though endowed with a lively imagination, was but little susceptible of tender emotions; that, with all her elevation of mind and splendid talents, she was quite incapable of that strong, true womanly devotedness of heart, the crowning glory and virtue of which is far more potent than either talent or beauty in investing human life with its brightest charms; and that Mr Wortley was from the first suspicious of this defect in her nature. Though captivated by her beauty and liveliness, he seems by no means so blindly in love as to take everything for granted in her reception of his addresses. On the contrary, he hesitates, and prudently sets before her his doubts of her affection for him, as well as the danger to their mutual happiness from her love of distinction and the admiration of other men; and her ladyship, though too honest to take credit for a degree of sensibility she neither possesses nor approves of, with much cleverness and power of reasoning endeavours thus to reassure him on the other points:—

..... 'I am surprised at one of the "Tatlers" you send me. Is it possible to have any sort of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such trifling inclinations? Mr Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to condemn it; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet further: was I to choose of £2000 a year or £20,000, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; it takes off from the happiness of life. I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates or titles, and look upon both as blessings which ought only to be given to fools; for 'tis only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of, I own, entertain me sometimes; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises? 'I can laugh at a puppet-show, and at the same time know that there is nothing in it worth my attention or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never be

my way of reasoning: as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain), I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy; but, for the world, I would not be the instrument of making you so; which (of the humours you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me: I can neither be easy nor loved where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure, was I in love, I could not talk as you do.'

In her next she hits still harder at his sentimental exactions:—

'Your letter is to tell me you should think yourself undone if you married me; but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you shouldn't. I take this to be the right interpretation of "even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden. I hope I am not in your power. I would give a good deal to be satisfied,"' &c. &c.

It is plain that Mr Wortley, though feeling himself no match for her in the encounter of wits, was not convinced by these lively banterings; indeed Lady Lousia tells us, 'they were perpetually on the point of breaking altogether; he felt and knew that they suited each other very ill; he saw, or thought he saw, his rivals encouraged, if not preferred; he was more affronted than satisfied with her assurances of a sober esteem and regard; and yet every struggle to get free did but end where it set out—leaving him still a captive, galled by his chain, but unable to sever one link of it effectually.' In other words, he was only a man of plain understanding, and she a brilliant wit; and as he was reasoning against his inclination, and she on the side of hers, it is plain where the victory would lie. Such letters as the following could not have been easily answered by him except in one way:—

'I will state the case to you as plainly as I can, and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have shewed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you, that at least challenges a grateful regard; I have trusted my reputation in your hands; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you; if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing for me; I pretend no tie upon your honour; but, in recompense for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries or ill-usage?'

'Perhaps I have been indiscreet; I came young into the hurry of the world; a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry, and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me. All who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless; I own myself to be both. I know not anything I can say more to shew my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you please. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity?'



'One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways: you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen: I can esteem, I can be a friend; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me.

'If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them. As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account: but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. When people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want—a face is too slight a foundation for happiness—you would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, that is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a *déjàt* given by satiety.'

After many disputes and lovers' quarrels, Mr Wortley was at last sufficiently convinced and reassured to resolve on making his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received them graciously; and all went on well till the momentous questions of portion and settlement came under consideration, when he suddenly broke off the match in a great indignation, the cause of which Lady Louisa thus explains:—'We see how the practice of a man's entailing his estate upon his eldest son while as yet an unborn child, an unknown being, is ridiculed in the "Tatler" and "Spectator," whose authors, it may be observed, had not estates to entail. Mr Wortley, who *had*, entertained the same opinions. Possibly they were originally his own, and promulgated by Addison and Steele at his suggestion; for, as he always liked to think for himself, many of his notions were singular and speculative. However this might be, he upheld the system, and acted upon it, offering to make the best provision in his power for Lady Mary, but steadily refusing to settle his landed property upon a son who, for aught he knew, might prove unworthy to possess it—might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain.

'Lord Dorchester, on the other hand, said that these philosophic theories were very fine, but his grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars; and as he had to do with a person of no ordinary firmness, the treaty ended there. The secret correspondence and intercourse, however, went on as before; and shortly Lady Mary acquainted her lover that she was peremptorily commanded to accept the offers of another suitor ready to close with all her father's terms; to settle handsome pin-money, jointure, provision for heirs, and so forth; and, moreover, concede the point most agreeable to herself—that of giving her a fixed establishment in London;

which, by the by, Mr Wortley had always protested against. Lord Dorchester seems to have asked no questions touching her inclination in either instance; for a young lady in those days to interfere or claim a right of choice was almost thought, as it still is in France, a species of indelicacy. Lady Mary nevertheless declared, though timidly, her utter antipathy to the person proposed for her. Upon this her father summoned her to his awful presence, and after expressing surprise at her presumption in questioning his judgment, assured her he would not give her a single sixpence if she married anybody else. She sought the usual resource of poor damisels in the like case—begging permission not to marry at all; but he answered that then she should be immediately sent to a remote place in the country, reside there during his life, and at his death have no portion save a moderate annuity. Relying upon the effect of these threats, he proceeded as if she had given her fullest and freest consent: settlements were drawn, wedding-clothes bought, the day was appointed, and everything made ready, when she left the house to marry Mr Wortley! Lady Mary tells all this better, though at greater length, in her letters to Mr Wortley; and there is much more in this antenuptial correspondence illustrative of her masculine sense and strength of character, which we should gladly have quoted had our limits permitted. One more letter we shall give, which, though exhibiting her in a less favourable point of view, is remarkably characteristic of the mixture of prudent calculation and unwomanly boldness with which she misguided some parts of her future life. It is written on the eve of her elopement:—

‘Reflect now, for the last time, in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night-gown and petticoat; and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodging, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will: if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of England, if it suits your affairs. You may endeavour to make your father admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in thinking it will be to no purpose.) But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step—so unjustifiable to the world; but I think I can justify myself to myself.

‘You can shew me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, think again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, or that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome: remember you have promised it.

‘Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but, after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependency upon relations I have disoblighd. Save me from that fear if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere, and tell me so. ’Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. Do not imagine I shall be angry at anything

you can tell me. Let it be sincere: do not impose on a woman that leaves all things for you.'

Leigh Hunt mentions rather a curious account of Lady Mary's last unmarried days, given by Spence, who professes to have heard it from herself; and it seems so characteristic of her strange character, both in youth and middle age, that we cannot refrain from quoting it. Mr Spence makes her acquaintance at Rome in 1740, and thus writes of her:---

'She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet: she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best natured, cruellest woman in the world—"all things by turns, and nothing long." She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom much travelling gives, that she was never in so great a hurry of thought as the month before she was married—she scarce slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first—that is, to be married to somebody; and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding-ring, and scuttled away to be married to Mr Wortley.'

This very undignified account of an affair so important to her, though probably a little burlesqued, by her ladyship's desire to be witty, and to laugh, though at her own expense, seems not to be entirely without foundation, from some of her expressions to Mr Wortley at the time—such as, 'I wanted courage to resist at first the will of my relations—I have examined my own heart, whether I can leave everything to you; I think I can. *If I change my mind*, you shall know before Sunday,' &c.

There are no dates to any of these letters; but as their marriage, by special licence, which took place a few days after the ceremony which she describes herself as *scuttling* away to, bears the date of August 12, 1712, and as the correspondence lasted two years, they must have been written between Lady Mary's twentieth and twenty-second years. Her letters are certainly remarkable productions for a woman at that or any other age—so cool and wise, that they at once strike us as coming from the head rather than the heart. Mr Wortley, with his jealousies and vacillations, though often tiresome, and playing a very inferior part throughout the correspondence, has at least the merit of looking something like a lover. She tires of his sentimental doubts of her love, and reiterated wishes that he could 'only know what was passing in her heart;' and asks him at last in a tone of pique, 'Pray, which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and supposing I should attempt to shew it to you, I know no other way.' But if most of the love was on his side before marriage, it only makes the entire change which soon took place the more unaccountable. He was at that time member of parliament for the town of Huntingdon; and Lady Mary, for the next three years, resided sometimes there and sometimes in Yorkshire, where, in 1713, her only son Edward was born.

As if in full justification of the opinion with which she had all along

been endeavouring to impress him of the substantial excellency and moderation of her own character and views, she seems to have been ready at once to settle down into the quiet, domestic, affectionate wife he had never been able to picture her; while he, taking advantage of his parliamentary duties, appears to have been almost constantly away from home, keeping her in the country while he was in town, and often seeing neither her nor his son for five or six months together. Her letters to him at this time are alternately affectionate and upbraiding. The following are specimens:—

‘Your absence increases my melancholy so much, that I fright myself with imaginary horrors; there wants but little of my being afraid of the smallpox for you; so unreasonable are my fears, which, however, proceed from an unlimited love. If I lose you—I cannot bear that *if*—which I bless God is without probability; but since the loss of my poor unhappy brother, I dread every evil. I have been to-day at Acton to see my poor brother’s melancholy family. I cannot describe how much it has sunk my spirits.

‘Tis the most cruel thing in the world to think one has reason to complain of what one loves. How can you be so careless!

‘I am concerned I have not heard from you. I am in abundance of pain about our dear child: though I am convinced it is both silly and wicked to set my heart too fondly on anything in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself so far as to think of parting with him with the resignation I ought to do. I hope and beg of God he may live to be a comfort to us both.’

All this ought surely to have affected him; but there is no amendment, for her next takes even a more remonstrative tone:—

‘I know very well that nobody was ever teased into a liking; and ’tis perhaps harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion; but I cannot forbear any longer telling you I think you use me very unkindly. I don’t say so much of your absence as I should do, if you was in the country and I in London: because I would not have you believe that I am impatient to be in town; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July, and it is now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference, as shews you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health, and you only say you hope it is not so bad as I make it. You never inquire after your child. I would fain flatter myself you have more kindness for him and me than you express; but I reflect with grief that a man that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, is generally proud of those that are shameful and silly.’

In considering all these expressions of her affectionate regard for Mr Wortley, which are evidently genuine, as well as her tender and natural anxiety about her son, and which our knowledge of his subsequent career makes only the more affecting, we cannot help asking ourselves, whether Lady Mary might not have turned out a very different person from the hard, soured, sarcastic woman of the world we find her in afteryears, if she had met with the respectful, loving treatment she had reason to look for at the hands of one who had so often assured her of his passionate regard, and who had proposed to himself the ‘highest satisfaction from her, and from no other?’ We think she might. We have already said she had little of that womanly tenderness of heart and devotedness of nature which, almost without any other possession, have power to make life a

delight and a romance to the very humblest of her sex. But she had, what is scarcely second to these, at least for the respectable conduct of the outer life, the most exquisite good sense. And no one can read through her letters to Mr Wortley before marriage without seeing, from a thousand expressions, that her ideal of life was shaped out of some of the best elements of our nature. Speaking of her sentiments towards him, 'I rather choose,' she says, 'to use the word friendship than love; because, in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason.' And then she explains—'By friendship I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasure; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one another happy.'

But, with his ever-increasing alienation from her, these expressions on her part of fondness, or even of lively interest in his concerns, naturally diminish, and after a while change gradually into that peculiar tone of quiet, careful respect, with which she continues to write both of and to him to the end of his life. With all due deference to the high opinion Mr Wortley's descendants seem to entertain of him, we suspect him to have been one of those men, by no means rare in the world, who, though attracted by genius or brilliant qualities, and ambitious of entering into such relations with them as are likely to reflect honour and glory on themselves, are too essentially selfish ever to be able to identify themselves with the most intimate objects of their love; and having neither generosity enough to admire at their own expense, nor magnanimity to pardon in a companion, the very superiority which first attracted them, either live on in jealous uneasiness, or are glad to avoid being dwarfed in their own eyes, by keeping at a convenient distance. After a year or two of this unhappy manner of life, Mr Wortley, on his friends coming into power at the death of Queen Anne, was appointed one of the lords of the treasury. He was then of course obliged to bring Lady Mary to court, where her wit and beauty soon attracted all eyes towards her. The king (George I.) is described as not allowing her to leave one of his parties without 'complimentary remonstrances;' and the Prince of Wales cries out to his princess, 'in a rapture,' to look 'how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed.' 'Lady Mary always dresses well,' answers the princess dryly, and returns to her cards. At this time she was also the intimate associate of Addison, Steele, Congreve, Pope, and all the other noted men of letters of the day; but was ready, on the first opportunity, to relinquish without regret the caresses of crowned heads, as well as the flatteries of wits and poets, for the long-desired pleasure of travelling and seeing new countries and peoples.

In the year 1716 the embassy to the Porte became vacant; and as the war between the Turks and Imperialists was raging violently, the other powers of Europe were desirous of a mediation between them. Mr Wortley not having succeeded to his own satisfaction as a minister at home, had resigned his post, and was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, whither his wife accompanied him. They travelled through Holland, Germany, and Hungary, staying some time at Vienna, and presenting themselves at the various courts by the way in proper ambassador style. Lady Mary's beauty and tact secured them favour everywhere; and her letters to her sister Lady Mar, Pope, and others, which begin at Rotterdam, give a vivid

description of every novelty she saw. Cities and governments, men and women, and their modes and practices, seem always to have interested her lively fancy far more than the most striking or varied aspects of natural scenery; and as travellers who could describe well were very rare in those days, it may be supposed that such communications as hers were received at home with no ordinary degree of interest. She had, in return, constant letters from her noted associates in England; and a very few words from Pope's first epistle to her, dated the 18th of August 1716, only a fortnight after her departure, are quoted, to shew the style of his addresses to her, as well as to prepare the way for a discussion of what afterwards took place between them:—

'You may easily imagine (he writes) how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me, long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first-sight as to love, and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of women wants everything else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a *solitaire* too! Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy; and since I heard you, that there is one alone wiser than all the sages.' . . . .

Nothing can be more like a kind woman and a lady than her ready answer to all these studied compliments:—

'Perhaps you'll laugh at me,' she says, 'for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and it may be it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest; and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it.' Pity that anything less polite and cordial should ever have passed between them!

After having, for some political reason, not explained in the letters or biography, returned from Vienna to Hanover, where George I. then was, they again retraced their steps; and owing to these marches and counter-marches, only arrived at Adrianople on the 1st of April 1717, having been eight months on the road.

Lady Mary was enchanted with Turkey, as a paradise of the senses; and her letters from thence picture so vividly the luxurious life of that indolent and luxurious people, that we seem almost to feel the sunshine and smell the perfume. The portraiture is so exact, that Dr Dallaway, who followed in the same route eighty years after her, is not only ready to vouch for the truth of every description, but insists on seeing, in her thorough understanding of Turkish taste and feeling (although they told him to the contrary), the long-supposed fact, finally disproved by the biographical anecdotes, of her having been admitted inside the harem.

In one of her first letters from Adrianople, she thus describes the process of inoculation as she found it:—'*Apropos* of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The smallpox, so

fatal and so general among us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *engrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the smallpox. They make parties for this purpose; and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of the needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health till the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days—very seldom three. They have rarely above twenty or thirty on their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. When they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the smallpox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died of it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

'I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it.'

We shall transcribe another letter from the Levant as a sort of *duce* to this *utile*, and we give it not only for the charming subject, but as a specimen of the sparkling beauty of Lady Mary's best style. It describes her own visit to the young Sultana Fatima; which, as Leigh Hunt most happily says, 'is as if all English beauty, in her shape, had gone to compare notes with all Turkish:—'

'I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. (What an artful

heightening of the beauty, by the idea of profusion!) On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyâya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that was her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen; nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court-breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady before had given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her. That surprising harmony of features—that charming result of the whole—that exact proportion of body—that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art—the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue; every turn of her face discovering a new grace. She was dressed in a *caftan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and shewing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink; her waistcoat green and silver; her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver; her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. The greatest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and I think has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made a sign to them to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices; while the others danced by turns. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucoups* of silver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite, agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél Sultanam*, or the *beautiful sultana*, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language. When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs. She begged I would



wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpreteress.'

There is scarcely anything, even in the far-famed 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' equal to this description in sensuous beauty; and most of her letters from Turkey breathe the same luxurious and poetic strain, at the same time that they are full of evidences of her reading and powers of satire.

'I read over your Homer here,' she writes to Pope, 'with an infinite pleasure, and found several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, who are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described.'

Nor is she less at home in the matters of religion, government, and morals of the East. Indeed these letters, which seem to be addressed to the public rather than to particular correspondents, give us a far higher notion both of her genius and learning than anything else she ever wrote. Mr Wortley's name is seldom mentioned in them, and never in the way either of praise or blame; so that we are apt to forget his existence. On their return, they sailed through the Archipelago, touching at the coast of Africa; and having crossed the Mediterranean to Genoa, reached home through Lyons and Paris about the end of the year 1718, having been almost two years on their travels.

Soon after their return, Lady Mary set herself in good earnest to the task of introducing inoculation for smallpox. She had had good reason to dread the disease, having lost her only brother by it, as well as her own beautiful eyelashes. She always said that she meant the Flavia of one of her Town-Eclogues for herself, and had expressed in that poem her own sensations while slowly recovering, under the apprehension of being totally disfigured. With courageous love she began upon her own offspring, inoculating her daughter as soon as it was safe to do so; and having persevered, in spite of great opposition from the narrow jealousy of the Faculty and the vulgar clamour of the ignorant, she lived to see the inoculation quite triumphant, and to feel that she had been the means of preserving life as well as beauty to thousands. Philanthropists of our own day, who are inclined to retire in disgust from the war at all times to be waged with more or less of ignorance and prejudice, would do well to compare the reception which such blessed discoveries as those of the beneficial application of sulphuric ether or chloroform have lately met with in the world, with that encountered very little more than a century ago by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her attempt to introduce the practice of inoculation. The clamour raised against it, and of course against her, was beyond belief. Her descendant tells us, that 'the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand

of Providence; and the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother, who had risked the lives of her own children.' Lady Mary herself records, that 'the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed—such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity—that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference.' It is to be hoped her maternal anxiety may have somewhat overrated the danger; but she seems to have been quite enough troubled and tormented in the cause to make us pardon her the expression of some disgust, and an occasional regret that even the prospect of future good to the world should have induced her to incur so much present personal evil.

But Lady Mary's hours were not all occupied in fighting the inoculation battle at this time. Her company seems to have been more than ever prized by the highest circles in London on account of her foreign travels; and for some years after her return, she lived in the very whirl of the gayest and brightest society. She renewed her intimacy with the wits and poets, speculated in the South Sea Scheme, wrote brilliant verses and letters, danced, laughed, satirised her acquaintances, and, in short, lived a life very much to her own taste—could it only have lasted! 'For my own part' (as she writes to her sister Lady Mar. who had gone to live in Paris, on account of some embarrassment of her affairs), 'I have some coteries where wit and pleasure reign, and I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough, but for the horrid quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by my fears for the future;' and again, in the highest good-humour, 'the town improves daily; all people seem to make the best of the talent God has given them.' Such sunshine was not, however, likely to be long unclouded; and accordingly we soon have such a sigh as this, dated Twickenham, 1721: 'London was never more gay than it is at present; but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger. I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it.' But this was probably written on some morning when her eyes looked red, from having, as she says, 'been such a beast as to sit up late last night;' for never was she so much courted and admired as during these years.

Mr Pope had written many letters to her during the embassy, and soon after her return, had not only prevailed on her to sit to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait, which was to embellish his villa at Twickenham, but had had the influence to persuade Mr Wortley to purchase a house there, that they might be his neighbours during the summer months. His notes at this time breathe the warmest and most anxious friendship. Her will is his law; he sees her every day: 'he knows not whether with more pleasure or more respect; submits to her in all things—nay, in the manner of all things; understands her as she would be understood, with a real respect and resignation when anything is denied, and a hearty gratitude when it is granted.' Alas! that such dear delights should be so dangerous!

How long it was before these glowing expressions of admiration and friendship burst into a flame of passion, so violent as to consume all

prudence and propriety on the poet's side, is not very clearly made out. Lady Mary seems pretty soon to have grown a little shy, for we find her in 1720 writing to her sister Mar from his near neighbourhood—'I see sometimes Mr Congreve, and *very seldom* Mr Pope, who continues to embellish his house. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect.' She transcribes at the same time a copy of verses addressed by Pope to Gay in her praise, adding, with some consciousness, 'I stilled them here, and beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go farther than your closet.'

The lines are very beautiful; and as they are conclusive as to the poor poet's passion, we shall give them here. Only the last eight lines are published in his works:—

'Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—  
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;  
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes  
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:  
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,  
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,  
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,  
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,  
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds?  
So the struck deer in some sequestered part  
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;  
There stretched unseen in covert hid from day,  
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.'

That some outbreak of his did occasion the quarrel between them, which was followed by so much unmanly vituperation on his part, and unwomanly abuse and contempt on hers, is no longer a matter of doubt: it is so set forth in the introductory anecdotes; and truly the heart sickens at the recital; and it would be difficult, indeed, to decide on which of the two the greater share of censure ought to fall. 'Her own statement was this—that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romancers call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy.' Oh, oh! If she had been till that moment ignorant of the change in his sentiments towards her, her emotion would certainly not have been one of hard-hearted levity; and if she did understand the state of his feelings, of which we have little doubt, far less tact than that possessed by her clever ladyship would have enabled her to put an end for ever to his presumption before the possibility of a *declaration*. Pity she should have so completely forgotten her own smart triplet, written only a few years before—

'Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide—  
In part she is to blame that has been tried;  
He comes too near that comes to be denied.'

That delightful poet, Mr Leigh Hunt, in his notice of Lord Wharncliffe's Life of Lady Mary, has a passage on this subject which is at once so appropriate

and so characteristic of his own humane and most genial nature, that our readers will thank us for transcribing it. Having given this statement, which he calls 'a very tremendous one for all its levity,' he says: 'A pause comes upon the spirit and the tongue at hearing such an explanation as this—a pause in which no one of any imagination can help having a deep sense of the blackness of the mortification with which the poor, misshaped, applauded poet must have felt his lustre smitten, and his future recollections degraded. To say that he had any right to make love to her is one thing; yet to believe that her manners and cast of character, as well as the nature of the times and of the circles in which she moved, had given no licence, no encouragement, no pardoning hope to the presumption, is impossible; and to trample in this way upon the whole miserable body of his vanity and humility, upon all which the consciousness of acceptability and glory among his fellow-creatures had given to sustain himself, and all which in so poor, and dwarfed, and degrading a shape required so much to be sustained—assuredly it was inexcusable—it was inhuman. At all events, it would have been inexcusable had anything in poor human nature been inexcusable, and had a thousand things not encouraged the flattered beauty to resent a hope so presumptuous from one unlike herself. But if she was astonished, as she professed to be, at his thus trespassing beyond barriers which she had continually suffered to be approached, she might have been more humane in her astonishment. A little pity might at least have divided the moment with contempt. It was not necessary to be quite so cruel with one so insignificant. She had address; could she not have had recourse to a little of it under circumstances which would have done it such special honour? She had every advantage on her side; could not even this induce her to put a little more heart and consideration into her repulse? Oh, Lady Mary! A duke's daughter wert thou, and a beauty, and a wit, and a very triumphant and flattered personage, and covered with glory as with lute-string and diamonds; and yet false measure didst thou take of thy superiority, and didst not see how small thou becomest in the comparison, when thou didst thus trample under foot the poor little immortal!'

But if her inconsistent and harsh treatment of him is thus, by her own confession, made fully manifest, the littleness both of the man and his love are no less plainly and painfully apparent in the manner he afterwards allowed himself to write of her. The greatest of poets has told us, that

'Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds;'

and without putting such a love as that of our *little immortal* to so severe a test, we might surely expect a feeling which had slidden from a real admiration and respect into a strong though wrong passion, would have been one of the last likely to have found vent in bitter satire and personal slander and abuse; yet so it is. Alas! alas! that

'Poets themselves must fall, like those they sing.'

Lady Mary, however, holds on her gay course, without remorse, and in spite of the trampled writhings of her victim, though they were not without the power to sting. Her letters at this, the gayest period of her life,

are full of high spirits, brilliant sallies, and bold, scandalous anecdotes—far more often amusing than either true or delicate. No consideration of prudence or propriety ever seems to stop the full flow of her lively wit; though no doubt she feels that her sister Mar knows both her world and herself, when she ventures on such a gay effusion as the following, which we give as a specimen of her most brilliant style:—

‘ October 31, 1723.

‘ I write you at this time piping hot from the birth-night, my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First, you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but, what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there: to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed. I do not know whether she will make the same complaint to you that I do. Mrs West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time. I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr Lindsay—the one for use, the other for show.

‘ The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree—I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk (Houghton, Mr, afterwards Sir Robert Walpole's, then prime minister), to have *not* taken out of the commandments, and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr Walpole, who proposed it to the Secret Committee in his parlour. William Young seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man; Doddington very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared, when they had positive commands to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery, and bear false witness against their neighbours, with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board; and I don't know whether the bill won't be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely *revenue de la bagatelle*; and honour, virtue, reputation, &c. which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribbons. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows; in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of “rake” is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality: it is no scandal to say—“Miss —, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is *up* again; and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement.” You may imagine we married women look very silly: we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, or we were very young when we did it.’

Occupied as she was with the pleasures of society at this mid-time of her life and zenith of her power, Lady Mary seems by no means to have been negligent as a mother. A fond or a very devoted and anxious mother she probably never was: it was scarcely in her nature to be so. But we have seen the deep interest she expressed in her son while yet an infant; and though he soon betrayed symptoms of the weakness and want of rectitude which afterwards caused his ruin, she was forbearing and reasonably indulgent, and most unwilling to abandon the hope of his improvement; while to Lady Bute, who appears always to have been safe-going and amiable, though certainly partaking more of her father's staid prudence than either her mother's brilliancy or her beauty, she seems then, as well as throughout her whole life, to have been attentive and affectionate. Interspersed with lively sallies expressive of her fears of growing old, or ugly, or, above all, *wise*, are frequent allusions, in her letters to her sister, of her daughter's progress, and the pleasure she takes in her society. 'With five thousand needles and pins running into my heart,' she says, 'I try to console myself with a small damsel, who is at present everything I like;' though she is quite aware she is far from being beautiful; for, after giving her sister an account of her scapegrace son's having run away, and being found at Oxford, she adds: 'It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion are of my daughter's side: I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extremely handsome.'

In 1726 Lady Mary lost her father. The duke had, a few years before his death, married the Lady Belle Bentinck, daughter of the Duke of Portland, and one of the most admired beauties of London. Lady Mary thought she had married him with the hope of soon becoming a rich widow, and by no means regarded her with partiality. If she did, however, she had not long the expected benefit; for she only survived her husband two years. In the introductory anecdotes there is rather an interesting reminiscence of the duke by Lady Bute, which also gives a curious picture of bygone manners. 'Lady Bute remembered having seen her grandfather once only, but that in a manner likely to leave some impression on the mind of a child. Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered an elderly stranger (of dignified appearance, and still handsome) with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times; upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing—a proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal.'

Her most intimate friends, after her quarrel with Pope (through which she seems to have lost the friendship of Swift, Gay, and others), were Lord Hervey, privy seal to George II., and his wife; the Countesses of Pomfret and Oxford; Lady Rich; Miss Shirret, afterwards Lady Walpole; and the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, of whom she was one of the few lasting favourites. In the same poem in which Pope so grossly stigmatises Lady Mary, he speaks thus contemptuously of Lord Hervey's poetical genius:—

'The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,  
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.'

And when called to account in a copy of verses of which Lady Mary and Lord Hervey were jointly the authors, he meanly enough denies the infamous allusion to have been meant for her, and tries to silence them both by this equivocal compliment: 'I had no misunderstanding,' he says, 'with that lady till after I was the author of my own misfortune, in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be displeasing to either of you: I assure you my reason for so doing was merely that you had both too much wit for me, and that I could not do with mine many things which you could with yours.' It is more pleasing to find her corresponding with Dr Edward Young about assisting Savage the poet in his difficulties—in which, it is said, she was most liberal; and also giving Dr Young himself the benefit of her excellent judgment on his tragedy of 'The Brothers.' Of Henry Fielding she was at all times a sincere friend and cordial admirer, though it is a little painful to remark the humble distance from which he addresses her. They were cousins, being descended in the same degree from George, Earl of Desmond; and it does not fail to strike us as a sign of the backward days in which they lived, that such distance was felt to be necessary between a duke's daughter and one of her own blood, who was her equal both in genius and attainments, although only 'the poor son of the poor son of a younger brother.' However, he himself seems to have taken no offence at what hurts us. He dedicated to her his first comedy of 'Love in Several Masks,' and addressed and counselled her on many subjects; while she often expressed in private her regard for him, pitied his misfortunes, excused his failings, and admired his best writings, particularly 'Tom Jones,' in her own copy of which she wrote *ne plus ultra*. She was acquainted also with his beloved first wife, whose picture he drew in his 'Amelia,' and said that the glowing language he had employed did no more than justice to the delightful qualities of the original; or to her beauty, although that had suffered from the accident related in the novel—a frightful overturn, which had a little injured the bridge of her nose.

Such, for many years, was the life of Lady Mary Wortley in the world of fashion and literature. Her daughter, who married the Earl of Bute, never seems to have given her a moment's uneasiness; but the continued misconduct of her son was a bitter source of distress both to her and to his father. He was a man of showy person and superficial accomplishments; and his various adventures, both at home and abroad, were much talked of in his day, though, as his conduct was always weak and profligate, they must have sounded painfully on the ears of those who were the most interested. His first exploit of running away from school was followed by a long succession of follies, until he finally completed his ruin by marrying, while under age, one who is described as a low-born, low-bred woman, for whom he could scarcely have felt more than a momentary liking, since he forsook her in a few weeks, and never sought to see her again, although her life lasted nearly as long as his own.

We have seen that in her early letters Lady Mary often indicated a desire to live abroad, particularly in Italy; and the history sets forth that, having been confirmed in her preference by what she saw of that country on her return from Constantinople, she, in 1739, being then in declining

health, took the resolution of spending the remainder of her days there. She left London, therefore, in July, and going direct to Venice, remained in that interesting city for above a year, forming many connections with its noble inhabitants. She then made a short tour to Florence, for the purpose of meeting her friend Lady Pomfret: and having visited Rome, returned to spend the winter at Avignon or Chambery. She afterwards fixed her residence at Louvere, on the shores of the lake Isco, in the Venetian territory, whither she had at first gone on account of the mineral waters, which she found beneficial to her health. At that primitive but beautiful place she took possession of a deserted palace, and was almost deified by the simple inhabitants of the town, whom she instructed in bread-baking, butter-making, and other domestic arts. There she planned her garden, occupied herself with the interests of a country life, and was happy in the superintendence of her vineyard and silkworms. For many years she lived in great retirement, content with books for her society, and occasionally going to visit the cities of Genoa and Padua, till about the year 1758, when she quitted her solitude, and settled entirely at Venice, where, in spite of continual quarrels with Mr Murray, the political resident, she remained till the death of Mr Wortley in 1761.

The cause of this separation from her family, and long absence from her own country and the society she seems so much to have enjoyed, has been one of the much debated points in Lady Mary's history. Let us hear what her descendants say in explanation of it in the 'Biographical Anecdotes':—'Why Lady Mary Wortley left her own country, and spent the last two and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this supposed mystery, like that of some riddles which put the ingenuity of guessers to the furthest stretch, would prove so simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled. Lady Mary, writing from Venice (as it appears, in the first year of her absence), tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her, which as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but, till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth—and there seems no reason to doubt it—we may easily conceive further delays to have taken place; and their reunion to have been so deferred from time to time, that, insensibly, living asunder became like the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation, nothing can be more likely than they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed nobody who had a right to call them to an account, or inquire into what was solely their own business. It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable, and Mr Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length convinced that in their case the approach of age



would not have the harmonising effect which it has sometimes been known to produce upon minds originally but ill-assorted, he was the very man to think within himself—"If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together?" And that Lady Mary's wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence, is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better would it be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy, than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may detect the thought—in an obscure country retirement at home!

'These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2d of May 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant, affording equal proof that Mr Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel, or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover; and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c. have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes, as well as all her subsequent letters, shews that he received nothing which came from her with indifference. His confidence in her was also very strongly testified by a transaction that took place when she had been abroad about two years. Believing that her influence and persuasions might still have some effect upon their unfortunate son, he entreated her to appoint a meeting with him, form a judgment of his present dispositions, and decide what course it would be best to take, either in furthering or opposing his future projects. On the head of money, too, she was to determine with how much he should be supplied, and very particularly enjoined to make him suppose it came, not from his father, but herself. These were full powers to delegate, such as every woman would not be trusted with in the families where conjugal union is supposed to reign most uninterruptedly.'

All this is properly and delicately expressed in the circumstances, and we are not inclined to quarrel with it for looking a little like what it is—the line of argument that would naturally occur to a counsel whose business it was to prove that certain parties were living in tolerable comfort together; at the same time that very, *very* suspicious marks of their disagreement were abundantly visible upon the faces of both. The opposite counsel would probably have drawn totally different conclusions even from the facts laid down. Viewing the matter from neutral ground, we are of the same opinion with the author of the 'Biographical Anecdotes,' in so far as regards the full and entire understanding there seems to have existed between Lady Mary and her husband. Hypocrisy towards each other ~~was~~ certainly

not the vice of either; but that she left him with any hope of his ever rejoining her, or remained in her unnatural banishment on any other than compulsory grounds, we do not see the smallest reason to believe. No doubt she tells Lady Pomfret that he is to follow her in six weeks, but never in any of the cold notices she was sending him, at the same time, of her health and movements—and which have far more the air of wary bulletins written by stipulation, than the careless communications to have been looked for between a couple merely indifferent to each other—is there the remotest allusion made to his rejoining her, which there certainly must have been had he ever intended or she expected it; and though once, and once only, in the course of her whole correspondence with her daughter, she offers to come home if she can be of any use to Lady Bute's 'father or her family,' there are, on the other hand, so many and such bitter allusions to herself as an alien and an exile, that we cannot for a moment suppose that this unnatural banishment was self-imposed. No! it is evident that the time had come when the same country was no longer to hold both wife and husband. He can leave his parliamentary duties when either health or inclination may dictate the change; but it is to some part of the continent, distant enough from the spot she inhabits, to which he cautiously directs his steps; and never again till after his death—though *immediately after*—does she find herself at liberty to revisit the land which contains every individual in whom she takes an interest.

But in considering Lady Mary's character as set forth in this extraordinary correspondence, the wonder is, rather that such a separation should have been so long delayed, than that it took place when it did; and the delay probably says more for Mr Wortley's patience and his desire to avoid *celat* and public scandal, than for his nice sense of what was due to him according to the common sense of mankind. Whether Lady Mary were really capable of becoming the true wife and affectionate friend she knew very well how to picture, seems at best a little doubtful; but when we add to her natural temperament and disposition the trying circumstances in which she was placed, we at once expect the reverse that we find. One such embarrassing circumstance as that set forth in the appendix to Lord Wharncliffe's book (which our readers must take our word for) as having occurred to her in 1721, however glossed over by a reference to the money-speculations so prevalent in all classes at the time, or the liberty of conduct allowed in certain circles of society, must have given Mr Wortley pretty sufficient grounds for seeking an early separation, had carelessness and the love of present ease and quiet not prevented him; and considering the manner of her life, and the license of tone she constantly allows herself in remarking upon other people, it would be very extraordinary indeed if her conduct during all these years had not afforded him further opportunities. We cannot doubt that it did; and her quiet acquiescence in the separation, when perhaps, 'without any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel,' he was at last, by her *habitual* indiscretion of tongue and behaviour, wearied out of his unmanly apathy, only shews her entire consciousness of the fact. The argument of his consulting her about their son, and allowing her to determine with how much money he should be supplied, goes no length against this view. She was the only person in the world equally interested with himself in the unfortunate young man; and he must have known enough of

her shrewdness, as well as of her being no spendthrift, to be fully aware that on such a subject she was not only the natural, but the safest adviser he could have called to the support of his own economical views. Nor need we wonder to find her 'entering into petty details about servants, carriages, prices,' &c. Since the separation was not to be a legal one, and was evidently wished to be as little as possible the subject of public gossip, some show of correspondence was necessary to satisfy inquiry; and in a false position like that in which they stood to each other, what could be more embarrassing than to find proper topics, or more natural than to seize on whatever was most obvious or ordinary? As may be expected in the circumstances, she loses no opportunity of letting him know how much she is thought of and courted wherever she goes—that being no doubt the pleasantest way of proving to him how entirely irreproachable must be her conduct. 'I am visited,' she writes from Venice, 'by the most considerable people of the town, and all the foreign ministers. They could not have shewn me more honour if I had been an ambassadress.' And again—'Lord Fitzwilliam arrived here three days ago; he came to see me the next day, as all the English do, who are much surprised at the civilities and the familiarities with which I am received by the noble ladies; and I own I have a little vanity in it.' And sometimes she is disposed to be complimentary to him as well as to herself—'It is impossible to be better treated—I may even say more courted—than I am here. I am very glad of your good fortune at London. You may remember I have always told you it was in your power to make the first figure in the House of Commons;' and more than once, in writing to her daughter, she shews her sense of his forbearance and handsome conduct towards her, by speaking highly of his character for good sense, firmness, and generosity; while his answers to her letters are characteristically curt and commonplace, treating chiefly of the weather and health, though shewing the kind of interest in her movements necessary to enable him to talk safely of her. 'I wish,' he asks '(if it be easy), you would be exact and clear in your facts, because I shall lay by carefully what you write of your travels.'

During this, Lady Mary's last residence abroad, she wrote a great many letters, by far the best and most interesting of which are those addressed to Lady Bute, and the worst to Sir James and Lady Stuart—recent and accidental acquaintances, to whom she writes in a flippant, empty, reckless manner, that is far from pleasing. To Lady Oxford, a formal, high-bred old lady, she adopts—perhaps unconsciously—a formal, lofty manner, full of grace and respectful professions of friendship; and to Lady Pomfret, who seems to have been learned, and somewhat exacting, she is full of compliments and excuses—not always quite sincere—interspersed with bits of antiquarian information and literature. But with Lady Bute she is always natural, and apparently open and confidential, expressing a real and motherly interest in her happiness and family concerns, and minutely describing her own manner of life, and her views, feelings, and opinions on every subject that occurs to her. When she has no longer a variety of interesting people to discuss, her vigorous and lively mind returns upon the past, or philosophises on the present and future; and she sometimes rises to an elevation of thought and sentiment that would seem fully to entitle her to our love and approbation, if we could either believe in

an entire change of nature, or had not learned, from painful experience, that people may often be capable of thinking, and even of feeling, finely and rightly, without a corresponding propriety of action. Lady Bute did not write in return so fully and frequently as was either satisfactory to her mother, or justifiable in the correct, dutiful daughter she is represented, and in all other respects, seems really to have been. That she neither entirely comprehended her mother intellectually, nor shewed a decent toleration and respect for the difference of interest and occupation inevitable between a mother and daughter so very differently situated, was evidently owing to limitation of mind rather than of affection; yet, when we see the real pleasure and resource Lady Mary found in her solitude in the works of imagination sent to her from England - inferior as that species of literature might be in her day as compared with the present—we scarcely forgive the commonplace daughter the *wise* contempt which must have called forth the following lively and philosophical rebuke:—

‘Daughter! daughter! don’t call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusement. If I call a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings: happy are those that can be contented with those they can obtain. Those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praises from others, to no purpose, eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps, at this very moment, riding on a poker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad that it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health with exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends.’

It is impossible not to regret that one so alive to the charm there is, more or less, in all imaginative literature, should not have enjoyed it in the excellence to which the art of novel and romance writing has reached in our own day. To think of her surprise and delight on opening one of the book parcels Lady Bute so abused and sent, if, instead of some of the well-meaning but flat productions of Charlotte Lennox, or, still worse, some flimsy frivolity of Sally Fielding’s, she had lighted on the ‘Antiquary,’ or ‘Guy Mannering,’ how she would have wondered and exclaimed! and sat up all night, and, in total defiance of the organic laws, to which she in general paid, such wholesome respect, would have devoured the entire three

volumes in one long and delicious meal! With her fine sense and lively imagination, she must at once have set her seal to the truth of the Great Northern Wizard. At the same time we cannot deny having a little misgiving that she would have had the very questionable taste to call Alexander Dumas her favourite among our living authors. Yes, the gorgeous beauty and sensualism of the wicked *Margarite de Valois* would too probably have dazzled her Epicurean fancy as much as the Sultana *Fatima* did her eyes. And these three dashing Musketeers—to whom she would have given her choice appellation of ‘pretty fellows’—would, we fear, have been scarcely less attractive and delightful to her than to the princesses and other great ladies of their own orbit.

But we must hasten from such speculations to shew our heroine once more, on her return to her native land from this long exile, which is indeed her final appearance on the stage of life; and first, in Lady Louisa Stuart's account:—

‘She survived her return home too short a time to afford much more matter for anecdotes. Those who could remember her arrival, spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence: yet, had her life lasted half as many years as it did months, the probability is, that she would have gone abroad again; for her habits had become completely foreign in all those little circumstances, the sum of which must constitute the comfort or discomfort of every passing day. She was accustomed to foreign servants, and to the spaciousness of a foreign dwelling. Her description of the harpsichord-shaped house she inhabited in one of the streets bordering upon Hanover Square grew into a proverbial phrase: “I am most handsomely lodged,” said she; “I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor.” This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo.

‘However, all earthly good and evil were very soon terminated by a fatal malady, the growth of which she had long concealed. The fatigues she underwent in her journey to England tended to exasperate its symptoms; it increased rapidly; and before ten months were over, she died in the seventy-third year of her age.’

Horace Walpole, who was ever the bitter enemy of Lady Mary, probably because she had so often ridiculed and even scandalised his mother, and was, besides, the bosom friend of Miss Skerrit, his father's second wife, whom he detested, describes her in ridiculous terms as ‘masquerading in a domino’ when he saw her in Italy, and wearing what he calls a ‘horseman's coat’ on her return; insinuating, with his usual malice, that she must have had private and improper reasons for her eccentric costumes. How cruel this appears, when we find that she had suffered long, and with silent fortitude, from the fatal disease of cancer in the breast, which probably rendered the wearing of a loose dress absolutely necessary! She died on the 21st of August 1762.

Mr Hunt gives the following account of her last days, as having been

written by Mrs Montagu, who married her husband's cousin, to a friend at Naples. It is published among Mrs Montagu's collected letters : —

'You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage—Lady Mary Wortley. When nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory which is perhaps unique. Several people visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her because her husband and mine were cousin-germans; and though she has not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, nor dresses like anybody else. Her domestic establishment is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first storey of the Tower of Babel. A Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss; and the Swiss to a Poland; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of parliament.'

In a letter written after Lady Mary's death, the same writer says : 'Lady Mary W. Montagu returned to England, as it were, to finish where she had began. I wish she had given us an account of the events that filled the space between. She had a terrible distemper—the most virulent cancer ever heard of, which soon carried her off. I met her at my Lady Bute's in June, and she then looked well; in three weeks after, at my return to London, I heard she was given over. The hemlock kept her drowsy and free from pain; and the physicians thought, if it had been given early, it might have saved her.

'She left her son One guinea. He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume. When I first knew him a rake and a beau, I did not imagine he would addict himself to rabbinical learning, and then travel all over the East, the great itinerant *surant* of the world. One has read that the great believers in the transmigration of souls suppose a man who has been rapacious and cunning does penance in the shape of a fox; another, cruel and bloody, enters the body of a wolf; but I believe my poor cousin, in his pre-existent state, having broken all moral laws, has been sentenced to suffer in all the various characters of human life. He has run through them all successfully enough. His dispute with Mr Needham was communicated to me by a gentleman of the museum, and I think he will gain no laurels there; but he speaks as decisively as if he had been bred at Pharaoh's court in all the learning of the Egyptians. He has certainly very uncommon parts; but too much of the rapidity of his mother's genius.'

This gives rather a more favourable impression of young Wortley than is given either by his mother or her descendants. He seems to have been the most uncomfortable of sons—weak, flighty, and false; and neither of his parents was at all blind to his demerits. He was constantly plaguing them for money; and as Mr Wortley, senior, is said to have been immensely

rich—leaving at his death £300,000—the annuity of £300 to which he chose to restrict his son was a most inadequate allowance: a mistake, if meant to guard him from the temptation of expensive pleasures; and a still graver error, if arising, which we suspect it chiefly did, from a desire not unfrequently manifested by both parents, either to hoard money, or to keep it for their own pleasures. The latter part of this extraordinary man's history is thus given by Lord Wharncliffe:—‘It was not until a conviction of his being irreclaimable was forced upon Mr Wortley, that he adopted the severe measure of depriving him by his will of the succession to the family estate; but even this step was not taken without a sufficient provision being made for him; and in the event of his having an heir legitimately born, the estate was to return to that heir, to the exclusion of his sister Lady Bute's children. This provision in Mr Wortley's will he endeavoured to take advantage of in a manner which is highly characteristic. Mr Edward Wortley, early in life, was married in a way then not uncommon—namely, a Fleet marriage. With that wife he did not live long, and he had no issue. After his father's death, he lived several years in Egypt, and there is supposed to have professed the religion of Mohammed. In 1776 Mr E. Wortley, then living at Venice—his wife being dead—through the agency, as is supposed, of his friend Romney the painter, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the ‘Public Advertiser’ of April 16 in that year, in the following words:—‘A gentleman who has filled two successive seats in parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass away if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to — Brecknock, Esq., at Will's Coffee-House, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect.’ ‘It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons on his way thither. There, however, while eating a bœcagne for supper, a bone stuck in his throat, and occasioned his death, thus putting an end to this honest scheme.’

Besides her letters, Lady Mary left many poems, a few trifling essays, and a short prose piece, entitled an ‘Account of the Court of George I. at his Accession;’ which is written much in the manner of Horace Walpole's ‘Reminiscences’—gay, bold, and highly seasoned with scandalous gossip of the personal kind. Her poems have been well named *vers de société*, as they abound in lively images, and clever, irritating sarcasms on people and things around her: they had naturally very considerable popularity in her own day. But they are rhymed satire or rhymed wit, and that by no means of the most delicate sort, rather than real poetry, and have been already much longer forgotten than they were ever remembered. It is, therefore, on her letters that her fame as a writer entirely rests; but these will not soon be forgotten. Besides the charm of their mere style—so clear, forcible, and easy, and yet so seldom inelegant; so perfectly natural and off-hand, that it sounds oftener like the fresh, unfettered,

unconscious utterance of genius in conversation, than what is called composition even of the most familiar kind—they are full of clever insight, lively wit, and striking reflections. Unfortunately, many of them are also disfigured by a coarseness of expression and indelicacy of sentiment bordering on, or rather indeed altogether touching, the licentious; which no reference to the liberty permitted in a less refined age either reconciles us to, or will even induce us to pardon. Nothing but limitation of space prevents us from quoting largely from these inimitable productions.

We have already given specimens which seemed to illustrate her feelings and her life as it was passing. One or two more sentences we shall have room for, and they shall be of different kinds: the first is addressed to her husband in their early life, and may be called an exhortation to impudence:—‘I am glad you think of serving your friends: I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; everything we see and everything we hear puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a prerogative with you; but as the world is, and will be, ’tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one’s power to do good—riches being another word for power; towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third still impudence! No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The ministry is like a play at court: there’s a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, and is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him that don’t make so good a figure as himself. If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived; it is my interest to believe (as I do) that you deserve everything, and are capable of everything; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing.’

To her daughter she writes in this candid and reasonable tone of the relation between parent and child:—‘I am so far persuaded of the goodness of your heart, I have often had a mind to write you a consolatory epistle on my own death, which I believe will be some affliction, though my life is wholly useless to you. That part of it which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you misplace it: you are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world, than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that commonplace (and, like most commonplace, false) argument as exacting any return of affection. There was a mutual necessity on us both to part at that time, and no obligation on either side. In the case of your infancy there was so great a mixture of instinct, I can scarce even put that in the number of the proofs I have given you of my love; but I confess I think it a great one if you compare my after conduct towards you with that of other



mothers, who generally look on children as devoted to their pleasures, and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they please to give them; playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny, or ill-humour. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish, and the pursuit of all my actions, divested of all selfish interest so far. I think you ought, and believe you do, remember me as your real friend.'

Only one more, on the philosophy of second childhood:—'Age, when it does not harden the heart and sour the temper, naturally returns to the milky disposition of infancy. Time has the same effect on the mind as on the face. The predominant passion, the strongest feature, becomes more conspicuous from the others retiring; the various views of life are abandoned, from want of ability to preserve them, as the fine complexion is lost in wrinkles; but as surely as a large nose grows longer, and a wide mouth wider, the tender child in your nursery will be a tender old woman, though perhaps reason may have restrained the appearance of it till the mind, relaxed, is no longer capable of concealing its weakness.'

To these hundreds more might be added in proof of her wit, sagacity, and power of satirical reviling, as well as of the less laudable licence in which, as we have just hinted, she too often indulged.

In taking leave of this remarkable woman, her whole character seems to rise up before us like one of Salvator's striking landscapes, full of power, and passion, and beauty; there are the same bright gleams of sunshine, gorgeous valleys, and purple summits, on which the eye would fain linger in delight, but dare not; for the lurid cloud is there, and the bowed trees are whispering that the hurricane is not far distant; while masses of impenetrable shade are suggestive to the imagination of rocks already riven by the lightning, and dark and gloomy caves the abodes of doleful creatures.





